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ADVOCATES

A Higher Type of Manhood—Physically, Intellectually, and Morally.

JULY, 1870.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

GENERAL ARTICLES: Page

The Two Wives—*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith* 1
Disinterested Benevolence—*Beecher*.... 5
"Cleanse your Hands, ye Sinners"—*Rev. Charles H. Brigham*..... 8
Training of Children—*Mrs. H. C. Birdsall* 12
Hines (A Poem)—*Annie C. Ketchum*... 17
Medical Education of Women—*Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M. D.*..... 19
Growth and Development—*Archibald McLaren*..... 22
Health and Prosperity as Affected by Religion—*Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D. D.* 25
Our Studies in Physiology—*Prof. T. H. Huxley*..... 28
Culture—*Rev. J. B. Beach*..... 31

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT:

Longevity of Dry Goods Clerks..... 33
How to Accomplish a Great Deal..... 34
A Sound Mind in a Sound Body..... 35
How To [illegible] a Half Hour..... 36
[illegible] ment [illegible] the Sides —Orphan's Hy[illegible]e Home..... 37
The White Man's Feet—Economy in the Use of Science—Lager..... 38
Hospital Instruction for Women—Fruit and Vegetable Diet, etc..... 39
Dirt in the Air, etc..... 40
Shall we Marry?—Poisoning Children —Intemperate Ministers, etc..... 41
Treatment of Scarlet Fever by Water. 42
How to Procure Sleep..... 43
Stimulants for the Sick—Cure for Felon —Hysteric Aphonia—Fistula Cured. 44

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

How to Keep Cool—Eating—Bread—Late Suppers—Babies Caps, etc.... 45
Going in Swimming—Aching Feet—Fomentations—Talking in Sleep, etc. 46

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THE TWO WIVES.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER XX.

RENUNCIATION—NOT OF THE WORLD.

AFTER John Stearns, as we have shown, committed the great crime which rendered him a grief-stricken and a conscience-stricken man, a man against whom might be stretched forth the hand of the law at any time, he hovered long on the confines of two worlds, prostrated by the blow of the miserable felon, and prostrated by the agonies of remorse. The brother of his wife had not revealed his true name at the time of the trial, and she, in her love for him, and her shame for him, had respected a secret, which, if divulged, might render her less esteemed in the eyes of her husband, whose uncompromising integrity she well knew.

Sometimes John Stearns was tempted to go before the proper authorities and confess his sin, but again he shrank from so doing, in view of the uncertainties of the law, and the caprices of public opinion. Both he and his wife were found bleeding and insensible, and it was supposed that some one had felled both to the earth, and, having robbed them, had escaped. This was the more probable, as the well-known fondness of the young pair for each other induced them to pass hours, and even days, in the wooded suburbs of the city. It was surmised that the assassin had come stealthily upon them from behind, and thus easily had accomplished his purpose.

By the aid of a friend and fellow-countryman, Stearns was at length induced to leave a place which but constantly reminded him of his loss, and of his crime, and where an irresistible desire grew upon his mind to give himself up to the law and fare the worst. From this his devoted friend saved him, by prevailing upon him to travel south to the State of Maine, where he himself had worked in mills upon the Androscoggin, and where time and change might eventually restore him to some degree of peace. Perhaps it had been wiser had he followed the promptings of the monitor within, and stood before his fellows with a clean heart at least, for hidden sin isolates a man from his kind more than prison-bars or walls can ever do.

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However this may be, John Stearns buried his secret in his own breast, telling only his mother; and the two unhappy beings wandered away through the vast wilderness of Maine, bearing with them the motherless child, which they soothed and guarded with more than a mother's love. Sometimes they staid for days in some rude bark wigwam strown with hemlock boughs, which had been constructed by some hunting party out in pursuit of the moose, bear, deer, or other denizens of these wild regions. Here John Stearns felled the trees and built a huge fire in front of the lodge, which served to dispel the damps of the night air, as also the black flies which infest all solitary and primeval woods. Sometimes the log hut of the lumberman afforded them shelter, while his gun supplied game from the woods, and his hook lured from some lonely stream the delicious trout, so well esteemed by the epicure. No sooner were the devoted mother and tender child carefully housed and provided for, than the unhappy man sought some dark, solitary screen, known only to Pan and the Satyrs, and there, with inexpressible anguish, poured forth his supplications to the living God, and implored the aid of the Comforter.

Slowly, painfully he found rest; but he grew, as his mind found repose, to dread the sight of his innocent child. "Its eyes are always asking, Where is my mother?" he would say, "and I can not endure it—they drive me mad!"

His friend had told him much about the community known as the Shakers, and had recommended it to him as a safe and comfortable asylum, at least for the poor child. His mother remonstrated in vain—he could not see its wee patient face without a pang, and its low wail in the night-watches sounded in his ear like the piteous cry of the mother as she sank in death at his feet.

Following the advice of his faithful friend, he at length reached the Shaker village, where he was hospitably entertained, and where the poor child was most tenderly cared for. Mrs. Stearns had but one passion, and but one set of ideas in the world, and that was devotion to her son, and conformity to all his will and ways, now that he was a man set apart and stricken by a great grief. Leaving all his worldly goods in the hands of the Shakers, to secure an independence for his child, should she ever desire it, he at length reached the mills on the Androscoggin, as we have seen.

John Stearns had been faithful to his child, as he had promised when he had turned his back upon her, but he had foreborne to make any inquiries about her—he even sometimes hoped that she might die, and thus cease to haunt the cells of memory with a look that, to him, was always one of reproach. He never looked upon her face all the long years of her childhood and early youth, and saw her once or twice by mere accident in the neighborhood of the river, when she recalled too vividly the face and look of Lily for him to doubt her identity.

John Stearns awoke as if from a dream, and wondered how the years had fled—wondered at his own social decline, and felt as if a chasm had yawned at his feet, uniting the happy past, the guilty past, with the miserable present, and he resolved to speak with her, and learn if she could sympathize with him. The result we have seen, in the unsatisfactory interview by the river-side, and then the last meeting when the wreck drifted out on that great unknown ocean, which momently swallows up its millions.

Electa but imperfectly comprehended the scene, which shook the very foundations of her being at the very sad revelations of the dying man.

There was no formal parting between Electa and David Parker. They walked together amid the flowering shrubs, some for use and some for beauty, but all with an eye to thrift, and he gathered a long fringe-like leaf of yarrow and laid it upon her hand, while she in return gathered for him a pansy.

"Dead!" he said with a smile that was almost a sob.

"Translated," she replied, looking upward.

"Electa, we are both faithful to our vows; but we can be absolved from these."

"There is no need, no desire therefor," she replied.

"Yea. But the carnal affections are not mastered without fasting, prayer, and wrestlings of the spirit. I would know one thing of thee, Electa?"

She turned her frank eyes full upon his face and waited for him to speak farther. He did not speak, but sang, in a low, bewildering voice, a hymn, in which mingled the silvery notes of Electa—oh, so low, so full of an indescribable sadness, that the listener, whoever he might be, must have felt that here indeed were hearts that bled; hearts whose very depths had been sounded, and that thenceforth the waters were to mingle only amid the streams that flow fast by the oracles of God.

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HYMN.

We have passed the river Jordan,
Passed the wild and surging flood—
Left behind the death-dark valley,
Mounted to the throne of God—
See! the crystal gates are sliding,
On their golden hinges gliding.

Oh thou glorious Zion City,
Where our King Eternal reigns!
Where he bends his eyes of pity
When the heart too much complains.
There the Comforter is keeping
All the tears that we are weeping.

There shall meet the faithful-hearted;
There celestial spirits meet,
Never more from other parted,
Walking down the golden street;
Songs of gladness ever singing
Where the heavenly harps are ringing.

"Shall it be there, Electa?" asked the young elder, his manly cheek trembling and colorless.

She placed her cold hand in his, and, lifting her eyes, said solemnly,

"As I hope for eternal life, I desire no less than to meet thee there."

"And this shall be the only sign of our union!" He stooped down, and one moment the head of Electa laid upon his breast, and their lips met, never more to meet again in this life.

Electa did not at once return to the house of the Professor, but, on the contrary, she went up to the hills, the everlasting hills, there to learn that grandeur of repose which comes upon those hights when the solemn light of Heaven comes down upon them after the tempest has overpassed.

Did she ever forget how royally grand was that last look of David Parker? How superior to all the ordinary passions of this world! How dark, and yet soft, his large gray eye, his brown hair, which would curl in spite of the prohibitions of the sect, and the white, even teeth gleaming through the grave, manly smile! Did that noble presence haunt the cells of memory, moving not in grief and despondency, but royal brave, and royal content? for love, in its highest estate, is not allied to the desire of mere possession, which it feels is but to lower its singleness of purity; for love is not of the earth, earthy, but a revelation of the celestial, heavenly, and this is the bread of which the pure in heart partake, and it fills them with a divine fullness and ineffable joy.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXTREMES MEET—TRUE WOMANLY SYMPATHY—PEACE—JANET FINDS NATURE STRONG WITHIN HER.

SISTER Electa was accompanied to the White Mountains by two of the Sisters and two Elders, but David Parker was not one, and she mounted the little rugged horse provided for the traveler who ascends there, and rode to the summit alone, for it hardly comported with the decorum and staid habits of the community to depart so far from the every-day level as to go wayfaring up dangerous and rocky steeps. It is true that a cavalcade of a hundred wound in Indian file around the defiles of the mountain, but Electa saw them not, felt not their presence, living only in her own pure and happy thoughts.

Here, amid the solitudes of Nature, she encountered again the beautiful youth Edward Olmstead, he too seeking repose from the questionings of a mind that would not rest in the grooves of every-day expediency. Electa, given up to a pure spiritualism, had found its best expression among a people who abjured conscientiously and faithfully the relations of marriage between the sexes in this world, but who, by diligence and care were able to supply an abundance of the comforts of this world to all who were willing to renounce it as they had done.

Edward, studious as well as spiritual, saw little in the order to meet the wants of a large intellectuality, and only wondered that such grace, sweetness, and wisdom as he found in Electa should emanate from such a barren source. The two found a mutual comfort in discussing these subjects of human progress, which must and will engage the interest of all sincere and benevolent minds; and the growing number of such minds is the best evidence of the reality of these higher, deeper, and more aspiring thoughts and hopes, which all point to a brightening future for the race.

They had stood together on the top of Mount Washington—she the mature, calm, thoughtful woman; he the sensitive, aspiring youth, whose sensibilities found so little to engage his affections amid the worldly, frivolous men and women about him, but who in this woman realized something akin to the divine ideal of womanhood, and in her presence he grew calm, hopeful, and well-nigh content.

Standing upon this stupendous work of time, this vast monument of stone, piled, barren and ragged, as if the old Titans had here heaped

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their stepping-stones with which to scale the heavens, the two breathed an atmosphere of perfect purity—the air was still and cold, an eternal silence brooded over an eternal solitude; the sky was clear and blue above them, the earth silent at their feet. A single eagle soared, a speck in their lofty horizon, else no living, no breathing thing moved in this vastness of space.

"Thank God for the mountains!" ejaculated Edward.

"Yes, and thank him for all that is akin to them, for from thence cometh a conquest better to us than empires to a king!"

"Here I have found peace," returned Edward. "Here I lay down the struggle and take up the cross."

At this moment a heavy rumbling sound arrested their attention. Looking downward they seemed to stand upon a lofty island in the midst of the sea. A warm sunlight rested upon them; the brown waves gleamed in the sun; the old primeval rocks, fissured and hoary with age; the silence, the isolation—as if these two, set apart as they were in character from the rest of the world, were here snatched away from all relation therewith, and stood alone with God.

The clouds far down the mountain ridge were black and turbulent, sweeping from point to point—like congregated armies pouring forth their dread armament of thunder and flame. It was a scene awful, stupendous—the roaring elements below, the sunshine of divine peace above.

"And this shadows forth the peace which passeth all understanding!" said Electa.

"It has passed into my soul, and I go where there shall be no more combat—nothing but repose. O noble Electa! what the divine Mother is to the true worshiper, you have been to me!" He kissed her hand reverently.

"Where wilt thou go, my son?"

"I will bury myself in the Catholic Church. I will leave these vexing questions to be solved in the progress of the ages, and in God's own way."

"Perhaps it is best," she replied, lifting one of his golden curls in her fingers, and gazing at his thin cheek and spiritual face, that promised but a brief earthly experience.

And so these two separated, he to throw himself at the foot of the cross, and by prayer and study fit himself for a life of total self-abnegation; she to her simple duties, helping the weak and inspiriting the fainting heart. Thus, starting from faith so opposite, their results converged, and each took up the cross of isolation; each ignored the world, but willingly toiled therein, and each happier for a brief companionship—as travelers stop to drink from some lone desert fountain, and giving each the other a God-speed, part to meet no more.

Electa buried the history of her birth, and the story of the remorseful, blind struggles of John Stearns within her own bosom. As she had never sought to solve the mystery of her parentage, choosing rather to learn its worthiness by what was represented in herself, than by any solicitude as to its facts, she did not find this a difficult self-imposed tax. The community had so invested her little funds that it now afforded her an ample support and power to go and come at her own pleasure, which after all is the best advantage to be gained by money, and her first step was to visit Janet in her cottage down by the river.

Approaching the house she found that woman of the ready tongue seated on the door-sill, her cheek resting upon her hand, and, truth to say, all her old alertness clean gone out of her. Seeing a stranger approach she lifted herself wearily from her seat and asked her to enter. Her small eyes were red with weeping, and the house had lost much of its former tidiness of look. She dragged a chair forward by the back and motioned her to a seat, muttering under her breath as she did so, "He was a good creeter—good creeter!" Poor Janet felt the loss of somebody upon whom to whet her asperities—perhaps remorse, also, for her former liberal use of them.

"Thee wishes to know of John Stearns," said Electa.

The woman looked up sharply from the chair in which she had seated herself, with her two slip-shod feet upon the rungs, and her arms crossed tightly over her breast, and said:

"Seems to me I've heard that voice afore, and seen that face; but you have the hands of me; I can't remember who you are."

"You have never seen me before," replied Electa.

"It seems strange, it's so nat'ral-like to me. Ah dear, dear," and she relapsed into her former brooding look.

"Has thee heard of John Stearns since he went away?" asked Electa, looking into her shrunken face.

"Haven't heard from him hide nor hair; and I'm dreadful worrit about him. He left his clo'es all behind, but his Sunday suit on his back, which'll be ruinated wearing so long, if

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he's alive. I'd go down on my knees to him, if I knew where to go. He was a good creeter, a good creeter!"

"Do you ever expect him to come back?"

"I can't say that I do—leastwise expect, but he oughtn't to leave a woman in doubt whether she's a widder or not, all the time considering about mourning, having nothing to show that she is a widder, and the neighbors pecking and prying, and asking about quarrels and causes, which is no business of theirs. I don't think John Stearns would kill himself, for he was opinionated agin it, but the neighbors does."

"He did not die by his own hand, though he is dead."

"It's a relief to know the worst," said Janet coldly, but presently she threw her apron over her head and burst into uncontrollable weeping—groaning at intervals the words, "He was a good creeter, a good creeter!"

Disinterested Benevolence.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IS there such a thing as disinterested love, or disinterested benevolence? You can easily define it in such a way as to show that there is no such thing; but when it is properly stated, there is.

What, then, is to be understood by this term, *disinterested benevolence?*

It is a course of feeling and action in which another's good is the real motive and inspiration of your conduct. It is seeking another's welfare sincerely, really, honestly. Interested good-will is where you make your selfishness serve other people. Disinterested good-will is where you make your benevolence serve them—where you act for the sake of their good, and not your own.

There are a great many who seek their own good at the expense of others. That is the lowest state of selfishness. It is a great advance beyond that where men, while purposely seeking their own good, seek it in such a way as to incidentally benefit others.

Nay, more than that. When a man is placed in a sphere where he must, with many of his powers and much of his time, seek ends that are personal, if he undertakes to turn this lower, necessary and incidental selfishness to a good account, it is positively praiseworthy. A person may seek others' good, and do it in a sphere where mainly his interest is involved. Where a man says, "I will not seek my own interest alone, but will try to couple my interest with other people's welfare," it is not only praiseworthy, but worthy of men's consideration and culture. This, however, is manifestly not disinterested benevolence.

Advance the feeling of benevolence one grade higher. Seek, primarily, not for your own good, but for another's. Seek that other's good so really in what you do, that if it were not for that motive of benevolence you would not do it at all; so really, that you are not conscious of expecting to be benefited by any incidental effects which may come to you; so really, that it is the impulse of kindness, the drawing of love, the inspiration of true benevolence, which chiefly moves you. If you do this you have disinterested benevolence.

This quality may exist in many degrees of purity or impurity; and it may exist as simple or complex—as an occasional emotion, or as a developed, life-long habit.

Disinterested benevolence does not require that one should act from a single motive. It does not require that one should think of nothing else except the good of that person whose welfare he seeks. For the mind was not made to work so. The mind is a complex agent, and becomes so sensitive to things which it is in the presence of, that it is not possible to wake up one faculty without waking up many others beside—and that in proportion to its culture. When a man acts from a motive, he acts by a faculty; and to require a man to act from only a single faculty, is to require that which contradicts the very structure of the mind. And in this matter of disinterested benevolence, all you can demand is, that benevolence shall be the

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dominant faculty, leading and controlling the others, and being the real mainspring of the feeling which produces the course of action. So that a person may be disinterestedly benevolent although he is influenced by other motives than those which mainly contribute to benevolence.

Disinterested benevolence does not exclude the perception that one is, in the long run, to be himself benefited by a given act. The constitution of the world is such that benevolence is the best interest of every man. It is the royal road to individual as well as social happiness. You know it; I know it; every body knows it; and when a man acts from an inspiration of good-will to others, he says, "That is the way to make myself happy." He knows that; but that is not the reason why he performs the act.

Disinterested benevolence does not require, either, that one should suffer pain and damage in any course of action which he pursues. There are a great many who suppose that there can be no high action without pain. Accidentally or incidentally, suffering is connected with almost all the developments of our higher feelings; but not because it is necessary in those feelings, except from the fact that we are in the struggle of development.

Intrinsically, disinterested benevolence is delightful. It is the action of the mind in its highest state and purest harmony. That it involves pain is true only on the ground that there is a struggle in the mind between our lower nature and our higher. When our higher nature undertakes to act, and our passions rise up against it, they are to be put down, with pain and crucifixion even, if need be. Men talk about the pain of self-denial. Self-denial is always painful in the resisting part of our nature, but never in the directing part. When a man means to be honest, and his bad passions tempt him to be dishonest, these bad passions suffer. It is not the conscience that suffers. Many people think that if one is disinterested, it is at his expense, but it is not. For true disinterested benevolence is joyful. It is less than that only by reason of the mixture of our motives, and of the low estate in which we live in this world. As we are truly developed, and as we go up in the scale of being, our virtues become purer, and more perfectly resonant with joy. And when any faculty that has maintained its integrity with great difficulty, has come to be able to maintain it without struggle and pain, then its hold on joy is an indication of great victory in the development of the mind.

If, then, on account of a happy constitution, or as the result of training, a man acts truly for another and not for himself, and he finds great pleasure in it, he is not any the less a disinterestedly benevolent man because of that pleasure. It does not follow that the foreseen result of an action or course constitutes the motive of that action or course. Here is a mistake that many men fall into. They suppose that if we see that some benefit will accrue from a given line of conduct, that foreseen benefit is the motive which actuates us, but that is not necessarily so.

Disinterested benevolence consists in the purpose and effort to benefit another from motives of real kindness, with or without the perception that it will incidentally benefit the actor or give him pleasure. The real controlling motive in an act of disinterested benevolence is a desire to benefit another, whether we incidentally benefit ourselves or not. When one seeks his own good, with or without regard for another's welfare, it is sheer selfishness. When one seeks his own good through the medium of another's benefit, he acts from the mixed motive of selfishness and benevolence. But when one seeks another's welfare, with or without advantage to himself, for the sake of that other, it is disinterested benevolence.

The popular mind has always had faith in this virtue. It is the element of the heroic in men's apprehensions. Men do not usually stop to consider whether the thing is possible or not. They dream that it is. It forms their fancy, if not their actual philosophical belief. You shall not find a single man in history that has been canonized by the hearts of the people, who was not supposed to be disinterested in benevolence. There have been ten thousand men who were heroes by reason of courage; but they sunk down like the grass. A man may have wisdom, capacity, and courage, but he does not become a hero that generations embalm and refuse to let die, unless he is supposed to act from disinterested considerations. A man that acts from selfishness is never regarded as a hero.

I think it one of the most effecting testimonies of human life, that men know themselves to be selfish, and defend selfishness, and think that they may and must be selfish. Seldom do men give any man credit, except on long proof, for being disinterestedly benevolent; and yet, the most selfish men, and the men that believe least in disinterestedness, long to find somebody that is unselfish. And when there is found some man who seems to act not for himself, but for his fellows, all men bow down to him, and

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worship him, and call him divine. There is something in men that longs to see essential kindness; and though they do not see much of it, for the reason that there is not much of it to see, they are always drifting about it, and supplying by the imagination what is lacking, that they may have this conception in a concrete form. The human heart longs to see, not in God alone, but in men, the attainment of this heroic quality of true, disinterested benevolence. And no man, I think, believes in any human quality, the germs and possibilities of which are not in himself. If a man declares that there is no person living who does not lie, he confesses himself to be a liar. If a man declares that there is not a pure nature on earth, he asserts his own impurity. The possibility of the existence of the quality of goodness may be recognized by very wicked men. It is the faith of a man in the quality of goodness or unselfishness that indicates the existence of that quality in himself. Our hope that there will be a higher style of benevolent action, rests on the almost universal faith that there is the possibility of it. When I hear a man say that all men, and all women, too, are corrupt, always, and all through, I make up my mind that there is no hope for him. A man that does not believe in goodness can not be good. A man that smells corruption in every body, has it in himself. When therefore, I hear young men or maidens decrying disinterested benevolence, I feel that, unless they are mistaken in the definition of the quality, the only remedy in their case is regeneration or death.

Men should not make the mistake of attempting to compass the whole of this state of mind by a single burst of experience, as it were. The realization of it in your life is a gradual process. The inspiration to act from purely disinterested motives may come all at once; but you can make no greater mistake than to undertake to accomplish the whole of it at once. No man can become perfect immediately.

If you would become disinterestedly benevolent, first believe in the quality. Then find a place to exercise it wherever you happen to be. If you are a blacksmith, find it in your shop. If you are a sailor, find it on the deck. If you are a weaver, find it among your companions of the loom. If you are a poor servant, working unappreciated in the house, find it there. Find it where God's providence calls you. In the sphere that is allotted to you, find the opportunity of doing good to other people, without considering your own interest. Do it because you want to do it. Do it for its own sake. And when you have done it once, it will be easier to do the next time. No man ever resisted a wrong thing, and strove to do a right thing, that he did not feel stronger. No man ever performed a difficult duty that he did not feel more sovereign. A consciousness of a power to do right is a good feeling for a man to carry with him. And if you do a spontaneous benevolent action, not for a reward, but because it is pleasant to do a good thing, you will certainly be induced to do it again. And isolated actions of this kind will make their impression upon you gradually.

In attempting to live a life of disinterested benevolence, begin as a child. In every science, in every walk of literature and philosophy, every body must begin as a child. You must creep before you can walk. You must walk before you can run. You must run with feeble, halting steps before you can run rapidly and long without fainting. Gradation is the law. Begin with little things. Begin with things that you do at can home and in business matters. Begin with single acts. Then couple two or more acts together. At first but one or two faculties will be enlisted in the work, but after a time other faculties will coöperate; and as your life progresses, you will find that the whole bearing of your conduct will rise higher and higher, and you will conceive of life as having its true object in benefiting others.

THE RUMSELLER'S BAND.—I do not fear one grogshop or rumseller. The sight of one drunkard does not alarm, although it may pain me. But when I fix my eyes upon a rumseller, and think that he is only one of a vast army, banded together for mutual protection, and made by the very instincts of their trade enemies to virtue and religion; when I think of him as one member of a vast organization, knit together by an evil freemasonry of opinion and interest, whose temple can only rise on the ruins of legitimate trade; when I think of him as only one among thousands who, like leeches, fasten themselves upon the loins of the nation, until these loins are black with the horrid circle, who feed and fill themselves upon the best blood of her industry, dropping off or torn away only to be quickly replaced by others, I confess that the future glooms dark with disaster. Where, I ask myself, as I remember the law of cause and effect, is all this to end? Is it credible that a government resting solely on the ballot can long endure when intelligence is perverted, self-restraint banished, and morality gone?—*Rev. W. H. Murray.*

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"Cleanse your Hands, ye Sinners."

BY REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

THIS emphatic injunction of the practical apostle accompanies and precedes the more spiritual call to purify the heart. And in joining these two advices, he only repeats a familiar line of the sacred song. Had not David long ago sung, that in the Holy Place only he should stand who had "clean hands and a pure heart?" We need not interpret this wholly as metaphor, but may take the physical hand in in its healthy state as a sign of fitness for worship. A foul hand may not win the favor of the Lord any more than an insincere soul.

In this essay, we shall say some words about the most wonderful (if wonders in the universe of God may be compared and reckoned by more or less) of all the things which the Lord has made, the *human hand*, a wonder which every one can see and can appreciate, and which only grows more wonderful as it is seen and examined —wonderful in its structure, its capacities, its variety of function, its uses and its achievements; the instrument by which small things and great things, rude works and refined works, good deeds and bad deeds alike are done; the first and most permanent element in the world's progress, of which all other forces and machines are only the tools; which drives the railway train, or draws the hair-line with equal skill and certainty; which swings the hammer or plies the needle; which communicates health and love and warning, and the very spirit of God, as it is lifted in benediction above waiting crowds by the Father of christendom; which holds life and death, time and eternity in its signature; which marks good blood or bad blood in its shape and texture; which may slay in wrath or may soothe in compassion; which holds the skill of the senses, and can scan the features, can talk, can read, and can bring Heaven near.

The hand of every man has manifold uses and offices, in work and in play. But for most men and women it has special uses, which may or may not be significant. One man makes *shaking* hands the business of his life, and never meets you, in the street or the rail-car, in the church or the house, without reaching out his hand to grasp your hand. To a Broadway dandy the chief use of the hand is in carrying a slender cane, or in touching his hat genteelly. A London cockney's hand is most employed in holding his umbrella. Messrs. Heenan and Sayers think of the hand as an instrument of pugilism, to put heads and ribs "into chancery." The typical Yankee might define the hand as an instrument for "whittling;" and to a schoolmaster of the olden time, it was universally used in plying the birch or the ferule. The *claqueurs* of the theatre prize the hand for its clapping property, while the bashful lover tells through this the secret that his tongue dares not reveal. Signing bank notes is the chief duty of the hand for a bank president, while a speculator finds it convenient in laying out plans of city lots at reasonable prices. To one woman the hand is a washing machine, to another a knitting machine, and to another a glove-holder only. Here the fingers fly on piano-keys ten hours in the day, there on the strings of the viol, or along the silver flute. The potter forms his jars and vases by the subtle slide of his hand along the whirling lump of clay, and the baker uses his hand to "pat his cake." Virtue goes out through the hand of the "healing medium," or of the priest, laid on the head of the penitent. One man's hand is most active with the knife and fork at the trencher, another in emptying "social" glasses. Here it plays cards, and there it throws dice. Its most vacant use is in scratching the head, or in the languid and idiotic gesture of a belle of the pavement.

The hand, moreover, is supposed by many to be an indication of character, if not of destiny. Did not an eminent divine see aristocratic right in the small hands of the Southern chivalry, and are not taper fingers associated with refinement and high breeding? Can we not judge occupation by the shape and color of the hands? Who can mistake the stained fingers of the photographer, busy all day with acids; or the sodden hands of one who is always washing; or the horny hands, calloused by toil at the loom or the plough; or the big brawny hand of the blacksmith; or the nice delicate hand of the jeweler? Palmistry, too, is not a new science, and fortune was read from the opened hand before any gypsies cheated the credulous by their lying predictions. Fate has been told as ingenuously from the lines of the palm and the course of the wrinkles there, as from any calculations of the stars. Half the persuasion of the orator comes in his management of his hands.

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If he is awkward with these, if all their motion is hard and ungainly, not rhythmic with his tone, he pleads in vain, and only blind men will be moved by him. In pantomime the hand speaks without the tongue, and if it is well done, the meaning is not left doubtful. In the Nydia of Randolph Rogers, the hands show the situation, and no words are needed. These are largely the source of Fechter's dramatic power, as they were of the persuasive grace of Edward Everett. Unfortunately, the Boston statue of the great orator retains the extreme use of that handsome hand, and shows it in perpetual tension, where it can only annoy and not persuade. It is the puzzle and plague of sculptors to know what to do with the hands of their subjects, and the difficulty is sometimes settled by putting these out of sight, as the artist painted the man "behind the horse." Who has not felt this trial for himself in an evening party?

The most trustworthy *morale* of the hand is not what we judge from the shape or size of it, but what we judge from the care which is taken of it. It is not a sin of a man or of his ancestors that he has a large hand, or that he has a round hand, or that he has a hand like the paw of a bear or the claw of a bird. The way of using the hand guides us more correctly. There is apt to be deceit in the shake of the hand which squeezes it, or holds it as in a vise. We do not trust the man who hides his mouth with his hand when he speaks to us. Handwriting is a better guide to character than palmistry, and wise essays have been written on "autographology." Indeed, unless there be some faith in this science, the time and money spent so often in collecting autographs would seem to be wasted. Why gather so many scraps of manuscript, so many signatures and backs of letters, unless, like the bones in a museum, they will explain more than themselves, and let us into some secret of science or soul? An autograph ought to be more than a cast-off coat, or a worn-out shoe—ought to tell something of the spirit of the man whose fingers inscribed it. From a collection of manuscript fragments, one ought to be able to read with reasonable certainty the characters of the poets and orators and preachers, without having to study their works—as Ampére read the characters of the Roman worthies from their busts and monuments. The conclusions of this science, however, are not always safe. A bad handwriting is by no means the proof of a bad mind or a bad heart; and wicked words and thoughts may be covered by a clear and handsome script. It will not do to use this guide to character in dealing with lawyers, or editors, or authors, who write for bread. It would go hard with some eminent men, if they were tried by this test.

Some of the most singular congenital defects in the structure of the body are found upon the hand. As there are fowls with an extra claw, and cats with an extra toe, so there are families in which six fingers on each hand are kept from one generation to another. Goliah's son was an instance of the kind. Sometimes, on the other hand, fingers are wanting. There is a lawyer in Michigan, who has been upon the bench, who has only two fingers on either hand, and three of his sons have the same strange formation. Yet these two fingers, united, too, by a membrane, do quite efficiently the work of the ordinary thumb and fingers. So cunning is this hand of man, that any part of it seems to have the capacity of every part, and the stump may learn to do all the work of the fingers, if necessity is laid upon it. Mutilated hands, where the fingers have been crushed off or torn off, become often more adroit than hands that are whole—write legibly, and carve skillfully the most elaborate devices. A single finger may be "handy" in the largest sense, and will be worth a hundred such hooks as that of Captain Cuttle. Two hands are certainly better than one; and yet one of the most accomplished of scientific professors, a chemist of rare ability in the lecture room, whose experiments never fail, a finished performer, too, on more than one musical instrument, and a most graceful horseman withal, has had only a single hand to do all that he has done. Not a few, indeed, who have two hands, might as well have only one, for all the use which they make of the other. The one is for use, the other only for "symmetry," as was said of the extra tower on the Bullfinch Street Church in Boston. The faculty in using both hands equally well, and in the same tasks, is very uncommon. Not one man in a thousand can write with his left hand, if he has a right hand. Even those who are "left-handed" by nature, relinquish their native bias when they learn to use the pen. And nine men out of ten are annoyed when they see a left-handed man at his meals, with knife and fork in the wrong places, or when they see a man strike blows or throw stones with the left hand. There is really no good ground for this annoyance, and no good reason why one hand should have the advantage of the other.

The hand is subject to various maladies, some of them painful, others vexatious. A "felon" on the fingers is a very severe punishment for

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some unknown sin. How to get rid of "*warts*" effectually and promptly is still an undiscovered secret of surgery. *Red* hands are a bane in the ballroom, and do not look religious when lifted in prayer. *Hairy* hands no man wishes to have, and the faintest sign of such a covering on the hands of woman is carefully expunged. On some hands the joints are as knobs, while on others they show dismal hollows. On some hands the veins are blue and swollen, while on others the skin is coarse and scaly. Here the ends of the fingers and palm become hard and horny, while there the fingers are flabby and "pudgy," to use a word of Dickens's coining. Palsy is apt to come in this sensitive part, and there is no sure art, now that the days of miracles are gone, of healing a withered hand. St. Anthony's fire selects this part of the body for its hateful burning. Chilblains crack the hands in winter, and the sun "tans" them in summer. White specks come upon the nail, and increase of years changes the soft skin into stiff and wrinkling parchment. Rings upon the fingers wear indelible lines, and acids and inks mark them with provoking spots and dyes. If all hands were cut off for the offence they give, how few hands would be left among men!

"How to wear the nails," is a question which thirty years ago was seriously agitated in one of the foremost colleges in the land, and the classics were ransacked for authorities and precedents. One professor used to show nails a good inch long, projecting like talons over the ends of his fingers, as he manipulated the air-pump and the orrery. Others pared them to a point; and they were even mended into pens, always ready for use. The exact length of nail which it is proper to wear has not been fixed by the arbiters of fashion. If the nail extends beyond the finger, it is always exposed to accident; and no accident to the body brings more pain, comparatively, than injury to this part. The nail certainly should never be cut into the "quick," nor should it be scraped or filed. We knew a man who lost his life by boring a small hole in one of his finger nails. Other things being equal, however, short nails are more cleanly and more shapely than long nails. Among the ancient Hebrews long nails were the sign of insanity or of slavery. When Nebuchadnezzar went out from the palace to the field, his nails grew as birds' claws; and it was appointed in the "Second Law," that when a captive became a lawful wife, she should "shave her head and pare her nails." Long nails are a nuisance in many of the more necessary duties of the hand, and one dreads the friendly grasp which comes armed in this way. No mother can safely handle her infant, who keeps these instruments of torture, the traditional weapon of woman's defence. The long-nailed hand of woman is only one degree less alarming than the heavy-mailed hand of man. These were fit in the feudal age, but are not good in our peaceful time, when union, and not strife, is the law of social life.

Another interesting question of the use of the hand is of its ornament, of its rings and jewels. There are reformers so extreme in their notion of freedom, that they would allow no bands of any kind, no ring upon the finger, no fastening or clog. But the custom of finger-rings is too ancient, too wide, too deeply rooted, to be changed by preaching, or even by physiological protest. The Israelite maidens wore finger-rings before they went down to Egypt, and they will wear these as long as gold and precious stones can be found. In the East, where the sign-manual is borne upon the ring, and it must become the seal of all promises and contracts, the ring will be worn by both sexes. In Western lands, on the other hand, the wearing of much jewelry by men is not a mark of good taste, nor is the show of wealth in that way an equal sign of wisdom. A handsome hand, indeed, on man or woman, is not greatly improved by being loaded with rings or hidden under the sparkling of diamonds or rubies; and an ugly hand can not lose its awkwardness in this costly foil. A lover, in pressing the hand of his charmer, would prefer the tender flesh to the sharp facets of the lapidary's art, and his affection in that case would be less painful in its demonstration. One, two, or three rings, if they are not too bulky, may be allowed, especially if they hold some dear association or memory. Beyond these, the easy play of the fingers must be hindered, their form distorted, and diseases, too, engendered. A fastidious taste will diminish, rather than increase, incumbrance upon the hand. A bishop with garnished and loaded fingers will give rather the impression of Pharaoh or Herod, than of a Christian apostle. St. James would not allow a man with a gold ring any place of honor in the assembly.

And then there is the *glove* question, more important than any. Not every maiden can carry on her fingers diamond and topaz and gold, but every maiden and matron must wear gloves, if she is to appear before the eyes of men. Gloves for the hands, for one-half of the race of civilized man, are as essential as any article of raiment. In the mind of woman, this is not at all an open question. It was settled

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long ago. And yet this custom of glove wearing, so tyrannous in its order, does not seem to be very ancient. No allusion to it is made in either the Hebrew or the Greek Scripture. We read of sandals for the feet, but of no "hand shoes," as gloves are called in Teutonic speech. The hand of Ruth was bare when she was led by Boaz to his house, and we may be sure that the woman in Simon's house had no gloves on when she washed the feet of Jesus. Kid skins in the East were utilized for many purposes, for purses and bottles, and wallets, but not to hide the hand of man or woman. But in Western lands, for some hundred years, the chief end of the race of goats has been to clothe the hands of the nobler race; and in these last years, that honor has been shared by a meaner rodent. It was a blessed boon to the glove-wearing world when the nut of Western Greece was brought to France, overrun by rats, and the skins of these pestilent vermin were made soft and glossy in the juice of Acarnanian acorns. It is still doubtful, nevertheless, if hands are healthier in this artificial covering, binding them so closely. A tight kid glove in the heats of summer is only torment. But the kind of covering for the hand which most women love is the kind which most men hate. There is evident incongruity between gloves and rings, and one must smile at the efforts of a solid matron to draw over her jeweled fingers the slender glove that a child might wear—getting red in the face five times in a day, that her hands may keep their whiteness.

But we must not omit from this essay the usual appendix of "practical observations," that postscript which holds all the value of the preliminary talk. How shall we keep our hands in good order and condition?

1. First, by *using them*, using them regularly, using them vigorously. The hands need exercise for health, as much as the lungs or the feet. Mechanical work of some kind is best; the broom, or the loom, or the saw is better than Dio Lewis's "light gymnastics." Use of some kind, never indolence. The hands that always "hang down," might as well be withered, and will be, if something does not lift them. Absolutely idle fingers, indeed, are rare—even the laziest have some office for their hands, if it be only to stroke the beard, or to hold the aching and vacant head. In Eastern harems hands hold pipe-stems, if they do nothing else, and in Western drawing-rooms they find resource in embroideries. But to be strong and sound, the hands of men and women ought to have some vigorous use, something which tries the larger muscles, rouses blood in the veins, and seems to awaken all the life of the body. Writing all day, or sewing all day, or waving the fan in that gentle vibration which suggests languor, are not exercise enough for the hands of any rational being. Paul's advice to the Thessalonians is good universally, "That ye study to work with your own hands."

2. And, in the next place, there ought to be a *various use* of the hands, not all in one kind of work or play, but in that which shall bring *all their parts* into action, nerves and muscles and tendons, every joint and every knuckle. It is not well to give one part exclusive exercise at the expense of the rest, to put all the duty upon one or two fingers, or make all the motions in one direction. The whole complicated structure needs to have its free play, that it may keep suppleness and harmony. The scribe needs to vary his toil with the axe or the ball, the watchmaker to have some sharper movement of his cautious fingers. Variety of work is just as important for the hands as for the brain. And the more delicate the work, the greater the need of this variety.

3. A third counsel is, to *use both hands*, and not to give one very much advantage over the other. The right hand may not know what the left hand is doing, but they ought to be able, if necessary, to interchange works. Nature is foiled in all one-sided physical developments, whether of eye or ear or hand. A wise training will bring out the native power in either hand, educate them together, and with no separation or selection of studies. What is now demanded in the education of women, may more justly be asked for the left hand, so long outraged and underrated. Where there is no constitutional difference, there is no reason that one hand should be favored more than another. Why should the left hand be nimble as the right upon the keys of a piano, but be wholly incapable with the pen or the needle? No power is taken from the right hand by giving a better training to the left hand.

4. But there is a limit to the work of the hands, and it is dangerous to try them too severely. *Stop work of any kind when the hands are fatigued by it.* This fatigue may come before the brain is exhausted, but it is to be heeded, notwithstanding. It is foolish to write, or to knit, or to embroider, or to play upon instruments, with tired hands. At the risk of seeming rude, the wise hero will refuse to give his hand to be shaken after its muscles have become lame and its nerves sore in that magnanimous service. A tired hand should do its work

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by proxy, whether in the study or the drawing-room. A hand-shaking substitute is quite as useful as a literary amanuensis.

5. A still more important caution, not to *irritate the nerves of the hand and arm by using improper implements*, not to expose the hands unnecessarily. The late President Felton, in his visits as member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, closed his addresses by warning his hearers against *steel pens*, prophesying paralysis as the sure consequence of that abomination. There are many trades in which injury to the fingers is inevitable, which harden the skin and blunt its sensitiveness. But much of the risk to which the hand is put is reckless and beyond excuse. Tattooing, fortunately, is not one of the barbarous customs which French fashion has endorsed. Yet some who are not old can remember when schoolboys beguiled their idle moments by pricking into their hands, in the palm and along the fingers, fantastic figures in Indian ink; and that is still a sailor's amusement. All such amusements are detestable.

6. One parting word shall be, to round off this essay, and to return to its Apostolic text, "*Keep the hands clean!*" Impossible! say the butcher and the baker, the blacksmith and the bricklayer, and almost every artisan. Clean hands are impossible in our business. Soil and grime must gather upon the hands that toil. We may soften the counsel then, and have it run, "Keep the hands as clean as they can be kept." Wash them often, no matter how soon the dust will come back to them. It is an eminent merit of Pullman's cars, which justifies alone their additional cost, that a traveler can purify his hands when they offend his vision, and has not to wait doubtfully till the day of his journey is done. In every kind of labor and of life, clean hands are better than foul hands; and those who carry foul hands to their meals, or to the embrace of wife and children, or to the social gatherings of the saloon and the church, deserve the quaint rebuke of the epistle, that they are "spots and blemishes."

Training of Children.

BY MRS. H. C. BIRDSALL.

THE period between the ages of two and four in a child's life is a very interesting, and also a very important one. It is interesting because the child has been recently so helpless, and now every gleam of intelligence, bright speech, and action, strike us as something remarkable, and a little different to any thing of the kind in any other child.

It is important, because the child should now be gradually and surely confirmed in those good habits which are the foundation of every fine character, and the rudiments of which should already have been implanted. By the time a child is six years of age he should have learned perfect submission, not to a confused, inconsiderate, ordering spirit in father or mother, for I can not imagine any thing that would keep a strong will from yielding sooner than this; but to an equable and just temper of mind, that has no wish to be obeyed, simply for the love of mastery. Be discriminating in all your exactions, making them few and simple and consistent with the good training of your child; but when you have made them, see that they are complied with in the spirit, and nearly always in the letter, too. There are occasions when the obedience need not be exactly literal, but the parent, not the child, must be the judge of the fitting opportunities. Active, strong-willed children do not always like to mind, and often try to creep out of it by a kind of compromise. You say, "Here, my child, please put this book on the secretary for me." He takes it, and with a demure look, answers, "I dess I'll put it on the table."

The position of the book may be of little consequence, but the principle involved has its importance.

The following incident first led me to think of this matter.

A gentleman who had only one child, a daughter, ten years old, was talking with me about her, and said:

"She is a pretty good little girl on the whole, but she does not like to mind—she does not exactly disobey, but she obeys in such a way that we feel dissatisfied. She invariably contrives to do things in a little different way to the one advised."

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I have since found that the fault is a common one, and the best remedy is to nip it in the bud, to insist upon a child obeying an order literally, and at once.

The habit of telling a child to do things which you have no wish or idea of his doing, or *vice versa*, telling him not to do this or that which you know he will do, and to which there is not the slightest objection, is a very bad one.

You only give your orders "for the fun of it," and to see the result. This is often done by those who are incidentally playing with a child, and in such a case is not so objectionable, though even then in not the best taste. But when done by the father or mother, I can not but think that it will interfere very much with their attempts to inculcate obedience.

And this leads me to the thought that *trifling* of any kind is not advisable with children. Play and be merry with them as much as you like, but do not allow the play to degenerate into that trifling which begets disrespect.

Do not allow any rudeness, and a child will soon learn to stop at the limit you fix. It was formerly a common habit of mothers to tell their children trifling stories upon any occasion, in which they themselves had not a particle of faith. There has been so much written and said against this, that there has been a good deal of improvement, at least in those mothers who give any thought at all to their maternal duties; and the fault is now mostly that of nurses and house servants, who, unless they are closely watched, contrive to put more foolish and wrong ideas and fears into children's heads than a mother can eradicate in years. And this, to me, is a very strong argument against allowing children to spend much time in the society of servants. Miss Edgeworth, in her work upon Education, advised parents *never* to allow children to be with servants. Miss Sewell, in an equally interesting book on the same subject, said that the mother should have no personal care of her children, that they should be taught to look to the servants for the supply of all their needs, for fear of lessening the dignity of the mother in the children's eyes.

But I think that they both looked at the matter in too extreme a way, and not just as they might have done, if they had been wives and mothers. The *via media* is probably the better. If a mother, from poor health or other good cause, is obliged to employ a nurse, it ought to be only for the menial part of the care of her children; she should keep them with herself all the time she can, and she may thus save them from much of the harm they might receive from being constantly with a servant.

It would be a happy state of affairs, if we were not obliged to have any servants; or rather, if the servants were of such an exated and perfect character and intelligence, as to lend no contamination.

But we must do the best we can, have our children with us most of the time, and do all in our power by the force of good example to instill in them refinement and a love for the true and beautiful.

Whatever a mother wishes to teach her children, she must do and know herself. They are very keen-sighted little creatures, and one can not live by one set of principles and teach them another.

It is, therefore, every mother's duty to improve her own character in all directions. One of the best aids in training children is to look back to our own childhood, and recall our feelings in different circumstances.

Were you peculiarly sensitive as a child, brooding over an injustice, or a cross word, or even an ill-natured comment upon your personal appearance? Save your child from such feelings. Was your mind often filled with strange wonderings about the mysteries of life and death? So may the mind of your little one, though he may not say any thing of his thoughts any more than you did.

Did you gradually drift into a habit of reserve, of concealing your thoughts within your own breast? Then strive to be always ready for any confidence your child may bestow upon you—always receive it with pleasant face and real interest.

You may not always be ready for the confidence at the time it is offered, but let the bestower feel that you are not assuming a reason for delay, that you do remember him, and will listen to his story at the first opportunity. How often we see our own, specially faulty traits appearing, as if daguerreotyped in a child, and how tender this should make us, not so foolishly tender as to overlook these faults, but so wisely as to lead us with firm, loving hand to pluck out the faults and endeavor to plant in their places virtues.

By recalling our own childhood, we should avoid one very common mistake, that of thinking children younger in thoughtfulness than they are. We are ready enough to observe indications of the precocity which exhibits itself in bright, funny sayings, but we do not generally give children sufficient credit for thinking

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and feeling as deeply, nor at as youthful an age as they really do.

Very young children frequently ask strange questions, and their mothers look upon them rather as odd freaks of the little ones' tongues, than as what they are, questionings of the working mind, which should be answered intelligently and intelligibly, and giving the child credit for sense. Every sensible question that a child asks should be answered in the spirit in which it is proposed; but the spirit so common of useless questioning should be constantly checked.

Very wearisome the catechism of "What for?" and "Why?" sometimes becomes, but upon our patient answering depend a good many things of more worth than our own personal comfort. Every mother should wish to be such a one as Mrs. Craik (Miss Muloch) describes in her charming story of Woman's Kingdom.

It may seem strange to instance a fictitious mother, rather than one who has lived and left behind her a noble name. But the mother of fiction is probably far better known to three-quarters of the reading women of the land, than the mothers of our great men.

We have implicit faith in the latter as good and noble women, and we may be acquainted with a few of their more striking deeds; but we have had only an occasional glimpse of their daily lives with their children, while we feel as if we knew the whole life of Edna the mother of Woman's Kingdom, with its ins and outs, its joys, its trials, and her brave endurance of them, and through all her keeping herself ever worthy of the respect and admiration and imitation of her children. There are just such faithful mothers in real life, but they are seldom described as simply and beautifully as Mrs. Craik has done it. A great lesson taught in the story I have mentioned, is the duty of perfect truth in the training of children. If you do not wish a child to know a thing tell him so, but never descend to the smallest equivocation. Your reward will be in the confidence the child will gain in your word.

Young children very commonly acquire a habit of crying when their mothers leave them to go out of the house, and it is frequently owing to the fact that the mothers have almost universally resorted to some subterfuge to conceal their intention. The effect upon the child's mind when he is old enough to understand that he has been deceived, is a pained and resentful feeling, and a want of faith in his mother. She should have left him when she pleased without any appearance of apologizing for her absence, and then he would have observed it as nothing unusual, but natural and inevitable.

If one has more than one child, truth is important in keeping the right balance among them.

Firmness and justice are essential, too. Because one is a girl, do not make the boys yield to her in every respect. Let her gain extra attention, because she deports herself like a true little woman, but do not run the risk of making her selfish and exacting, and the boys secretly contemptuous by reiterating, "Remember, boys, she is your little sister, and you must give up every thing you have to her."

So in the case of an older and a younger child. You have two little girls, say one of them is four years old and the other one not quite three. The older one is sitting quietly upon the floor, very much engaged with a toy; the younger comes along, and, with the caprice of childhood, wants the plaything. She has one just like it, but that will not answer. Here is a matter that should admit of no compromise. The younger should understand very plainly that she is not to have the toy, that there is to be no exchange made, no consideration of her being the baby, no yielding to her to prevent her crying. You should try to teach children generosity, but there is a time for self-denial, and a time when right of property should be considered. *Meum* and *tuum* are innate in children, and are not wrong in themselves; they must only be controlled and guided properly.

Always be gentle and low-voiced. A loud tone, assumed upon occasion, indicates a weakness within which would make up by bluster for the want of firmness and governing power. And never indulge in these very bad expressions, "Stop that noise," "Shut up," "Behave yourself," etc., which are so very common in moments of excitement among many who mean in their calmer moods to be good mothers.

There is a great deal in the restless little creatures to try us, especially if they are boys.

If they are well, and certainly we want them to be so, they have a store of animal spirits which must have vent. We ought to be glad to see such spirits in a boy, and should contrive some natural, healthful way for him to let them off. The methods must vary in different cases. In the country there are abundant opportunities for the escape of this kind of steam, and yet there are many boys and many girls who are never allowed the occasion. It is sometimes taken, but it is against all law and authority.

In pleasant weather children should be allowed to make as much noise as they please out

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of doors, and rainy days they can race up and down in the attic, or some unoccupied room, to their heart's content.

I do not recommend this as the constant way of managing them. If some such plan as this is pursued when children are nervous from over-quiet or suppressed spirits, it would not often be necessary to adopt it. Children are soon satisfied and content to play in a manner less jarring to the nerves of older people.

There is nothing more annoying, I think, to a mother, than to have an individual in the family circle who is for ever (to use a very common expression) picking at her children, and, if the presence of the person in the family is not a necessity, I would say, dispense with his or her company until your children have outgrown their childhood. Any thing for a healthy, well-developed, obedient, loving, happy childhood!

There is no greater drawback to the happiness at least of children, than being talked at and found fault with by those who are not related to them. People make such miserable mistakes in dealing with children not their own, and often use them as the objects upon which to pour out all the feelings which they do not dare or are unwilling to bestow upon older people.

When a child is two or three years old, the parents are usually anxious to have him learn to read; quickness is highly applauded, and the child is pushed forward. It is enough for a child to know his letters at four years of age. It is even sad to me to hear of a child three years old reading the Greek Testament, as I have read of a few precocious little girls doing. Surely age comes soon enough without trying to hasten it. Sometimes children pick up the rudiments of learning as if by magic, and learn to apply them; and to this, of course, there is no objection, it is only to the pushing them forward and forward out of vanity. Six or seven years of a child's life should be spent in mingled play, such work as is suited to his age and the gaining of home instruction, before he shall be considered ripe for school.

The home teaching may be made the most valuable he can ever have. As I have said before, very young children frequently ask odd questions. When they are found on a track tending to some useful destination, they should be propelled on their way by such answers to their questions as will lead them to ask more. This sort of general information is very valuable and the best of preparations for the course of study the boy or girl will in due time be obliged to pursue. Children are ordinarily prodigies in one of two directions, that of making bright, witty speeches, or talking religiously. They are specially bepetted for the latter, by maiden aunts and other female friends with affectionate hearts.

This is very pretty and interesting, but I would far rather see a strong, sturdy, practical child, who asks questions in plain, simple language and from a real desire for information, than one who goes moping around and talking of Heaven and the angels. I should be afraid either that such a child would not be spared to me long, or, that if he did live to grow up, his religious feelings would have dwindled down to a very fine point.

Some of the least trustworthy characters I have ever known as young men, were those who, in their early childhood, were looked upon by their friends as almost too good for earth. The most reliable, purest, and best young men I have ever known, were very practical little children, possessed of strong wills that had to be molded. The religious part of their nature had grown healthily and equally with the other parts, and they were well balanced young men.

This even balancing of character is important, and may, perhaps, be looked upon as hardly to be touched upon in writing of so young children, but even now there are ways in which we can prepare children for well-balanced training. Some children show a decided taste for some one pursuit very early, and, if the taste is a good one, it should always be kept in view, but not to the neglect of other pursuits or studies. All the training of children should tend to add to them as nearly equal an amount of virtues and knowledge as possible.

The opinions upon methods of punishment are very various. Some people say that corporeal punishment should never be resorted to; others hold so fully to the principle of "Spare the rod and spoil the child," that they succeed perfectly in *breaking* the child's will and destroy all his happiness in himself or others, until long years after he passes from under their hands. There are children, probably, possessed of such sweetness of disposition, such reverence for their superiors, that they need not more than a word to control them, but most children are not so happily constituted. Corporeal punishment should be employed as seldom as possible, and never in anger, but with your heart overflowing with piety for the sufferer.

Punish thoroughly when you feel it necessary to punish at all; and never fall in the habit of striking and slapping upon any provocation

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This only aggrieves a child and alienates him from you. As a rule the power of bodily punishment should not be committed to *any one* by the father or mother, and *never* a servant.

If children must ever be disciplined by a servant, it should be in a very much simpler and less severe manner. Threatening should never be used in the government of children. Tell them once the penalty of an offense, and, if it is repeated, punish, but do not lessen your authority by that weapon of weak mothers, threatening. Every one who reads this article, doubtless, is acquainted with mothers whose commonest threat is, "Now, if you do that again, I'll tell your father." How weak and how little calculated to make a child respect a mother! If an affair of discipline occurs which you ought to manage, attend to it yourself.

The physical habits of children should be carefully attended to. Their sleeping and eating hours should be regular and exact.

There is no need of a child, three or four years old, eating or drinking any thing after he is put in bed at night, until his breakfast the next morning. His food should be simple and so slightly seasoned, as to not produce any artificial thirst.

I know a family of children who eat when they please and what they like; they are seldom in a condition to take any regular meals, and hardly ever eat their supper until they have been in bed and had their first nap. They have a supper brought to them in bed, and after that they eat and drink at any time during the night. Their mother has been aroused from her bed seventeen times in one night to give these children food and drink, and they were not sick any more than their overloaded stomachs made them. There are all degrees of system and want of system in the management of children, but I hope the case I have described is an unparalleled one.

The habit of daily bathing is not absolutely necessary, for thousands of children exist and flourish without it; but I heartily approve of it, and, in the case of my own children, practice it.

When a child is taken sick, my universal remedy is, a warm bath followed by brisk rubbing, with plenty of rest and quiet, and it is always quickly efficacious.

The exercise of children should be of the natural kind. They should not be taken for long walks,nor should they be compelled, for ever so short a distance, to walk at the natural rate of an older companion. There is a great difference in the ambulatory powers of children, but none should walk steadily long at one time. If children are put out of doors, they will find plenty to amuse them, to exercise them evenly and thoroughly. And yet I should not say *put* out of doors, for it is a great mistake to force a child to the pursuit of pleasure against his inclination. Most of us have a certain amount of obstinacy in our composition, and we can not wonder at seeing it crop out in our children.

It is quite natural for them, when they see us very anxious to have them go out, to be just at that time equally desirous to stay in. It may be suggested that it would be well to appear to wish to have a child remain in the house, in order through the spirit of opposition, to prevail upon him to go out. I think it would be any thing but well, for the course savors of deceit and detracts from the entire truthfulness which should be a trait of the mother's character. The better way is to ask the child if he would not like to go out of doors, leaving the matter at his option —he will generally choose as you wish, for children like the freedom of out-door exercise.

That invaluable quality, tact, is in no case of more worth than in the care and education of children. Tact, in the first place, in understanding that all children are neither physically, mentally, or morally alike; tact in adapting the right supplies to the individual wants; tact in letting well enough alone, and, finally, tact in all the precepts upon precepts, and lines upon lines of a child's life.

The clothing of children should be adapted to the season. They should be dressed warmly in winter. In summer, their dress should be changed according to the nature of the day, the weather is so much more variable than in winter, and we then have no fires to make up for deficiencies in clothing.

At night they should have no heat except that derived from the bedding, and this should be of a kind both light and warm.

The kicking off of bed-clothes is a pretty sure sign that the child is uncomfortable, and it is generally from the excess of bedding.

It is very well, in the coldest weather, for the room in which children sleep to be warmed while they are being undressed and put to bed, but the fire should be allowed to go entirely down and a window opened a little or widely, according to the weather. The night-clothes should be varied with the seasons. Night-drawers, made either of flannel or cotton flannel, are the best for winter wear; loose night-gowns of thin coarse muslin for the warmest of summer weather.

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Hines.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

HE sat on the humble door-step;
His hand, which held a cup,
Looked like a crazy jack-knife
With long blades half-closed up.
His thin limbs all distorted
Were tangled 'neath a gown,
And from his knotted shoulders
A pinafore hung down.

Light-hearted, laughing children
Were playing in the street,
And mock-birds in the live-oaks
Made music wild and sweet.
He tried to join their chorus,
But from his palsied tongue
Came only wordless discord,
As if by witches sung.

The boys played ball and hop-scotch,
They flew the paper kite,
And hallooed as its white wings
Grew dark upon their sight.
All, all but poor Hines, shouted;
Their fun was not for him,
For strange and ruthless fetters
Enchained him, mind and limb.

Through all his childish summers,
Beneath the cottage eaves
Each morn his mother placed him
Where, shimmering through the leaves,
The sunshine, like an angel,
Came down and kissed his head,
And vestal orange blossoms
Their incense round him shed.

He laughed to see the sunshine,
He nodded to the trees,
But most of all, young children
His idiot heart could please.
His thin blood, as he watched them,
Would strangely flush his cheek,
And strangely would his sealed lips
Essay their joy to speak.

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Now, whining, he pursued them
With a sad though witless stare,
As down the green lane flying
Their laughter filled the air;
When suddenly they halted,
"Poor Hines!" they said, and then
Back to the vine-clad cottage
They quickly came again.

One bade the boy good morrow,
Another smoothed his hair,
Another filled with water
The cup he offered there;
While one bright, blue-eyed urchin
Stepped in the cottage door,
And brought him out a toy-whip
He could not reach before.

Then, to their sports returning,
They gamboled glad and free,
And poor Hines cracked his toy-whip,
And muttered in his glee;
While through the vine-draped lattice
The morning zephyr sung,
And golden flecks of sunlight
Lay all the leaves among.

Then, while my tears were falling,
I felt that all of heaven
From our strange, sinful natures
Has not been darkly riven;
And that, while little children
Are left below the skies,
We may be safely guided
To our lost Paradise.

A Prayer.

FATHER, when the heart is wailing,
From its anxious, broken dreams,
That, like autumn leaves, are falling
Down life's darkling, turbid streams,
Then, oh then, in pitying kindness,
Send some angel from above
To relieve the soul's deep blindness
With the magic touch of love.

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Medical Education of Women.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

A GOOD old New England deacon, the worthy father of a dozen children, when discussing the subject of family discipline said: "I always let my children do pretty much as they are a mind to, if they don't do any thing bad." His children did good credit to his peculiar method.

When so much is being said as to what women may, can, must, might, could, would, or should do, we are inclined to settle the whole question, as did the deacon the order of duty in his domain: "Let them do pretty much as they are a mind to, if they don't do any thing very bad."

Persons may be inspired, encouraged, prompted by others, but they must come to have a "mind to," or they will not accomplish much in any direction.

During my first stirring to do something more than the ordinary round of girlish work, I remember raising the question, as I sat on my father's knee, to what women might do. "Any thing they wish, provided they can do it well," was his wise reply.

The answer settled me for life. From that day to this, I have had no perplexity, whether it was "pretty or proper for a lady" to do this or that.

All the discussions as to woman's sphere, which have marked these rolling years, have not moved me; I rest just where my noble father settled my first questioning on this point.

Let her do what she prefers, provided she can do it well. More than this, if she has a "mind to work," the way will open. She may remain in bondage for a time, but her emancipation comes when all things are ready.

A gentleman with whom I was once conversing in reference to his bride elect, said in answer to a question of mine, "I don't know about her health. She has always been so bound by proprieties, that I can not judge as to her strength. Her mother tells me that she is very delicate, the family physician says she has consumptive tendency, she assures me that she is very well, and I can not decide. I am going to marry her and set her free, and see what she will make of herself."

He did as he said, and she has made good use of her freedom, as a dozen years have shown—grown strong in body, strong in spirit, by the good she has done in private homes, public charity, and Christian work.

According to the "three worthies" above mentioned, let woman do what they are a mind to, provided it is nothing bad. Let them feel that all work which "profiteth" is proper, if well done. Lastly, let husband, father, and friends encourage them in the cultivation of their "best gifts." "Let he that would be the greatest be the servant of all," said our Lord. Women should try to thus rank among the great ones. Hence, attainments which will help us to serve those about us, are most to be desired. Among these the skill to cure the sick, or better, to keep the household in health, stands pre-eminent.

When asked, if women can endure the labor of the medical profession, we are as positive as the boy of ten years, who when told that cigars and coffee were injurious, promptly replied, that he was sure they were harmless, as he had used them both a long time, and they had not hurt him. My observations in reference to the ability of the medical sisterhood, to accomplish well their work, is from a larger range and of longer duration than that of the lad above-mentioned. I know many young women of delicate health, embarrassed for want of means and from lack of early advantages, who have grown strong by study and labor which interested and satisfied, and whose lives are both a professional and pecuniary success. Many of them have been able, not only to refund to the friends from whom they had "received aid and encouragement," but to help the indigent, care for orphans, etc. Hence, I do not write to show that women can make good doctors, for I need not take the pen to prove what so many persons are daily demonstrating.

The point I wish to impress is, that medical knowledge is eminently practical for women, whether in public or private life, whatever their estate, whether high or low, rich or poor; that this intelligence will make them better as wives, mothers, aunts, missionaries, teachers, etc. When their homes hold no piano, or their busy fingers find no leisure for the keys, "the harp of a thousand strings" will always be at hand—often out of tune, requiring their skill, or better still, may be kept in tune by their judicious care.

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I have heard the young wife say, when sickness came to her home, "I would give all my school accomplishments to be now a good nurse, but I have not a single idea in reference to the sick; every new symptom frightens me, even if it be a good one, for until the doctor comes and explains, I don't know whether it is a change for the better or worse." Many a young mother broken in health and heart, after the death of her "first born," joins our invalid band and says: "I wish you not only to make me well, but to give me information how to keep well—how to care for the sick. I think my dear baby might have lived, had I known how to take care of it. My parents were indulgent and gave me books, schools, travel, every social advantage, but I knew nothing of the care of children, and when my baby was born, my mother could not be with me, the experienced nurse who was engaged disappointed me, the one I employed proved ignorant and inefficient, and so the baby and I had a bad start. The dear little one has now gone where it will receive the care it needs which its mother could not give, and I am left a lonely woman, a miserable invalid, taking my first lessons in sickness and sorrow." Then comes the bitter exclamation, "Why do our girls grow up learning so much they never use, and so little of that they most need?" Echo answers "why!" I do not know, and I can not find any one who does. The plea is culture, discipline, development. But the best mental, moral, and muscular development which I ever find, is the result of useful activity.

Our girls spend hours daily, for years, at the piano, and yet few of them ever make much music; many do not even try after the period of taking lessons is past, are always "out of practice," or the instrument is "out of tune." Years are given to the study of foreign languages, which they never speak, read, or write, after their school days have gone by. Over the higher mathematics they work and worry, and afterward lack the ability, or the patience, to make their personal accounts balance.

Among all these girls who go through a routine in which they have little interest, chiefly for the honor of graduation, are there not some who would do better to take a select course such as would meet the physician's need, then add medical lectures, and so come on to the stage of active life, ready to serve the public as physicians, or meet a want in private homes—that of intelligent nurses?

Or better still, if health, means, and taste allow, take the full course afforded by our best schools, and to this add also the medical. Do not be deterred from the duties of the physician by the fear of night calls, or lonely rides unattended. Whenever your services are required, a way will be provided. If your company is desired at a party, or a theater, at a late hour, an escort is not wanting. The same is equally true in reference to the sick chamber, according to my experience. The gallantry and the courtesies of life are not all expended on its follies, thank Heaven! Among the most pleasant memories of the past twenty years of active work among the sick, is the kindly, thoughtful attention, received from gentlemen in every rank and position. Did I need an escort at night, the arm of a poor man or the carriage of the rich was always ready. Was the patient in peril, and I desired some one wiser than myself to give advice and share the responsibility, gentlemen of age, and experience in advance of mine, were ready to stand with me at the bedside of the sick.

I remember the resolutions of certain medical societies, in reference to consulting with women of their profession, but I felt as certain then, as now, that they would not to any extent be observed. The truth is, men and women were made to help each other in Eden, and, despite "the fall," they still love to do so. When a woman, in a womanly way, does her work well, whatever it is, she will, as a usual rule, receive aid from gentlemen of refinement, if she requires it. But it was not to prove that the way to professional labor was open to you, or to disabuse your mind of imaginary obstacles, but rather to make you see how useful is medical knowledge for women in all the walks of life, that I write.

Many of those who promise well for the profession turn to private practice, and we find they tend the cradle all the better for their medical training. Students of mine thus employed, say to me, "I am daily thankful for my medical knowledge. There is no part of my youth that seems so well spent as that devoted to the study of the human body, since I have these dear little bodies to care for." Such mothers can meet the ordinary emergencies of sickness among their children, much better than the physician who can come but once or twice a day. An intelligent eye is required to watch the wants of these little ones, who can not detail their symptoms. In case of severe illness, she will require counsel, for that is always best when those we love intensely are concerned, as feeling is likely to bias judgment. Besides this, the wisdom which can come only from experience in practice is desirable. With such coun-

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sel, and the care which an educated mother can give, the chances for life and health are tenfold greater than when loving ignorance presides. Links, bright and strong, are formed in times of sickness between the mother and the invalid, when she is the safe counsellor, the wise and tender "care-taker." It is an old story that missionaries find their medical knowledge a great help to reach the hearts of the heathen. That the natives listen to the spiritual truths Christians present, because from them, they have received physical relief.

The mother loses much, when husband and children, for lack of knowledge on her part, must turn to stranger hands for care in sickness. We do not mean that all woman can make good doctors or good nurses—there are a "diversity of gifts." But we do mean that a wise head and a warm heart will find many sweet ways of relieving the sick in her own family, which a strange hand can never devise.

There is no way in which a family can be well cared for, unless the mother knows how, and will "see to things," as my dear mother used to say.

Men of scientific attainments and professional experience, often say, as they leave a daughter in my care, "I want you to look after her, and counsel her as a mother (and then add half apologetically), my wife is an invalid," or "she is not interested in physiological matters; is inclined to let the girls have their own way too much," etc.

It is not uncommon to find cases of serious chronic diseases among the daughters of our best physicians. Are the fathers to blame? I trow not, unless it was in not finding a better mother for the children. While they are engrossed with public duties, their families sometimes suffer for want of sensible, personal supervision. I remember a young woman of marked intelligence and ability, the daughter of one of the finest physicians in Central New York, who was a confirmed invalid from indigestion and constipation; the result of rich food, over-eating, and sedentary habits in childhood. When I expressed my surprise, that the daughter of so eminent a physician, and one too who had inherited such an excellent constitution, should be in such a bad condition, she replied, "My father was busy with his patients; he left his children to the care of mother, and she thought if her girls were first in the class, excellent in music, nice with the needle, they were in the right way, even if they sat up until midnight, and ate mince pie just before going to bed. As to our bodily functions, she never inquired. She seemed to have no sense of responsibility beyond seeing that we were genteel young ladies."

We are glad to say that most doctors have a better helpmate in home practice, than the one above alluded to. The wife of a physician, even if she has had no previous opportunity for gaining medical information, will soon become intelligent, if he be "apt to teach" and she have a mind to learn. A loving tutor will soon lead her to a knowledge of the general lessons of hygiene, to which she will render cheerful observance. But the great trouble is, that many of our young women, between fashionable follies and fictitious reading, have little time and less taste for more serious pursuits. I remember a physician's wife, who when questioned in reference to the care of the sick, always replied, "I don't know, but my husband does." It is pleasant to feel that one's husband knows, and it is also convenient to know some things "one's own self," as children say.

The "art of healing" must always be a useful one for women, whatever their age and condition, until their transfer to the land where "the inhabitants never say I am sick."

Boston, New York, and Philadelphia offer good facilities for the medical education of women, where they can have all desired privacy—excellent lectures, clinical observations, and hospital practice for women only. Before these can be of advantage, a good degree of mental and physical strength must be attained. The delicate sensibilities of young misses should not be tried by early attendance at a medical college, though they may be gleaning physiological and pathological knowledge from an intelligent mother or a private tutor.

ELMIRA WATER CURE, *June*, 1870.

PROHIBITION.—A traffic at war with all other traffics, emptying the tills of its neighbors to fill its own, a business thriving to the detriment of all other enterprises, supplying what only diminishes the aggregate strength, wealth, and virtue of society, may be justly regarded as an Ishmael in the world of trade, whose presence brings with it universal disturbance and loss. If appetite could be ruled out of this question, if prejudice and irritation could be banished, and the issue be put, stripped of all personal predilection, to the business men of the country, whether a traffic thus, in its nature and effect, at war with all other trades and branches of trade should exist, there can be no doubt in any one's mind what would be the result.—*Rev. W. H. Murray.*

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Growth and Development.—VI.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE OXFORD GYMNASIUM.

I DO not need here to quote from the long list of men of every rank and profession whose useful and valuable careers have been brought to an untimely close by death, or more often, and perhaps more sadly still, by the permanent ill-health which baffles all medical skill and science, which springs from and is at the same time a cause of a "mind diseased." Numerous are the instances which have fallen under my own notice of individuals who have thus fallen victims to their own short-sightedness. One of them, long famous in the scientific world, absolutely refused to give his mind the intervals of repose which were seen to be essential by all who were capable of judging. "The night cometh when no man can work," was his answer when urged to give his physical condition some attention; and the night did indeed come, but his working day might, and would in all human probability, have been very considerably prolonged had he been less blind to the laws of his existence; for the last years of his life were passed in the mental night of second childhood.

All this, however, it will be seen, only points the more emphatically to the necessity of a regular system of physical training at the proper time, that time being the period of the body's growth and development. And here I would call attention to the manner in which this principle has been comprehended and observed in the Army, where the efforts of the authorities have been mainly directed to the introduction of the system at the depôts, where the raw country lads come in from the recruiting districts. It is not more directly valuable to the soldier at the outset of his career, than to those who are preparing for no less arduous, although very different duties, in the compaign of intellectual life.

And there is yet a third direction in which it should be carried; there is yet a third class to whom it would be a boon of the greatest value; to men in offices, and warehouses, and shops; men whose school-life terminated in boyhood, and with whose school-life were relinquished or lost the habits and the opportunities which are essential to full bodily vigor, and who in their business avocations obtain little or no physical employment of a health-giving or invigorating kind; men who spend the whole day, and, it may be said, every day throughout the year, in the same round of occupations, and to whom not even the once-a-year holiday of a week or two in summer is allowed. To men thus employed, systematized exercise, conducted on a rational system, would be of incalculable value.

Gymnasia organized for the use of this class of learners, however, would have special difficulties to encounter, for here would be absent the control which would be available in school gymnasia, and the habitual discipline observed in military ones. For it must not be forgotten that there is always to be found, in every group of men or boys, some who are more eager for momentary distinction than for permanent improvement; always some whose efforts, if not judiciously controlled, would be determined by susceptibility to excitement rather than by bodily power; and where the attendance would be entirely voluntary, the management of such learners becomes doubly difficult. Indeed, there is but one means of obviating such difficulty, and that is by a system where the exercises are carefully graduated and strictly progressive; where every man, weak or strong, would work within the actual circuit of of his own capacity. Another difficulty with, or rather drawback to these gymnasia is, that the time available for recreation with men engaged in business is almost limited to the evening, the time least desirable for exercise, for then the bodily energies have become depressed, and the mental faculties subdued—the time and the condition when the mind is least able to stimulate the physical effort, and when physical effort reacts least favorably on the mind. But this is a difficulty that in a measure is already passing; social changes are from year to year taking place, which are rendering the continuous hours of labor in many occupations less severe and less prolonged. Employers, it is found, have not been ruined, as was sagely anticipated, by the early closing of offices and shops, and the Saturday half-holiday has neither undermined the morals nor ruined the constitutions of those to whom it has been extended.

And here again the educational aspect of systematized exercise assumes its true importance; an importance resting not only on the stronger frames and greater energies with which it would endow every man—a priceless capital to carry

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into his avocations—but also on the bias, the taste, and the inclination which it would give in adult life, prompting to the employment of leisure in healthful and manly recreation.

At the very outset, however, I perceived that there were two distinct directions in which a rational system of bodily training might be carried with special advantage. In the Army, because bodily power, hardihood, and activity are the very essence of the soldier's life; and in our schools, because, as I have already tried to show, *that* is the time and *there* the regime which presents the greatest facilities for bodily culture.

It needs but a glance to see that the men who fill the ranks of our Army are drawn from almost every species of trade, occupation, and calling, and embrace almost every grade of physical power; massive, powerful men from the farm, the quarry, the forge, the warehouse, and the wharf; and slight, half-formed, half-fed youths from the factory, the shop-counter, the desk, and from the innumerable petty trades in which men find employmont in closely populated districts. I believe it may be roundly stated that every occupation followed in this country is represented in the Army; and, if what I have stated regarding exercise and its results be correct, to state that every form of occupation in this country is represented in the Army is virtually to state that every form of growth and development is represented there also. (I mean, of course, within those limitations observed in the enlistment of recruits and subsequent medical examination.) Now most of the occupations in which artisans and laborers are engaged give active and powerful employment to certain parts of the body, the other parts receiving comparatively little; and the inevitable result of this unequal employment is unequal development, because power is in relation to activity. The parts that have been actively employed will be shapely and strong; the inactive, neglected parts will be weak and stunted. And this will be evident to every eye that knows what proportions to look for; the nature of the employment leaves its mark upon the man for good or for evil—a sign, a seal, in witness of his strength and beauty, or a brand denoting his weakness and deformity—fashions him, molds him, for shapeliness or distortion, so unerringly, that to the experienced eye the nature of the craft or calling is instantly revealed; or, the occupation being known, you may tell before looking at the man the condition and the direction of his development. In men drawn from so wide a field will be found every gradation of physical strength, the strongest and the weakest. To take the two extremes for illustration, and to begin with the man of large stature and powerful frame; how has he acquired this powerful frame? Chiefly by energetic and powerful exercise. Other things may have contributed, indeed must have contributed, such as abundant diet, and, probably, fresh air; but neither of these, nor both of these, nor all other the agents of health put together, will give muscular power without muscular employment. Now remove such a man suddenly from his occupation, take him to the depôt to be straightened and taught to march with his head upright, his arms close by his sides, and the trunk of his body held erect and motionless as a pillar, and what are you doing? That which is suitable and necessary to enable the man to take his place in the ranks as a soldier, but nothing whatever to sustain, far less augment, his bodily energies. The constrained position, the restricted and closely localized movements of parade and drill, all deny to the trunk of the body and the upper limbs any exercise whatever, any share whatever of that which has given them the strength which they possess, for a continuation of which they are pining, without which they must dwindle, to the loss of their shape, and size, and power, and the still more important loss to other parts of the body depending for their health and activity upon the health and activity of these. But there is another condition of large stature and rapid growth which I would desire to instance: I mean the man of large frame with little strength, the results usually of a strong and unsubduable germ of growth in the individual, which, with adequate diet and suitable and abundant exercise, produces those splendid specimens of men whom we are fain to view as the type of our race, but who, with an inadequate or irregular supply of those agents during the period of their upward growth, attain the bulk of frame, but miss the soundness of constitution and the physical energies which should accompany it. There are many of these men in the Army—there must ever be many of these men in the Army. We have only to think for a moment of the insufficiency of diet alone, insufficiency in quantity and quality, at a time when abundance was a necessity to either present or prospective health or strength, to know that we have got the shell of the man only. Sound, strong, or lasting he can not be, because in him we have distributed over a large surface that which is only adequate for a small one. Is it possible yet to restore him to the place he was designed to occupy, designed by

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the incontrovertible evidence of his stature attained in spite of his deprivations? Is it possible to give him that soundness of constitution, energy of muscle, elasticity of action, and symmetry of form which were his by birthright? Not possible—not possible to give after growth is completed that which should have been regulated by growth itself, beginning with its beginning, adding to, proportioning, consolidating, and sustaining every cell of every fiber or tissue, as it was added to the frame; but still possible, still feasible, still a certainty, yet to recover a valuable portion of the health and strength, activity and energy of which he has been deprived; still possible to double his material well-being as a man, to double his serviceability as a soldier. At once, the first day he is recognized in the depôt as an embryo soldier, let him be taken to the gymnasium, prepared, fitted, built for his reception and use; let him be placed under the care of instructors taught to administer exercise on a clearly defined and comprehensive system, a system calculated to meet the requirements of every learner, weak or strong, to meet the requirements of the whole frame of every learner, and to give to the whole frame suitable and uniform and adequate employment. Let this be done and there will be created within him a new growth, a new life; a growth for the rectification of all that is wrong, and for the strengthening of all that is weak; a life within each separate cell, straining for the recovery of that which has been neglected since his birth.

Let us take another instance. The youth who has every thing to gain—slight and slim, under-sized and under-fed, who can scarcely be reckoned the raw material out of which a soldier is to be made, but who from his youth, and from that strong germ of physical power which I have learned to look upon as inherent in the frame of every Englishman, is awaiting but the stimulating, quickening, life-giving properties of judiciously regulated exercise to swell and expand into healthy, vigorous existence. What does such a youth gain in drill and parade for the development of his latent resources? He is not twenty yet; capable of receiving vast additions to his physical powers. This, as we have seen, is the case with the youths at our universities, who from their childhood have been living in that state of mental and physical employment most favorable and most distinctly conducive to timely development. They seldom attain their full bodily powers before their twenty-third year. But the youth of the nature I am instancing will be found to be greatly in arrears on all points. What is there in his professional duties to supply the want? So little, so very little, in comparison with his great requirements and almost unlimited capacity for improvement; and that little so partially and so unequally administered, that even its value is reduced. For he can not attend a parade, walk to a rifle-range, cross a barrack-yard, or ascend a barrack-stair, without giving employment to the muscles of his lower limbs, although such employment be altogether inadequate to produce their full development; but it is abundant in comparison to what the upper limbs can receive. These must languish, these must remain relatively feeble, because they are kept without employment, and power is in relation to activity.

It is this adequacy, this partiality of exercise employed without reference to this law, which renders gymnastics or systematized exercise so variable here; for by it only can employment suitable in nature, degree, or duration for every part of the body be provided; and while the comprehension of this law teaches us how to look for partial developments and defective and imperfect growth, it has but to be ascertained what these local wants are, what parts of the body are relatively weaker than the remainder, and such employment can be furnished as will raise any such part to the rank of the rest of the body in strength and in serviceability. And when the entire body is below the point of power to which it should have attained, suitable employment can be furnished for every part of the whole collectively—employment that can be increased and intensified with the advancing capacity of the learner. And it must never be forgotten that in developing a limb to its full power and perfect conformation, we do that, and, except indirectly, we do nothing more; whereas a glance at the trunk of the body will show that in developing the parts of which it is composed (I might almost say, constructed, so numerous are its parts and so complex is their arrangement), we do that and a great deal more. We not only develop to their normal shape, size, and capacity, the important muscles of the trunk, but at the same time, and by the same process, we bring it to its perfect shape and size the framework which encases and protects those vital organs, whose health and functional power we know to be all-important. The health of these organs, and their power of performing their functions with due completeness, are essentially dependent upon their perfect freedom; and this freedom they can not have if confined and restricted by the narrowness, or other deviation from the natural shape and size of this inclosing framework; they can not attain to

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their full size and power if thus fettered, and no activity on their part can do other than aggravate the evil of their confinement. In thus providing therefore for their freedom in functional activity by the expansion of the chamber in which they lie, we directly aid in their development, directly increase their power.

But can I prove, can I adduce any evidence, that the system of bodily training which I advocate would meet the end desired, would adjust and regulate and place under his control the entire available resources of the strong, would take up the comparatively unformed, undeveloped, and altogether negative frame of the youth, and cultivate him into an energetic, active, and strong man? I have no hesitation whatever in saying that it will do both of these, and I believe I can give sufficient evidence that I do not over-estimate its power.

Health and Prosperity as Affected by Religion.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, D. D.

"WILL it pay?" is the first question which usually arises in men's minds when invited to embark in any enterprise. It is the aspect of "profit and loss" in which most things are viewed, especially in this money-making age and country. And as if to meet this very condition of the public mind the Scriptures declare that "Godliness *is* profitable unto all things, *having the promise of the life that now is*, as well as of that which is to come."

And excluding exceptional cases and periods, it is capable of a perfect demonstration that this assertion is most literally true. Both reasoning and experience combine to prove conclusively that the truly religious man, other things being equal, will be more prosperous in business, more healthy and longer lived, and will enjoy, to a far higher degree, all the blessings pertaining to this world, and be a happier man in this life, than he who pursues an irreligious course; so that, wholly irrespective of the *future* advantages that result from it, it is for the interest of every individual to accept the Gospel and be a Christian. Let us examine this point.

I. *The Christian religion is favorable to pecuniary prosperity.* This is apparent from a comparison of those countries in which it prevails, with those where it does not. Its influence tends to promote social advancement and thrift, and to enlarge and develop all the resources of a nation. But without enlarging on this fruitful theme, let us look at the individual and we shall see the truth of Solomon's saying of true wisdom or religion, that while "length of days is in her right hand, in her left hand are *wealth* and honor."

Of course it is not meant that the possession of religion will in all cases invariably insure great riches, but its legitimate tendency is to produce thrift and prosperity. Many circumstances must be taken into the account, which will affect the result. For instance, one may be a truly pious man, and yet possess little capacity for business; or he may entertain views in regard to business that are inconsistent with success; or he may fail in judgment in some particular cases, and his mistake may seriously damage the result of his enterprise; or he may be, in spite of every precaution, involved in the great commercial revolutions which periodically sweep over the land, or may be subjected to loss through the crimes and errors of others with whom he is associated. But give two men of equal capacities for business, and leaving out of view all contingencies over which they have no control, and the one who is a thorough Christian will be more likely to succeed and become pecuniarily independent, than the other who is not controlled and influenced by the principles of the Gospel.

For, in the first place, the religious man will secure the confidence of his fellowmen, to a higher degree than the irreligious one. Say what they will, mankind respect and honor in their souls, a consistent Christian. Many facts might be stated illustrative of this, but one must suffice. Some years ago we knew a wealthy lady, who was professedly an infidel, but wishing to make her will, in which she bequeathed twenty thousand dollars for the foundation of an insane asylum, she selected three deacons of neighboring churches, out of four persons, to become the trustees of her fund. There is scarcely a prominent merchant in any of our cities, however irreligious himself, who would not prefer a conscientious Christian young man for a clerk, to one who manifested no regard for religion.

But not only does godliness secure for its possession the confidence of others which is

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essential to business success, but it also guards him from vices which are inimical to it. How many a man of splendid talents, who might have achieved eminence in business has failed to do so, because of his vicious propensities and habits.

How much, too, is wasted on immoralities and in useless extravagances, that would have been saved and have helped to augment accumulations, had those who indulged in these expenses acted on religious principles. The cost of the vices and senseless and unchristian extravagances of this nation, if saved and equally distributed among the honest and industrious portions of the people, would render them pecuniarily independent! Stop these leaks and how soon would the land overflow with wealth! There would scarcely be such a thing as poverty known in the country.

If it is replied that Christians expend large sums in benevolent contributions, the answer is, they save by their freedom from vicious indulgences ten, if not a hundred times more, than by the present standard of giving which prevails, they are called on to part with for benevolent purposes. The irreligious portion of any community expend incalculably more in response to demands upon their resources by their depraved habits and tastes and appetites, than Christians give away.

Some years ago, a man was converted and joined a church, and being subsequently presented with a subscription paper for some object of benevolence, he put down a sum that astonished the solicitor and led him to remonstrate against it, as being far beyond his ability to give. But he insisted that the amount should stand, adding, "I am a pecuniary gainer after all. In the days of my irreligion I expended vast sums per annum on liquors, tobacco, and in various modes of dissipation, *all* which I save now, and I can well afford to give what I have subscribed."

True piety also guards its possesser against temptation to many dishonest practices that often end in loss and ruin. Now and then rogues escape retribution, it is true, but such is the ordinary course of things, that it has become a proverb, though so often disregarded, that "Honesty is the best policy."

Religion makes men industrious and conscientious in the employment of time and talents, and promotes frugality and all those virtues that are conducive to prosperity. Nor is there any thing in it that hinders success in any honest and worthy calling. And in addition to all the rest, it has the promise of the Divine blessing on well-directed efforts—that blessing "that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it." "The curse of the Lord is on the house of the wicked, but he blesseth the habitation of the just."

II. *True religion is conducive to health and long life.* It is not of course pretended that Christians never suffer from disease or die prematurely. They are often the victims of hereditary maladies, for which they are not responsible; they are involved in the sweep of epidemics; they are subject to malarious and climatic influences, and they frequently incur sickness from errors of judgment and thoughtless exposure and ignorance of the great laws of hygiene and health. But this does not invalidate the general principle that Solomon announces, when he says of wisdom or religion, that "She shall be health to thy navel and marrow to thy bones," and that "length of days shall she add unto thee."

The conscientious and enlightened Christian, of course, will avoid a thousand causes of disease and death which are found in criminal and vicious indulgences, and will practice that moderation and temperance that are confessedly conducive of vigor, both of body and mind. He regards his body as a sacred trust, to be cared for and preserved in all possible ways in such a state, as will fit it to be the instrument of the soul for serving and glorifying God on the earth. Like Paul, he can say, "I keep my body under, lest having warned others, I myself should be a castaway." He studies the laws of physical health and strength, and carefully avoids all that is not conducive to them, and practices whatever tends to promote them.

How many diseases are the direct results of the violation of the moral and natural laws of God! How many cut short their days by vice! How many bring upon themselves insanity and suicide by a wrong course of life! If mankind obeyed God's physical laws, why should not the human race generally attain the utmost limit of life assigned by the Creator, as well as the brutes? Why should not the cares of disease and premature death be the rare exceptions with rational as well as irrational animals? Can any one tell? There is no more *necessity* for sickness and short life in the one case than in the other. And if all men everywhere acted on the principles of Christianity, not only would many diseases be banished from the earth, but the average of life would be vastly increased, and with it, to what an extent, the happiness of mankind and their productive force and capacity for all the great ends of life!

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Some years ago (1867), the Editor of THE HERALD OF HEALTH had an extensive correspondence with old people, some of them aged upwards of 100 years, and he was struck with the fact which was revealed that they attributed their long life quite as much to their religion as to any other cause. Plain fare, industry, and often hard work, was the lot of all of them. The editor remarked in his journal at the time, that "the peace of mind, the calm, trustful, hopeful spirit of truly religious persons, place them in frames of mind which prevent the angry clashing of passions and the waste of life which result to those whose higher nature does not govern and control the lower. The key to longevity is not entirely in good physiological, but good, moral, and religious habits."

III. *Religion is conducive to present happiness and the highest enjoyment of all the real blessings of the life on earth.* It produces such a state of mind as is indispensable to the complete appreciation of all that is good in the world. It enhances every comfort and blessing a thousand fold, while it guards, as we have seen, against a multitude of sources of unhappiness. What is the value of wealth or of any earthly possession to a man suffering from a diseased body or mind? In vain may you multiply the comforts of life to a man who is continually goaded by a reproving conscience, and whose heart is full of rebellion against God. External blessings can not make him happy. Pour into his lap all the wealth of the Indies, or put unlimited power within his grasp, or elevate him to any position among men, and he will be "like the troubled sea when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

But the Christian with a "conscience void of offense, both toward God and man," and conscious of rectitude, of aim, and effort, his bosom glowing with love to all his fellow creatures, submissive to the will of his Creator and casting all his cares upon him, and assured that there is now no condemnation since he is in Christ Jesus, with the promise to him that *all things* shall work together for his good as a lover of God, is in the best possible condition to extract from this world all the good there is in it. He can, as Solomon says, "eat his bread with cheerfulness, and drink with a merry heart, for God has accepted his works."

"He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to *enjoy*
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed in beauty for rebellious man?"

And then religion, in addition to all this, opens up sources of positive enjoyment peculiar to itself, and which are wholly unknown to those who are destitute of it. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace." Says a most competent witness, Sir Humphrey Davy:

"I envy not any quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life even when in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity—makes the instrument of torture and of pain the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far beyond all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, when the sensualist, the skeptic view only gloom and decay, annihilation and despair!"

Over against this, place the testimony of the celebrated Goethe, than whom, probably, no man in his life-time ever possessed more earthly sources of pleasure, and who yet, *without the Christian's hope*, wrote near the close of life, "I have ever been esteemed one of fortune's chiefest favorites, nor have I any reason to complain of the course my life has taken. Yet there has been nothing but trial and care; and now, in my seventy-fifth year, I may say, that I hav never had four weeks of genuine pleasure."

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OUR STUDIES IN PHYSIOLOGY.

*SIXTH STUDY.**

SOURCES OF LOSS AND GAIN TO THE BLOOD.

WE must next consider the chief sources of constant gain to the blood; and, in the first place, the sources of gain of matter.

The lungs and skin are, as has been seen, two of the principal channels by which the body loses liquid and gaseous matter, but they are also the sole means by which one of the most important of all substances for the maintenance of life, oxygen, is introduced into the blood. It has already been pointed out that the volume of the oxygen taken into the blood by the lungs is rather greater than that of the carbonic acid given out. The absolute weight of oxygen thus absorbed may be estimated at 10,000 grains.

How much is taken in by the skin of man is not certainly known, but in some of the lower animals, such as the frog, the skin plays a very important part in the performance of the respiratory function.

The blood leaving the liver by the hepatic vein, not only contains proportionally less water and fibrin, but proportionally more corpuscles, especially colorless corpuscles, and, what is still more important, a larger quantity of liver-sugar, or glucose, than that brought to it by the portal veins and hepatic artery; and these differences are irrespective of the nature of the food.

That the blood leaving the liver should contain proportionally less water and more corpuscles than that entering it, is no more than might be expected from the fact that the formation of the bile, which is separated from this blood, necessarily involves a loss of water and of some solid matters, while it does not abstract any of the corpuscles.

We do not know why less fibrin separates from the blood of the hepatic vein than from the blood brought to the liver. But the reason why there is always more sugar in the blood leaving the liver than in that entering it; and why, in fact, there is plenty of sugar in the blood of the hepatic vein even when none whatever is brought to it by the the hepatic artery, or portal vein; has only been made out by careful and ingenious experimental research within the last few years.

If an animal be fed upon purely animal food, the blood of the portal vein will contain no sugar, none having been absorbed by the walls of the alimentary canal, nor will that of the hepatic artery contain any, or, at any rate, more than the merest trace. Nevertheless, plenty will be found, at the same time, in the blood of the hepatic vein and in that of the vena cava, from the point at which it is joined by the hepatic vein, as far as the heart.

Secondly, if from an animal so fed the liver be extracted, and a current of cold water forced into the vena portæ, it will flow out by the hepatic vein, carrying with it all the blood of the organ, and will, after a time, pour out colorless and devoid of sugar. Nevertheless, if the organ be left to itself at a moderate temperature, sugar will soon again become abundant in it.

Thirdly, from the liver, washed as above described, a substance may be extracted, by appropriate methods, which resembles starch, dextrine, and gum in chemical composition, consisting as it does of carbon united with hydrogen and oxygen, the latter being in the same proportions as in water. It may be dried and kept for long periods without undergoing any change.

But, like the vegetable starch and dextrine, this animal amyloid, which must be formed in the liver, since it is certainly not contained either in the blood of the portal vein, or in that of the hepatic artery, is very readily changed by contact with certain matters, which act as ferments, into sugar.

Fourthly, it may be demonstrated that a ferment, competent to change the "amyloid" glycogen into saccharine "glucose," exists under ordinary circumstances in the liver.

Putting all these circumstances together, the following explanation of the riddle of the appearance of sugar in the blood of the hepatic vein and vena cava, when neither it, nor any compound out of which it is easily formed, exists in the blood brought to the liver, appears to have much probability; though it may possibly require modification, in some respects, hereafter.

The liver forms glycogen out of the blood with which it is supplied. The same blood supplies the ferment which, at the temperature of the body, very speedily converts the comparatively little soluble glycogen into very soluble sugar; and this sugar is dissolved and carried

* Our Studies in Physiology are condensed from Prof. T. H. Huxley's English works, not published here.

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away by each intralobular vein to the hepatic vein, and thence to the vena cava.

The lymphatic system has been already mentioned as a feeder of the blood with a fluid which, in general, appears to be merely the superfluous drainage, as it were, of the blood-vessels; though at intervals, as we shall see, the lacteals make substantial additions of new matter. It is very probable that the multitudinous lymphatic glands may effect some change in the fluid which traverses them, or may add to the number of corpuscles in the lymph.

The glandular bodies which, like the lymphatic glands, are devoid of ducts, and are abundantly supplied with lymphatics, are the thyroid gland, which lies in the part of the throat below the larynx, and is that organ which, when enlarged by disease, gives rise to "Derbyshire neck" or "goitre:" the thymus gland, situated at the base of the heart, largest in infants, and gradually disappearing in adult and old persons; and the supra-renal capsules, which lie above the kidneys. Nothing certain is known of the function of any of these bodies.

We are as much in the dark respecting the office of the large viscus called the spleen, which lies upon the left side of the stomach in the abdominal cavity. It is an elongated flattened red body, abundantly supplied with blood by an artery called the splenic artery, which proceeds almost directly from the aorta. The blood which has traversed the spleen is collected by the splenic vein, and is carried by it to the vena portæ, and so to the liver.

A section of the spleen shows a dark red spongy mass dotted over with minute whitish spots. Each of these last is the section of one of the sphercidal bodies called corpuscles of the spleen, which are scattered through its substance, and consist of a solid aggregation of minute bodies, like the white corpuscles of the blood, traversed by a capillary network, which is fed by a small twig of the splenic artery. The dark red part of the spleen, in which these corpuscles are embedded, is composed of fibrous and elastic tissue supporting a very spongy vascular network.

The elasticity of the splenic tissue allows the organ to be readily distended, and enables it to return to its former size after distension. It appears to change its dimensions with the state of the abdominal viscera, attaining its largest size about six hours after a full meal, and falling to its minimum bulk six or seven hours later, if no further supply of food be taken.

The blood of the splenic vein is found to contain proportionally fewer red corpuscles, but more colorless corpuscles and more fibrin, than that in the splenic artery; and it has been supposed that the spleen is one of those parts of the economy in which the colorless corpuscles of the blood are especially produced.

It has been seen that heat is being constantly given off from the integument and from the air-passages; and every thing that passes from the body carries away with it, in like manner, a certain quantity of heat. Furthermore, the surface of the body is much more exposed to cold than its interior. Nevertheless, the temperature of the body is maintained very evenly, at all times and in all parts, within the range of two degrees on either side of 99° Fahrenheit.

This is the result of three conditions: The first, that heat is constantly being generated in the body. The second, that it is as constantly being distributed through the body. The third, that it is subject to incessant regulation.

Heat is generated whenever oxidation takes place; and hence, whenever protein substances, or fats, or amyloidal matters, are being converted into the more highly oxidated waste products—urea, uric acid, carbonic acid, and water—heat is necessarily evolved. But these processes are taking place in all parts of the body by which vital activity is manifested; and hence every capillary vessel and every extravascular islet of tissue is really a small fireplace in which heat is being evolved, in proportion to the activity of the chemical changes which are going on.

But as the vital activities of different parts of the body, and of the whole body, at different times, are very different; and as some parts of the body are so situated as to lose their heat by radiation and conduction much more easily than others, the temperature of the body would be very unequal in its different parts and at different times, were it not for the arrangements by which the heat is distributed and regulated.

Whatever oxidation occurs in any part, raises the temperature of the blood which is in that part at the time to a proportional extent. But this blood is swiftly hurried away into other regions of the body, and rapidly gives up its increased temperature to them. On the other hand, the blood of the surface of the body, the temperature of which is lowered by evaporation and radiation, suffers only a very slight loss of heat before it is transported into the deeper organs; and in them it becomes warmed by contact, as well as by the oxidating processes in which it takes a part. Thus the blood-vessels and their contents might be compared to a system of hot-water pipes, through which the

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warm water is kept constantly circulating by a pump; while it is heated, not by a great central boiler as usual, but by a multitude of minute gas jets, disposed beneath the pipes, not evenly, but more here and fewer there. It is obvious that, however much greater might be the heat applied to one part of the system of pipes than to another, the general temperature of the water would be even throughout, if it were kept moving with sufficient quickness by the pump.

If such a system were entirely composed of closed pipes, the temperature of the water might be raised to any extent by the gas jets. On the other hand, it might be kept down to any required degree, by causing a larger or smaller portion of the pipes to be wetted with water, which should be able to evaporate freely—as, for example, by wrapping them in wet cloths. And the greater the quantity of water thus evaporated, the lower would be the temperature of the whole apparatus.

Now the regulation of the temperature of the human body is effected on this principle. The vessels are closed pipes, but a greater number of them are inclosed in the skin and in the mucous membrane of the air-passages, which are, in a physical sense, wet cloths freely exposed to the air. It is the evaporation from these which exercises a more important influence than any other condition upon the regulation of the temperature of the blood, and consequently of the body.

But, as a further nicety of adjustment, the wetness of the regulator is itself determined by the state of the small vessels, inasmuch as exudation from these takes place more readily when the walls of the veins and arteries are relaxed, and the blood distends them and the capillaries. But the condition of the walls of the vessels depends upon the nerves by which they are supplied, and it so happens that cold so affects these nerves in such a manner as to give rise to contraction of the small vessels; while moderate warmth has the reverse effect.

Thus the supply of blood to the surface is lessened, and loss of heat is thereby checked, when the external temperature is low; while, when the external temperature is high, the supply of blood to the surface is increased, the fluid exuded from the vessels pours out by the sweat glands, and the evaporation of this fluid checks the rise in the temperature of the superficial blood.

Hence it is that, so long as the surface of the body perspires freely, and the air-passages are abundantly moist, a man may remain with impunity, for a considerable time, in an oven in which meat is being cooked. The heat of the air is expended in converting this superabundant perspiration into vapor, and the temperature of the man's blood is hardly raised.

The chief intermittently active sources of loss to the blood are found among the glands proper, all of which are, in principle, narrow pouches of the mucous membranes, or of the integument of the body, lined by a continuation of the epithelium or of the epidermis. In the glands of Lieberkühn, which exist in immense numbers in the walls of the small intestines, each gland is nothing more than a simple blind sac of the mucous membrane, shaped like a small test tube with its closed end outward, and its open end on the inner surface of the intestine. The sweat glands of the skin, as we have already seen, are equally simple, blind, tube-like involutions of the integument, the ends of which become coiled up. The sebaceous glands, usually connected with the hair sacs, are shorter, and their blind ends are somewhat subdivided, so that the gland is divided into a narrow neck and a more dilated and sacculated end. The neck by which the gland communicates with the free surface is called its duct. More complicated glands are produced by the elongation of the duct into a long tube, and the division and subdivision of the blind end into multitudes of similar tubes, each of which ends in a dilatation. These dilatations, attached to their branched ducts, somewhat resemble a bunch of grapes. Glands of this kind are called racemose. The salivary glands and the pancreas are such glands.

Now, many of these glands, such as the salivary and pancreas (with the perspiratory, or sudoriparous glands, which it has been convenient to consider already), are only active when certain impressions on the nervous system give rise to a particular condition of the gland, or of its vessels, or of both.

Thus the sight or smell, or even the thought of food, will cause a flow of saliva into the mouth; the previously quiescent gland suddenly pouring out its fluid secretion, as a result of a change in the condition of the nervous system. And, in animals, the salivary glands can be made to secrete abundantly, by irritating a nerve which supplies the gland and its vessels. How far this effect is the result of the mechanical influence of the nerve on the state of the circulation, and how far it is the result of a more direct influence of the nerve upon the state of the tissue of the gland itself, is not at present determined.

The liquids poured out by the intermittent

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glands are always very poor in solid constituents, and consist chiefly of water. Those poured on to the surface of the body are lost, but those which are received by the alimentary canal are doubtless in a great measure re-absorbed.

The great intermittent sources of gain of waste products to the blood are the muscles, every contraction of which is accompanied by an oxidation of matter, and a pouring of the oxidated products into the blood. That much of this waste is carbonic acid is certain from the facts that the blood which leaves a contracting muscle is always highly venous, far more so than that which leaves a quiescent muscle; and that muscular exertion at once immensely increases the quantity of carbonic acid expired; but whether the amount of nitrogenous waste is increased under these circumstances or not, is a point yet under discussion.

Culture.

BY REV. J. B. BEACH.

THE problem how to order one's life wisely, so that, viewed in every aspect, it shall appear well-balanced, successful, and serene, is one which engages the thought of all earnest minds. Can this be done by those who are immersed in business, or in the never-ceasing labor and cares of the farm, shop, or household? Can one mingle with society, take part in its affairs, feel the onward sweep of its great bewildering life, and yet keep the perfect poise and freedom of the soul? This is certainly the crowning excellence of human character; may men and women of the average condition in life hope to attain unto it, or is it the peculiar reward of such as have the good fortune to be able to retire from the hurry and pressure of affairs, and devote themselves to a life of contemplation and study? May we who must live among common people, and as common people, live naturally, agreeably to reason, or must we needs be involved in the thousand absurdities and excesses which absorb the means and waste the energies and embitter the lives of multitudes? Can we do our share of the world's work, and do it well, too, without being belittled or lowered by it—becoming neither machines nor drudges? Must our thoughts keep always to the level of our tasks? Can practical people of slender means and average abilities, having daily wants to be met by daily labor, hope to succeed, if they make culture, in the broadest meaning of that word, the grand aim and uplifting impulse of their lives?

These are questions which engage the thoughts of many who are struggling every day amid difficulties to arrive at a satisfactory solution. They indicate a new and more hopeful drift of human effort. They await a solution, and gladly will many weary and depressed hearts welcome the coming man who shall show how to wed humble toil to high endeavor, and teach men, without renouncing or despising their lot, to live for the perfect development of their many-sided nature.

If it should appear that men and women can not take an active part in the affairs of life without becoming absorbed by them; if true refinement is incompatible with narrow means—if thought shuns labor, and the gifts of the spirit are shed only upon those who have ample leisure to wait for them, then, indeed, must the multitude be content with a life without serenity or high enjoyments. For only here and there one in any community is exempt from the necessity of daily labor to provide for daily wants. For most of us there must needs be digging and delving, sowing and reaping, and buying and selling, cooking and washing, and ironing and mending—a never-ending struggle with burdens too often, alas! unequal to our strength. Many do these things faithfully and patiently; but it is the saddest sight to see how utterly secularized and belittled they are by their occupations. Can we learn to do them with better results, without becoming overwhelmed and mastered and turned aside from a noble, uplifting purpose? Can we keep the poise of a well-ordered mind—the easy, healthful play of all our human faculties, while our garments are smirched with the dust of daily cares?

This is the problem which meets us day by day—which we have been grappling with, it may be, these long, weary years. With what

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success, pray? one is tempted to ask. Are we any nearer the realization of our hopes than when we first awoke to the necessity of living a true life?

The difficulty of living much above the average standard prevailing around us is, it must be confessed, well-nigh insuperable to many. It requires a strength of moral purpose—a general elevation of thought and feeling—which are truly exceptional. We often mark out for ourselves a line of conduct or a plan of life in accordance with our truest conceptions of duty and interest. We pursue it for awhile with steady aim and unfaltering will, yet the mighty pressure of social influence tells upon us at last. Society has many annoying retributions for the individual who departs from the established ways. In all things, "from the tie of a neck-cloth to the points of a creed," she expects conformity. And conformity is so easy and pleasant to the man of fine social instincts, that he is apt to yield where he ought to resist. He loses his liberty in deference to custom. Society regulates his speech, dress, diet, and opinion; tells him when he shall rise, what he shall interest himself in, whom he shall associate with, how far he shall act out himself, in short, prescribes laws for the whole conduct of life hardly less imperative than those of the State.

Here, in fact, lies the great obstacle in the path of individual improvement. Society drags us down to its own level. A pure and true life is made doubly difficult by being unpopular and unfashionable. When we set ourselves the task of leading such a life, we discover how largely we belong to others, how subtile and mighty the threads wherewith our duty is interwoven with that of the whole. No man, it has been well said, goes to Heaven alone. We rise only as we lift others with us. In the degradation of the masses we are ourselves degraded. In laboring for their enlightenment and purification, we lay the foundation of our own advancement.

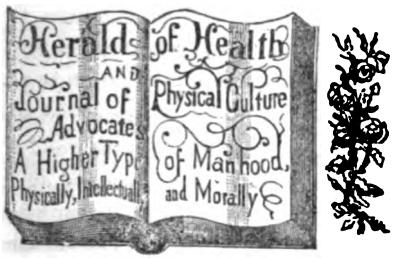
Much, however, we may gain, even under the present rude and unsatisfactory ordering of social affairs, by a wise simplification of life; by disentangling ourselves from all needless complications; by confining ourselves more strictly within the channels of useful industry, and by reducing the number of our wants, so that we may have time for study and improvement, and means (without excessive labor) for supplying those needs which are natural. Much of our strength must need be given to the work of providing food clothing, and shelter for ourselves and others, who are dependent upon us. The demands of our perishable nature are numerous and constant and imperative. The outer man, as civilization advances, is ever craving finer and more costly accommodations. It is poor economy to starve and cramp ourselves in these things. The needs of the lower nature must be fairly met, or it will avenge itself on the higher. Yet in our provision for these, let us beware of excess and extravagance. Let all superfluities be lopped off. In foods and drinks, let the simplicity of nature, not the caprices of pampered appetite, give law. Of luscious fruits and nutritious vegetables and grains, the earth never fails to yield a generous supply as the reward of enlightened labor. Let these, so far as practicable, be used in their simple state; thus much may be gained in time and expense and digestion. Let use and beauty, not the perverted tastes of our neighbors, determine the quality and make of our clothes, the training of our children, the style and decoration of our homes.

Another hint may serve to help us. The more of *mind* we bring to our tasks, the better. "Without a habit of thought," says Dr. Channing, "a man works more like a brute or machine, than like a man. With it his soul is kept alive amid his toils. He learns to fix an absorbing eye on the processes of his trade or occupation, catches hints which abridge labor, gets glimpses of important discoveries, and is sometimes able to perfect his art. Thus labor becomes a new thing, when thought is thrown into it, when the mind keeps pace with the hands." And we may add that the deteriorating influence of daily toil may be greatly alleviated, if not wholly done away, if farmer, mechanic, tradesman or housewife would cultivate the perception of beauty, and to throw around their tasks the spiritual charm with which this element of the mind invests all it touches.

Meanwhile labor we on with unflagging industry and ever-greatening hope to bring about improved conditions for humanity. Forget we our own difficulties and discouragements in the thought that those who come after us shall see the beginning of better days. By means of a more efficient organization of labor, a juster apportionment of burdens and rewards, and especially the economy which will result from the substitution of coöperative industry in place of the present absurd system of isolation and competition, many of the causes which render a true life always difficult and often well-nigh impossible, will, let us hope, be effectually done away. The fore-gleams of that brighter day for humanity are even now dawning for all who have eyes to see.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, JULY, 1870.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

☞ THE PUBLISHERS *do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in* THE HERALD. *They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.*

☞ *Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to* THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

LONGEVITY OF DRY GOODS CLERKS.—Many a smart boy looks forward with pleasure to the time when he shall be duly installed behind the counter of some store richly filled with silks, satins, ribbons, lace, and perhaps some of the more substantial fabrics, such as broadcloth, cassimeres, woolens, shawls, and other articles of similar character. There is no use of denying it, and we frankly confess there is something fascinating, looked at from the distance, about the labor of selling tapes and ribbons, silks and laces to genteelly dressed people, compared with the more prosy work of milking cows, shearing sheep, hoeing corn, or turning the green sod in June for a field of wheat in autumn. We can hardly blame young men, whose judgment is not mature, for being drawn into this kind of life, though it may lead to their physical ruin. It has many pleasant things connected with it. The opportunities for intercourse with business people, the constant pleasurable variety and excitement are not to be despised. But let us look at the question from the standpoint of health and longevity. We are furnished with the vital statistics recently published for the State of Michigan. Here are some of the figures:

The average age of clergymen and physicians in Michigan is 59 years; shoemakers live 55½ years, and farmers live 51 years. All of these figures are below the allotted life of man, still they are not to be sneered at. Even fifty years gives a human being time to do a good work and leave a creditable record, if it is wisely used. But let us look at the figures standing opposite the names of clerks. Here they are:

"Clerks live a shorter life than any other class of business or professional men, 33·14 years being allotted to them." This does not vary much from the average age of the race. It is true, thirty-three years gives time for the accomplishment of very much, but when we talk of the great ends for which life was given, as the founding of a family, the accumulating of a fortune, the building up of a noble edifice of moral and intellectual culture, we at once recognize the need of more years than these in which to accomplish the task. Such a great work can not be done hastily, or in the immaturity of youthful days. And then the crown of life, a natural old age, full of dignity, sweetness, repose, and grandeur, they miss—they who "shuffle off this mortal coil" in their early days.

Our esteemed contributor, F. B. Perkins, in the June number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH, says, what will here bear repeating, that "A

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good many physiologists have earnestly taught, and with reason, too, that an average human being ought to live a hundred years. I suppose the average human machine is really capable of running a century. It does not now run much, if any, over a third of that time.

We can really do a good deal to lengthen our lives. But we can do infinitely more to widen them. A life fifty long and fifty broad amounts to twenty-five hundred; whereas, if it is a hundred long and only one broad, it amounts only to one hundred. It is twice as long as the other, but only one-twenty-fifth as large."

Now, what we do to widen our lives, ought indirectly to lengthen them. The men and the women who live broad and deep, like Humboldt or Lucretia Mott, are those who live long. The men and women who live narrow and shallow are generally those who live short. And herein lies the lesson which clerks should learn. If they would make life complete, let them not enter into the occupation of clerks until the bodily powers are fully developed. The business is not one favorable to the development of the muscles, or any of the organs of the body. Let them also devote a sufficient time daily to exercise in the fresh air and open sunshine, and let them live noble, manly, temperate lives—full of sweetness, purity, and strength. With the breadth and depth thus gained, clerks may live much longer than thirty-three years, if they do not even exceed the life of professional men and farmers. It is true, as the world is constituted it is not always an easy task to carry out that course which secures physically a deep and wide life, but its rewards are so great that the effort ought to be made by all whose ambitions are higher than present gratification. All others we can afford to spare at an early day, if they so choose for themselves.

How to Accomplish a Great Deal.—Economy in the use of our strength is sometimes carried too far. Many persons go through the world accomplishing little, who might have done a great deal, if they had not been so afraid of effort. There is, however, another class of persons who are very opposite from the one to whom we have just referred. They are ever active, always doing. The dignity of repose, the quietude of rest, the peace of mind that may be experienced by inaction they never know. Such should learn how to economize their strength. Edward Bulwer Lytton once related the history of his literary habits, when he said:

"Many persons, seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, 'When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall surprise you by the answer I made. The answer is this: I contrive to do so much, by never doing too much at a time. A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself, or, if he does too much work today, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college, and was actually in the world, I may, perhaps, say I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much, and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics and the various businesses of life; and, in addition to this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much research. And what time, do you think, as a general rule, have I devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

Three hours of vigorous literary application daily, is probably as exhausting to an active brain as eight or ten hours of muscular effort is to the body. Persons with good digestion and large lungs can work longer than this. Each person ought, if possible, to so arrange his or her labor as not to have it exhausting. This can be done if due regard is paid to the system, and no strength is wasted in vain effort. Let every one try to economize the use of his powers.

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A Sound Mind in a Sound Body.—Life was undoubtedly intended to be enjoyed as a blessing in itself, independently of its accidents. When received as the gift of the all-bountiful Creator, and wisely spent in deference to his laws, it abounds in noble satisfactions and is lighted up with the splendor of infinite hopes. With every lot are mingled some elements of discomfort and unpleasantness that may not be avoided; but however large and undue the proportion of these, the cup of life was meant to be, and ought to be, upon the whole, not bitter but sweet to us.

Gladness, mere exhilaration of spirits, belong to every healthy man. It is the predominant feeling in childhood; and childhood is proverbially the period of sound nerves and safe instincts. It is when we depart from the simplicity of nature, and suffer ourselves to become entangled in a thousand needless cares, that we lose the proper balance of our being, become gloomy and discontented, fall into temptation and a snare, and pierce ourselves through with many sorrows. The culture which we of mature years are striving for consists largely in correcting mistakes—avoiding excesses on this side or on that, into which the path of our life has run. It is, in part, a return to that harmony of being which we are apt to lose in outgrowing childhood. In character nothing pleases us more than a certain *wholeness* or completeness; the proper development and healthy play of all parts of the nature is the end of every just system of human training. And it would seem to be the divine plan that the child-soul should grow gradually into the rounded fullness of the man. But alas! how we mar the perfect processes of Nature by our stupid systems of training! With growth comes distortion on this side or that; hence transgression, and with transgression comes the long train of sorrows, discontents, and miseries.

Cheerfulness, as a habit of the mind, results from the satisfaction of living. It springs up naturally and necessarily in every sound and well-balanced nature. Such a nature rejoices in life, as a plant rejoices in sunshine. A sound mind in a sound body is never wanting sources of tranquil joy. To such, existence itself is a perpetual satisfaction. Nature opens a never-ending series of pleasing sights and sounds and instructive lessons. Society, friendship, love, occupation, culture, impart ever-widening and deepening joys. "Oh the brain and the heart of man!" exclaims a powerful writer. "Therein is the only hell. Small these regions in space, and of narrow room, but haunted may they be with all the fiends and all the furies. A few nerves transmit to the soul despair or bliss. At the touch of something—whence and wherefore sent, who can say?—something that serenes or troubles, soothes or jars—she soars up into life and light, just as you may have seen a dove suddenly cleave the sunshine; or down she dives into death or darkness, like a shot eagle tumbling into the sea."

Yet there is a sanity of soul which must be considered as well as that of the body. In an important sense the old stoical doctrine is true, that the mind makes its own world—finds in itself its own hell or heaven. Each one sees in nature and in human life his own inward state outwardly projected. To the pure all things are pure; to the selfish all appear selfish; to the cheerful this is a cheerful world; but the sorrowful heart finds only gloom in the most pleasing landscape. From year to year we look upon the same benignant face of Nature; we see the ever-recurring spectacle of her changeful beauty—the hopeful look of spring, the luxuriant growth of summer, the golden harvests of autumn, the solemn repose of winter. Yet we all see with different eyes. Some put into these scenes more meaning than others, or a different meaning. Each spreads his own color over the landscape. So, too, in regard to the various conditions of human life—the mind imparts to each its own quality. It can make the throne seem to its possessor a mean and wretched place, or fill the cottage with the peace of heaven. Let the health of the mind, therefore, be cultivated as well as that of the body. *Mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a sound body.

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IN THE TOMBS FOR A HALF HOUR.—This was quite punishment enough for gratifying curiosity. Entombment in this dark, damp, and dismal dungeon should suffice without other penalty in most cases. True, indeed, that the suffering comes without reference to guilt, conviction, or sentence. The innocent are as liable to arrest and confinement as are the criminals. Passing along Centre Street recently, and nearing the Tombs, we saw an elderly lady in deep mourning being led up the steps to the court-room. Her escort was a policeman, on whom she leaned quite heavily, as if feeble. Following her to the court, we thought that some case was on trial in which this probable mother had a personal interest. Our surprise was great to see her taken directly to the prisoner's cage. Sitting down near the policeman, we had the following confab with him:

"Will you tell me the cause of that feeble lady's arrest, sir?"

"Drunk! When I found her she was violent and crazy."

"Do you have many such cases?"

"Plenty—yes sir, more than plenty, every day. See there! another, harder case of the female sort."

This was a young woman just brought in, bloated, draggled, and brazen-faced. Her condition and character needed no comment.

"Policeman, what has been your experience in regard to those arrested by you, as to the cause or immediate occasion for arrest?"

"Not hard to answer, sir. For the last three or four months, I can scarcely remember a case of arrest that I could not trace to drink. Liquor's at the bottom, and not far off."

He knew nothing of our views, or the object of these queries. Other policemen of whom we inquired then and there, assured us of the same with but little modification. At other times the same story has been told us. While talking and watching, eight or ten men were led in and thrust into the cage; all more or less drunk, with one exception.

"Do you see that fellow in the red shirt, sitting on the end of the bench?" asked our informant.

"Yes; but he looks sober and rather sulky, too."

"I tell you, he's an ugly customer—sober enough now, I guess; but three hours ago, he was drunk as mad. He was beating a bar-tender's son in Baxter Street. I tried to arrest him; he turned on me, struck me, and run. I chased him a mile; called another policeman; we caught him; but he fought us furiously, till I knocked him down with my club. Liquor makes such fellows dangerous. He is sober enough now, and sorry, too. There's another feminine!"

This was said of a large, fine-looking woman, brought in by two policemen, too drunk to stand, well dressed, though bare-headed. She had, no doubt, come down from the wine-cup, as there were evidences of culture and refinement. Oh how sadly is this "mocker" (wine) degrading woman!

Our half hour was up. Some twelve or fifteen whisky-manians had been caged. How humiliating, how pitiable the scene! Leaving the court-room, as we descended the steps, another woman was led up by police. She had a market basket on her arm, partly filled. The drunkery was too near the market. She drank, forgot her family, got into a drunken fight, was arrested, and now the hungry children must wait for mother, till Judge Dowling's sentence is declared and expiated. If the record of one half-hour at the Tombs gives such terrible facts, as to the working of one phase of the liquor traffic, what must be the sum of horrors which could be gathered in a day, a week, a month, or a year, from all the police and other records in this great city, other cities, this vast country—the world!

This demon of all evil is now virtually unchained and free in New York!

The Legislature of last winter was wholly in the interest of the drunkard-maker. Will the monster hang himself, having the length of his untied rope? Nay, verily; violence and bloodshed will be more rife, more rampant. The

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cranch of his bloody teeth, and the groans of his victims may arouse public attention and indignation. Then may retribution come, and the accursed thing be banished or crippled.

THE UNEVEN DEVELOPMENT OF THE SIDES.—As civilization advances, the right hand and side are very apt to become larger and stronger than the left, and in many persons the excessive development of this side is so great as to be a deformity and disease. It is only among those classes whose labor is rude and can be done about as well with one hand as with the other, that the sides are nearly evenly developed. Artists, and people whose lives are sedentary, invariably become one-sided, unless they are very robust and pay careful attention to physical culture. Perhaps our readers have not given very much thought to the matter, but a moment's reflection will convince them, that the right hand does more than its share of the world's work. If two are riding together, the driver sits on the side which enables him to use the right hand the most freely. The right hand carries most of the food to the mouth. Our plows are right-handed, and so are our screws, gimlets, shears, and pens. Our coats button on the right side. We carry the pen, the whip, and the pencil, in the right hand; we fence and box with the right hand, using the left only for lighter work. We almost invariably take hold of any object that we wish to handle with the right hand first. Savages do not, children do not; but the latter soon learn to prefer this hand for the principal work. Left-handed people are scarce. The hereditary tendency to right-handedness is so well established by habit and descent, that this will no doubt always continue to be the case. There is no physiological objection to it, except where the habit of using the right side in excess produces deformity, weakness and disease, in which case the person suffering should take immediate steps to remedy the defect. This can only be done by using the left hand in preference to the right, till equilibrium is established. In a conversation with Dr. Janes, who has experimented largely, and observed closely the effects of the lifting-cure, he informs us that by this exercise, the every development of the sides is partly or wholly restored.

ORPHAN'S HYGIENIC HOME.—Our very esteemed friend, Tobias Martin, of Mercersburg, Pa., a most successful horticulturist, and an ardent Health Reformer, has sent us a prospectus of an Orphan's Hygienic Home, which he proposes to establish.

The institution is to be founded on a strictly Hygienic and Christian basis. The orphans are to be received from all classes, without distinction of race or color. They are to have the privilege of a life residence at the Home. They will be trained by four hours of labor, daily, in some useful employment, and to four hours instruction for high spheres of usefulness in any department in life, so not one need go forth to the world, till fully competent to enter upon an independent course in life, and with such training in the ways of right living as will be sure to secure success.

The plan for strictly Hygienic living will reduce the expenses in every department of life to at least one-third of the usual cost, and the labor of the orphans can be made available, so as to make the Home not only self-supporting—aside from outlays in the purchase of the grounds, erection of buildings, and expenses of that character—but will secure a surplus of means for a continual enlargement of its sphere of usefulness.

The Home is to be located near Mercersburg, Pa., where its agricultural interests can be under the direct supervision of Mr. Martin, who will not only contribute his own labor in this department, but also a large annual income from one of his fruit-gardens. He hopes to associate with himself, like spirits, who will voluntarily contribute their services, thus avoiding any heavy outlay for instructors.

Desirable lands for fruit-growing and agriculture, with a fine, large spring of excellent water, and pleasantly located for the Home, with buildings suitable for present wants, could

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be secured for ten thousand dollars, a sum which it is not unreasonable to expect will be contributed to this object; and, insomuch, as great advantages would accrue by having the Home started at an early date, it is to be hoped the amount may be secured at an early day.

We believe Mr. Martin to be thoroughly qualified to manage this enterprise, and we wish him all the success he needs.

THE WHITE MAN'S FEET.—Edward E. Cheever, in the May number of that excellent magazine, The Naturalist, gives a most interesting paper on the "Indians of California," in which we find the following passage: "In tracking white men, they (the Indians) can not make mistakes. The white man's foot is deformed, made so by the shape of his boots and shoes, and even when barefooted, his toes are turned inward. The Indian's foot, never having been compressed, has the toes naturally formed and straight as our fingers are, and he can even use them to hold arrows when he is making them. When he walks, therefore, each toe leaves its imprint in the dust or sand, the imprint of the little toe being as straight, perfect, and distinct as the largest."

This paragraph might be made the text for an article, and perhaps Mr. Brigham will make it one before he concludes his present series of valuable papers. We wish we knew of some plausible reason, why Indians deserve better formed feet than white people, but we do not. No doubt it is a matter of accident, rather than of choice, but so it is. And surely, the white race, with all their glorious achievements in the sciences and the arts, might easily construct boots and shoes on such models as would allow Nature full play; and we believe they would if they had a proper understanding of the subject, and a higher ideal of what a glorious state physical perfection is, and the degradation of deformity. The foot is not so degraded a member of the body that we should neglect it, and it can not grow into perfect form if pinched and cramped by bad shoes, and the sooner people know it the better. It is no excuse that it is kept so much out of sight, for the true artist recognizes deformity, even though covered by finery and leather.

Will not our mothers who have the care of children look into this subject, and if they have been in error before, at once apply the true remedy?

ECONOMY IN THE USE OF STRENGTH.—If we may learn a lesson concerning the care and development of the feet from the Indians, we may learn another from them regarding economy in the expenditure of strength. The enterprising white is a great spendthrift of physical vigor. The life-force is nothing to him except to turn it into gold or enjoyment. He hoards his money, but is lavish of his energy. Mr. Cheever, who has spent many years among the red men in the far West, says: "In the event of exposure to a severe storm, when out hunting, or on a journey, the Indian does not risk his life by exhausting his strength. He seeks the best shelter near him, while he is comparatively fresh, and with bark and bough, or under an overhanging rock, seeks protection from the wind. A hole sunk in the ground, and a small fire, kept burning by an armfull of sticks, will keep him warm till he can resume his journey. Under similar circumstances, no doubt, whites would do the same, but after all, are we not too careless, too wasteful, in the use of the life-force, and does not by far too much of it go to waste? It is too precious a power to fritter away when it might be made to bring beauty, sweetness, and joy.

GERMAN LAGER—WHISKY—DANGEROUS RESULTS.—The relation of lager beer to whisky is being most seriously illustrated in the case of our German-American children. They seem to eat, drink, and sleep on lager; they take naturally to it. But as the child adolesces into youth, what is true? Whisky is substituted for lager by multitudes of both sexes. This fact threatens fatal results. Talk with any intelligent and candid German, and he will admit the danger. The evil is increasing fearfully.

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Two special causes may be named. First, the universal habit of lager-drinking creates and fixes the appetite for stimulants. In their father-land, for various reasons, such as temperament, sluggish habits, poverty, and scarcity or high cost of distilled liquors, the Germans are content to guzzle lager only. To a great extent, this is true of the adults after coming to this country, but very different as to their children born here, where the climate is more stimulating, and the means of indulgence vastly more abundant. As they become Americanized in their habits and temperament, as the phlegmatic gives way to the nervous, sharper stimulants, that is, more concentrated, are demanded and are used. The foundation for dissipation and drunkenness has already been laid in the free use of their favorite beverage by both parents and children. The result seems inevitable—general drunkenness to our German-American population, unless, indeed, some potent means may be devised to avert this terrible calamity. This is no false alarm, but a candid word of warning after a careful consideration of well-ascertained facts.

Hospital Instruction for Women Medical Students.—The Philadelphia doctors whose pupils acted so much like hyenas during the past winter, in order to make, if possible, some amends for what happened, asked the contributors to the Hospital what course they desired should be taken. At their meeting, just held at this writing, they passed the following regulations:

"Whereas, The Managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital have asked the contributors to inform the incoming Board of their wishes in regard to clinical instruction to women: *and whereas*, such instruction, when to large bodies of men and women collectively, is at present, in the minds of many, of questionable expediency; therefore

Resolved, That the Managers, after conferring with their medical and surgical staff, shall, if practical, arrange for appropriate, thorough clinical instruction in the Pennsylvania Hospital to the students of the Women's Medical College of this city."

Although in the abstract, the demand for mixed instruction can not be objected to, yet for the present we believe this course will prove the best. "Better half a loaf than no bread." As the great objection to allowing lady students in the Hospital has been the indelicacy of their seeing certain cases, the ladies should now demand that those cases which delicacy forbids should go before male students, shall be brought only before the female students. Will the hyenas object to this?

Fruit and Vegetable Diet.—A subscriber from Reading, Mass., sends us the following bit of his own experience. We should like to know more definitely about his health and habits. He says:

"I have lived on a fruit and vegetable diet thirty-five years. I have eaten neither meat nor grease, not even butter; cold water has been my drink. I have not been sick within this time; the most of my old friends who ridiculed my way of living are in their graves."

General Thomas's Disease.—A subscriber has asked us the question, "What was General Thomas's disease, and might his life have been saved?" We believe there is no doubt that he died of apoplexy, although it was first thought his disease was epilepsy. *Post-mortem* examination proved that he could not have been saved. General Thomas was a man of immense physique, large brain, and a free liver. He was a hearty eater, used stimulants, and after the war, lived comparatively a quiet life. A man with his physique should have lived plainly and temperately, bathed often, and taken much exercise. This would, we believe, have saved his life for many years.

Congress and Homœopathy.—At the present session, Congress passed a bill chartering the "Washington Homœopathic Medical Society." The Allopaths fought it for some months, but it is said there was not a dissenting

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voice. Is it not time that the different medical schools should show their title to public confidence by their efforts to promote true learning, rather than their hostility to other sects. Have not Allopaths enough work to do, without attempting to prejudice Congress against rival schools of medicine?

DIRT IN THE AIR.—Tyndall has recently brought to the attention of the world what every body knew before, that there is an appreciable amount of dust in the atmosphere of all towns and cities, and that it must have an unfavorable effect on health. Dr. Angus Smith, whose investigations in this direction go back much farther than Tyndall's, quietly claims the honor of being first in this field of discovery, and entitled to some of the praise. His first paper on this subject was read before the British Association in 1846. But neither Smith nor Tyndall are entitled to all the credit, for every observing person instinctively knows something on the subject. If the microscope and chemical analysis reveal more than the naked eye and the sense of smell, we are quite sure that the latter reveals enough for all the ordinary purposes of life. Perhaps no one has more clearly put the statement relating to dust, and especially to floating germs in the air, than M. Pasteur, a member of the French Academy. He showed that organized substances are really found in great abundance in the atmosphere (in all places), and that they are the cause of some hitherto entirely mysterious phenomena, putrefaction included. His object was first to inquire into the possibility of spontaneous generation, and he found that carefully filtered air allowed no organisms to appear in vegetable solutions. He found that near the usual surface of the ground these organisms were so numerous that whenever a vessel containing vegetable matter fit for their growth was opened for a very short time they were found to enter, that in cellars and damp and quiet places, where there was no air or dust floating about, these organisms were fewer, and that as he ascended the sides of the Alps and the Jura, they diminished in number. A commission of the French Academy confirmed his results. If we examine previous inquiries into the compounds resulting from the decomposition of organic substances, we shall find nothing at all calculated to bring out such an intelligible rational view of the origin of many diseases, and also of some phases of putrefaction. Chemists, when they have examined products of the latter action, have found sulphuretted hydrogen, carburetted hydrogen, carbonic acid, nitrogen, hydrogen, ammonia, acetic acid, lactic acid, butyric acid, and numerous uncertain bodies having no activity, and utterly incapable of producing those prodigious results that are found when that force begins to work which produces plague, small pox, or black death.

Now that Tyndall has so well called the attention of people to this subject of dust in the air, would it not be well to take practical measures to prevent it? In healthy country places little is to be feared, but in all cities and miasmatic regions, and those manufacturing establishments and houses where cleanliness is not attended to, great harm is produced. The only true remedies are to be found in cleanliness, ventilation, sunlight, disinfection, underdraining and hygiene applied to our every-day life. Tyndall, Smith, and others have given the world knowledge of the dangers to which we are daily exposed in the air we breathe, who will fill them with enthusiasm for their removal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The poem to "Zalinka" has many fine poetic thoughts and many good poetic expressions, but it is hardly enough condensed to suit the columns of THE HERALD OF HEALTH. The author will observe in our pages that we aim at condensed paragraphs; we wish every word to tell; we aim at crystallized thought. We are pleased with the appreciation of our story, and the insight of our correspondent is beyond all praise, when he says of his poem, "it is the personification of the spirit of reform or truth so beautifully symbolized in Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith's fine story."

We might select many fine passages from

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"Zalinka," full of suggestions (all the author needs is condensation), but the following must suffice:

"Hark, the watchword! Learn to labor—
Learn to labor, and to wait;
'T is a keenly cutting sabre,
Cleaving through the mail of Fate;
'T is the timing of a tabor,
Pulsing all the streams of state.

'T is a free and chainless river,
Loving still the fountain's play;
'T is a star, that sheds for ever
On the earth a golden ray;
'T is the only moving lever
That can roll the Stone away."

SHALL WE MARRY?—"*To the Editor of The Herald of Health—Dear Sir:* Having arrived at an age when I should be married, and not wishing to do wrong to future generations, I ask the following questions: Should I marry a young woman whose mother has died insane? As yet, we have not committed ourselves, or, in other words, commenced courting in earnest, although we have shown our preferences for one another.

Yours, etc., W. H. B."

ANSWER—Our friend has asked a difficult question. Had he stated all the facts of the case, we might have given more definite advice. The young lady's mother may have become insane from special causes which did not affect the daughter. If insanity is not a trait of the family, and if the lady is healthy and sensible, and knows how to take care of herself, we see no objection, provided there is physiological, moral, mental, and social adaptation. These latter are exceedingly important, if one would secure matrimonial happiness and healthy offspring.

POISONING OF CHILDREN THROUGH THE MOTHER'S MILK.—Dr. Hartly mentions the case of a nursing child showing all the symptoms of poisoning after the mother had taken strichnia, though she had not appreciably suffered from the amount taken. It is very easy to poison the young in this way. Numerous cases have been observed, where the drug taken was other than that named in the case above cited.

INTEMPERATE MINISTERS.—Rev. Chas. B. Smythe, of the Eleventh Street Presbyterian Church, New York, has been tried and rebuked for drinking gin and milk in a bar-room on a Sunday with two newspaper reporters. The Wisconsin Chief says the society that could listen to such a minister "ought to add a saloon to its other spiritual privileges."

In England and Scotland, ministers drink a great deal. Even Spurgeon can not get along without stimulants, but in America, as a general rule, clergymen are not only temperate, but interested in the promulgation of temperance principles! This is true in nearly all denominations, and it is a condition of things the country may be very thankful for. Though it may be no worse for a minister, as a man, to imbibe than any body else, as public teachers, we are glad the clergy are held to strict account for those habits which may be pernicious in their effects on the people whom they teach.

SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Prof. Welch's School of Physical Culture, which has been held in a delightful rural resort at Brattleboro, Vt., will continue, under favorable auspices, the coming season. Since Dr. Lewis discontinued his school, this is the only one in the country where light gymnastics are taught, with a view to fitting pupils for teachers. We know Prof. Welch to be thoroughly qualified, and his school of gymnastics to be thorough and successful.

POISON IN PIPES.—An old woman in England recently prescribed the scrapings of an old pipe for the cure of ringworm. The ashes was rubbed on the part affected in small quantities, but the result was that the child was poisoned and came near losing its life.

LABOR and prudence relieve us from three great evils—vice, want, and indolence.

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How to Treat the Sick.

TREATMENT OF SCARLET FEVER BY WATER.—During 1869 we published a large amount of carefully prepared information regarding the treatment of scarlet fever. We refer our readers to that volume for what was then said, and in addition a brief statement proposed by Dr. Jackson. He says:

"The plan to be pursued in scarlatina, simplex is to let Nature takes its course pretty much, giving the patient very simple food, and very little of it; be sure to keep the bowels open and the head cool. In this form the disease is quite mild and tends toward recovery.

For scarlatina anguinosa the patient, immediately on the first symptoms indicating the disease, should keep quiet in a room well ventilated; should abstain from food until the eruption is fairly established and the fever somewhat abated; the head should be kept cool with wet cloths, the feet warm, and the bowels open. The important thing to be done is, to secure an early and definite development of the rash, by making the skin as active as possible. By vigorous action of the skin, the poison works its way from the system without serious involvement of the throat and head, which usually occurs in cases where the rash does not appear early or in a well-marked form. On the first appearance of fever, the body should be enveloped in a wet-sheet pack and kept there until thoroughly warm, when, if the patient has a considerable degree of strength and vitality, a dripping-sheet or a thorough towel bath may be given, followed by dry hand-rubbing until the skin is entirely dry and the blood returns to the surface in reaction from the bath. If the person is feeble, particularly if it is a scrofulous child, the pack should not be followed by a bath, but by thorough rubbing with towels and the dry hands, after which, as also in the former case, the body should be enveloped in wet bandages from the throat to the hips, in this way: A good-sized linen cloth should be folded the width of the throat, wet in cold water, and wrapped in one or two thicknesses about it, over which should be put a dry cotton cloth. For a body bandage a linen sheet may be taken, not too large in size, if the patient is a child, and wet in cool water, from which the chill has been taken, and wrapped about the body from the arm-pits to the hips, over which should be put a dry cotton sheet. These bandages should be wet from time to time, as they may become dry, but should be kept on constantly until the rash or fever begins to subside. Usually, if this plan is followed, the eruption makes its appearance in well-marked form certainly as early as the second day, and sometimes within twelve hours of the first symptoms indicating the disease, the pack having a great tendency to bring the eruption to the surface. After this, the pack should be given or the body should be sponged in view of the symptoms of the case. If high fever presents itself the pack is a most excellent sedative, and will subdue the fever and keep the skin active, only it must be used with caution, as I before remarked, in the case of a feeble child. Should the pack not be required, the body may be sponged with a wet sponge, or with soft cloths wet in cooling water, when the bandages should be re-wet; and the head should be kept cool, the bowels open by enemas, and the room well ventilated. Let the child have good nurses, and the patient be allowed to drink plentifully of pure soft water, with which the throat may also be gargled. Keep the room

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and house as quiet as possible. When it seems best to give food, light farinaceous articles of diet should be used, and when the period of desquamation is reached, the person may take more hearty food, but should be careful for some time not to overdo, either by eating or fatigue, or be exposed to wet.

By following these instructions, scarlet fever loses in a great measure its terror. When treated hygienically, unless in the malignant form, it is one of the most easily managed of diseases, and even in the malignant form, which, under the Allopathic treatment is almost always fatal, it is quite manageable. If prompt hygienic measures are used in the beginning of the disease, it rarely if ever makes its appearance in the malignant form. In this, as in all other diseases, the sure and the safe plan for all persons to adopt, is that of prevention. It is possible for persons so to live that sickness very seldom, if ever, comes to them, and even when exposed to contagious and infectious disease, to resist the action of the poison. Scarlet fever particularly delights in attacking persons who are gross in their habits of living. Children who are scrofulous, and who eat meat and stimulating food, are almost always sure to have the disease seriously, if not fatally; while children who live on fruits and grains, and drink nothing but pure water as a beverage, very seldom have it. Therefore it behooves all persons who have children and who are living in districts where scarlet fever prevails, immediately to adopt, if not already accustomed to, hygienic ways of living.

How to Procure Sleep.—Many years ago a curious plan for procuring sleep was announced as a great discovery by a Mr. Gardner. As this plan made some noise at the time, and was reported to have seldom or never failed, we shall give a full description of it. Testimonials of the efficacy of this method were published by Mr. Gardner, from His Royal Highness the late Prince Albert, Sir F. Buxton Bart, Sir W. Cockburn, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and other men of eminence. It may be, then, that some of our readers may owe us a deep debt of gratitude for once more placing the priceless blessing of sleep within the reach upon easy terms.

Let us suppose, then, a person to be in a particularly wakeful state, and that he has tossed and tumbled about into the small hours of the morning without any feeling of somnolence. If he should now desire deep repose, the following proceeding must be adopted:

He is to lie on his right side, with his head comfortably placed on a pillow, having the neck straight, so that respiration may be unimpeded. Let him then close his lips slightly and take a rather full respiration, breathing through the nostrils as much as possible. This last, however, is not absolutely necessary, and some persons breathe habitually by the mouth. Having taking the full respiration, the lungs are to be left to their own action, that is, respiration is not to be interfered with. Attention must be fixed upon the respiration. The person must imagine that he sees the breath passing through his nostrils in a continuous stream, and at the instant that he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas consciousness leaves him and he falls asleep.

Sometimes it happens that the method does not at once succeed. It should be persevered in. Let the person take in thirty or forty full respirations and proceed as before, but he must by no means attempt to count the respiratory acts, for if he does, the mere counting will keep him awake. Even though he may not now succeed in procuring very sound sleep, he will at least fall into a state of pleasant repose.

Such is the account, somewhat abridged, of this much vaunted "Art of procuring sound

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and refreshing sleep at will," given by Mr. Binns in his "Anatomy of Sleep." He, it seems, purchased the secret from Mr. Gardner, and hints at his generosity in having made it public gratis. It is founded on the principle that monotony, or the influence on the mind of a single idea, as we have already shown, induces slumber. The inventor had for years suffered great agony with consequent sleeplessness, from an injury of his spine. In this sad condition, opium and other sedatives, were found rather to increase than to allay his sufferings. He was a contemplative man, and at length discovered the secret of "subduing sleeplessness and commanding repose by a simple effort of volition."

The plan is at all events safe and easy of application, and any wakeful reader can test it or himself.—*John A. Flemming.*

Use of Stimulants for the Sick.—At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association, the President, Dr. Mendenhall, in his able address used the following words on the abuse of stimulants and opium:

"The growing popularity in the use of narcotics by hypodermic medication in chronic and slight cases, may well be brought under inquiry. Far be it from me to impugn the motives or to criticise the judgment of my professional brethren. I can not, however, but feel that it is quite possible for us to jeopardize the best ultimate interests of the sick by the frequent prescription of stimulants which is peculiarly one of the notable features in practice at the present time. If we are doing this when avoidable, we are taking a fearful responsibility with those placed under our care; the evils which may be developed and lost long after we are mingled with the dust of the earth. I suggest that we consider this subject carefully, and then act in the light of experience and of conscience. It may be a serious question, also, whether we have yet filled the measure of our duty in giving our influence toward rectifying and ameliorating the results of the habitual use of alcoholic poisons. The institution of inebriate asylums should be more prominently urged upon the profession and the people, directly and through recommendations of State medical societies."

Treatment of Hysteric Aphonia.—Dr. Tanner says that he never fails to cure this obstinate nervous disease by means of electro-magnetism. He places the patient in a chair, gives her one handle of the instrument moistened into her hand, and with the other touches the tongue. The patient then screams out violently, and thus convinces herself and friends that she has not lost her voice.

Ten years ago how very different such a disease would have been treated, and even now would be by hundreds of physicians.

Cure for Felon.—As soon as the felon makes its appearance, bind on to it a poultice of yellow clay wet with cold water, from an eighth to a quarter of an inch thick. Wet it as often as it begins to get dry, and put on a fresh poultice two or three times in twenty-four hours. It will almost entirely relieve the pain, and the felon will be ready to lance in an almost miraculously short space of time.—*Mrs. C. R. Fare.*

Fistula Cured without Cutting, Tenting, or Drugging.—Some years ago I was sorely afflicted with a bad "fistula in ano." While developing it was extremely painful, and for years very troublesome and offensive. The doctors prescribed and administered to no good purpose. I went to a "Water-cure." Treatment—careful and spare. Vegetable diet. A general treatment by "packing" (Turkish Bath would have been better). Vapor baths and a small "jet bath," to stimulate the local parts affected. In closing the walls of the tube simple alcohol was injected. The ugly thing was annihilated.—*G. E. S.*

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY A. L. WOOD, M. D.

How to Keep Cool.—1. The diet should be composed largely or entirely of fruits, fresh vegetables, and wheat-meal bread, or other preparations of wheat and oat-meal. Corn-meal bread and cakes should be seldom eaten, if at all, during hot weather. Avoid all stimulating or heating articles of food, as meats, especially fat and salted meats, butter, gravies, and greasy food of all kinds, sugar, mustard, spices, etc. Do not eat hot food, and especially avoid eating more than the system requires.

2. Drink nothing but water, and that only in small quantities at a time. Of course this precludes the use of tea, coffee, and all alcoholic drinks.

3. The clothing should be light, light colored, loose fitting, and changed often.

4. The entire body should be bathed every day, either in the morning or at night. Farmers and others who perspire freely and are exposed to dust, should bathe at night. They will rest and sleep better for doing so. The whole body can be effectually cooled in a short time, by holding pieces of ice in the hands, or letting a stream of cold water run upon the wrists or ankles.

5. Avoid all undue mental or physical excitement.

Variety in Eating.—"I understand THE HERALD OF HEALTH to enjoin the use of plain food at all times, and but few dishes at a meal, as prerequisites of health for nervous and sedentary—perhaps all—persons. Do you recommend that generally the bill of fare for to-day be a duplicate of that of yesterday, or is it entirely safe to vary one's diet as much as may be done without resorting to any article of food you would interdict?"

It is not only "entirely safe" to vary one's food from day to day, but, as a rule, it is desirable to do so. But few kinds should be eaten at a meal, but each meal may be made up of different dishes from the one that preceded it.

Eat more Fruit and take less Medicine.

Fresh Bread.—"Is freshly baked bread unwholesome? And if so, how long after baking before it is allowable to eat bread?"

Yes. No. Ordinary yéast and saleratus-raised bread is unwholesome, especially the hot, fine flour biscuits, which in many families are a staple article of food. I believe that next to fat pork and lard, it is the real cause of more sickness and ill-health than any other article of food. These kinds of raised bread should not be eaten until thoroughly cooled through, if at all. Aerated and unleavened bread may be eaten fresh and warm, in fact, it is preferable then. It is not the warmth that injures health, but the products of fermentation.

Late Suppers.—"In a recent conversation with a physician, he asserted that our food is best digested during our hours of sleep, and, that except with persons subject to nightmare, it was allowable to eat more and richer food at supper than at any other meal, and that supper should be taken immediately before retiring. Is he orthodox?"

The physician who said that must either have been deplorably ignorant of the laws of physiology, as well as unobservant of the effects of late suppers, or he was anxious to extend his practice by giving advice, which, if followed, would bring him more patients. Physicians of all schools of practice, as a rule, condemn the habit of eating hearty suppers just before retiring.

Babies Caps and Cradles.—"Should babies wear caps before having hair enough to cover the scalp? Should they be rocked to sleep?

Babies should not wear caps. There is no necessity for them, and they keep the head too hot. Cradles are an abomination. If any one wishes to know the reason, let him have a cradle made for himself, then get into it and have some one rock him for an hour. I think he will be satisfied.

Eat more Fruit and less Meat.

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Going in Swimming.—Several boys want to know if it is hurtful to "go in swimming" during the summer. It depends upon how and when it is done, whether it is hurtful or beneficial. If you go in several times a day, soon after eating, or when much fatigued, and stay in long, it will injure you. In order to have it prove beneficial, as well as pleasant, the following rules should be observed:

1. Never go into the water less than two hours after eating—it is better still to make it three.

2. Never go into the water when feeling much exhausted. It will do no harm to go in when you are warm and perspiring, if you are not tired.

3. Never go into the water when you feel cold and chilly.

4. Never stay in long enough to make you feel chilly.

5. Swim and exercise vigorously while in the water.

6. Wipe dry before dressing. If the sun shines, expose the body to its rays a short time before dressing.

7. As a rule, do not go in more than once a day.

Infants' Food.—"What is the best food for a cow whose milk is used for feeding an infant? I wish to know if green clover is objectionable?"

Green clover is not objectionable in the least. Any of the ordinary grasses, fruits, grains, and vegetables are good. Slops and swill are bad. The cow should have an opportunity for plenty of out-of-door exercise, and pure water to drink at all times.

To Relieve Aching Feet.—When a person has traveled a long distance, and stood upon the feet until they feel aching and uncomfortable, the quickest mode of relief is to hold them in cold water for a few minutes, and then rub thoroughly with the hands.

Drinking Before Breakfast.—"Is the drinking of water before breakfast prejudicial to health?"

No; unless taken in large quantities. It should not be drank IMMEDIATELY before eating, however. As a rule, it is better not to drink unless one is thirsty.

Fomentations.—"What are fomentations, how applied, and when useful?"

Fomentations are applications of heat to any part of the body by means of hot cloths—flannel is best. A piece of flannel, doubled from two to four times, is placed in boiling hot water, then taken out and passed through a wringer or wrapped up in a towel, the ends of which are twisted in opposite directions, until the water is expelled so it will not drip, then applied to the part of the body indicated, as hot as can be borne, and quickly covered with several thicknesses of dry flannel. The wet flannel should be changed as often as it gets cool—once every three or five minutes. There should be two cloths, so that one may be ready to put on as soon as the other is taken off. Fomentations are useful for relieving pain, soreness, and congestion in any part of the body. They are also useful in promoting action in torpidity of the liver and kidneys, constipation of the bowels, etc.

Talking in Sleep.—"I talk in my sleep. What shall I do to stop it?"

Eat but twice a day, last meal not later than 3 o'clock. Avoid stimulants. Avoid hard study and excitement in the evening. Take as much out-door exercise during the day as you are able to. Sleep on straw, hair, or husks, and have your sleeping-room well ventilated.

Book on Gymnastics.—"Have you a good work on light gymnastics, in which the use of the Indian club is fully treated, and, besides, dumb-bells and wands; which tells when and how much exercise should be taken?"

"Moral, Intellectual, and Physical Culture," by Prof. F. G. Welch of Yale College, is the book you want. See advertisement.

JOHN STACATTO says that children make men better citizens. It is when their children have learned to swear, that men begin to feel that they are stockholders in public morality.

WHILE his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

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NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JOB TUFTON'S REST; or, Ways and Means. A Story of Life's Struggles. By CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

TOM BLINN'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. By T. S. ARTHUR.

"COME HOME, MOTHER!" By NELSIE BROOK.

THE HARKER FAMILY. By EMILY THOMPSON.

JUG-OR-NOT. By MRS. J. MCNAIR WRIGHT.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN STORIES.

All of the above books have recently been received from "The National Temperance Society" of New York. This society must certainly be very actively at work with its printing presses, in publishing literature which has for its aim the interests of the cause of Temperance, and we do not hesitate to say that if their books have a circulation in any degree equal to the merits of the cause, the fruit will be abundant and good. No other interest of the age so much needs the combined labors of great and good men. Take, for instance, the city of New York. These constitute the municipal legislators of the great emporium of America—eleven whisky dealers, twenty foreigners, thirteen native Americans! This is the record! The liquor traffic is, of course, in its glory. Liquor is sold on Sabbath as on all other days. Gin palaces and dance saloons are largely increasing and are more public and shameless than ever. It is inevitable that there must be an increase of lawlessness and crime in the ratio of the increase of crime-makers. Where are we drifting? Were it not for the combined labors of such men and women as have built up the National Temperance Society and Publication House, we fear New York would never rise above its present condition. But now there is hope, and this hope would be brighter, if so many of our leaders, especially in literature and politics, who give tone to public sentiment, were not against us. We need to-day in the work such pens as Dickens', Mrs. Stowe's, and a hundred others we might name. With the material the Society has it is doing a noble work. The six books, whose names head this notice, have been sent us within a very few weeks, and they are not all they have recently published. Most of them are well written, and the lessons taught can hardly fail to produce fruit a hundred fold. We suggest, however, that the Society make an effort to secure with their present list of contributors, others whose reputation is national, so that they can secure at once the ears of the nation. In reforms, we believe it pays to secure the best workers that can be induced to do the work, for the people will listen to them and heed their lessons. See how completely in science Huxley (the author of the Physiological Studies, now being published in THE HERALD OF HEALTH), has access to the ears of the civilized world. Tyndall's lecture on "Dust and Disease," has been published wherever the English language is spoken, and translated into many tongues. Dickens had but to speak, and the world listened. These men may not have better words to utter than many others, but they make them go farther, and here lies the secret of their power. If the National Temperance Society will, Beecher-like, use its money to pay for the productions of men and women whose voices can not fail to be heard to the ends of the earth, it will be the cheapest in the end. Let it, if need be, pay ten thousand dollars or twenty thousand dollars for one book. Let its enterprise be not only liberal, but generous to a fault, and let its voice be so loud, pure and sweet, that the nations shall sit enchanted to hear its symphonies.

LIFE AT HOME; or, the Family and its Members. By WILLIAM AIKMAN, D. D. New York: Published by Samuel R. Wells, No. 389 Broadway.

The contents of this book are the sum of sermons delivered by the author to the people attendent upon his ministration. As genial, safe, and respectable thought, falling from the lips of a beloved pastor, we doubt not the words were most acceptable to the hearer, but as a work of general utility, it is altogether deficient in originality, and lacks that penetration and sharpness of outline essential to extended usefulness. It is somewhat dull, while at the same time it is not devoid of a pretentious claim to literary insight.

STEPS IN BELIEF; or, Rational Christianity against Atheism, Free Religion, and Romanism. By REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1870.

This book consists of the substance of four lectures delivered in Boston, and is dedicated to the memory of John A. Andrew, late Governor of Massachusetts. It is written in a clear, earnest style, for which Mr. Clarke is noted, and if not always satisfying, it is certainly full of sound thought, forcibly expressed. The first chapter, "How do we know we have a soul, or materialism and immaterialism," is one which is worthy in this world of skepticism to be read by all, and so is the last one on theology and religion.

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS; Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well. By Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M. D. New York: Wood & Holbrook, Publishers, No. 15 Laight Street. 1870.

I have just laid down Mrs. Dr. Gleason's new work, and I am impatient to take up my pen in praise of it. The book is true to its title, and full of strong points and good counsels. But its chiefest charm for me is that the writer so well understands the so frequent connection of a troubled spirit with broken health, and that from the fountain of her own warm Christian heart, and from her experience as physician, wife, and mother, she knows so well how to

> "Minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, and
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart."

WATKINS, Mass., May, 1870. P. H. HAYES, M. D.

LETTER AND SPIRIT. Winchester Lectures. By RICHARD METCALF. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

This book causes to show what Unitarians believe, and so far as it is possible to do so, the work is fairly done. Those who are interested in the subject, will find it a welcome volume.

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THE PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Address Label.—By this method our subscribers can keep their own accounts as to when their terms of subscription close; for instance, if the printed slip has "De70," or "Je71" added to the name, it signifies that the subscriber's term of subscription expires with the December number of 1870, or the June number of 1871, and so on *et seq.*

Facts for the Ladies.—I have done with it, not only all the ordinary family sewing, but also all our millinery and mantua making, besides frequently encroaching upon the tailor's peculiar province; and this for a family of eight adults. Several of them were grown, engaged in business or professional life. I have wrought on various kinds of material, from Swiss muslin and silk to heavy beaver cloth and morocco, and have two bed-quilts, every stitch of which, piecing, quilting, and binding, was done on the machine. When I purchased I was a perfect novice, never having worked on any kind of a machine. The agent was miles away, and there was not then, as now, other Wheeler & Wilson Machines near by. Still, though I never had five minutes instruction, I found no trouble in learning myself. It is as completely under my control as the needle in my hand, and has never needed any repairs. Only two needles have been broken. One No. 2 needle did all the sewing, coarse and fine, for ten years. It is, indeed, our "household pet." It has paid for itself more than once in the sewing-bills which it has saved. MRS. M. A. GAGE.

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Talks to My Patients.—Mrs. Gleason's book, advertised and noticed elsewhere, is meeting with a good sale. We can supply it to subscribers and agents in any quantity. A good many ladies are selling it with success. We should like to have in every town a good Lady Agent. For particulars of agency, write to the Publishers.

Books C. O. D.—Parties who order books will find it cheaper to send the money with the order, than to order C. O. D., as in this case the cost of collection will be added to the bill. This is considerable, when the money has to be returned from a distant point. Those who order C. O. D., should send one-fourth the value of the order in advance to insure prompt attention.

Clubs of Twenty-five.—Any person who will send us at one time twenty-five new subscribers to this monthly, shall have them for Twenty-five Dollars. Remember they must be new subscribers, and all be sent at one time.

Notice to Our Correspondents.—The following hints to correspondents should be observed in writing to us:

1. ALWAYS attach name, Post Office, County, and State to your letter.
2. SEND MONEY by Check on New York, or by Postoffice Money Order. If this is impossible, inclose Bills and register Letter.
3. CANADA AND NEW YORK CITY SUBSCRIBERS should send 12 *cents extra*, with which to prepay postage on subscriptions to THE HERALD OF HEALTH.
4. REMEMBER, if you are entitled to a Premium, to order it when you send the Club, and inform us how it is to be sent.
5. REMEMBER THAT WE NOW GIVE the *Empire Sewing Machine* as a premium. It is guaranteed to give good satisfaction.
6. REMEMBER TO SEND in Clubs early.
7. REMEMBER TO LOOK at our Premium List and Book List, and see exactly what we give and have for sale.
8. REMEMBER that for the names and addresses of 25 persons, either invalids or friends of Temperance and Health Reform, we give Prof. Wilson's book on the Turkish Bath. It contains 72 pages.
9. STAMPS should be sent to prepay postage on letters that require an answer.
10. Those who want a good *Spirometer*, *Parlor Gymnasium*, or *Filter* for making their water clean, will find the prices in another column.
11. INVALIDS from all parts of the country are invited to write to us for our circular, and full particulars as to Treatment or Board in the Hygienic Institution. See advertisement elsewhere.
12. See List of Books elsewhere.

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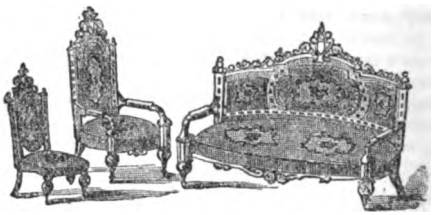
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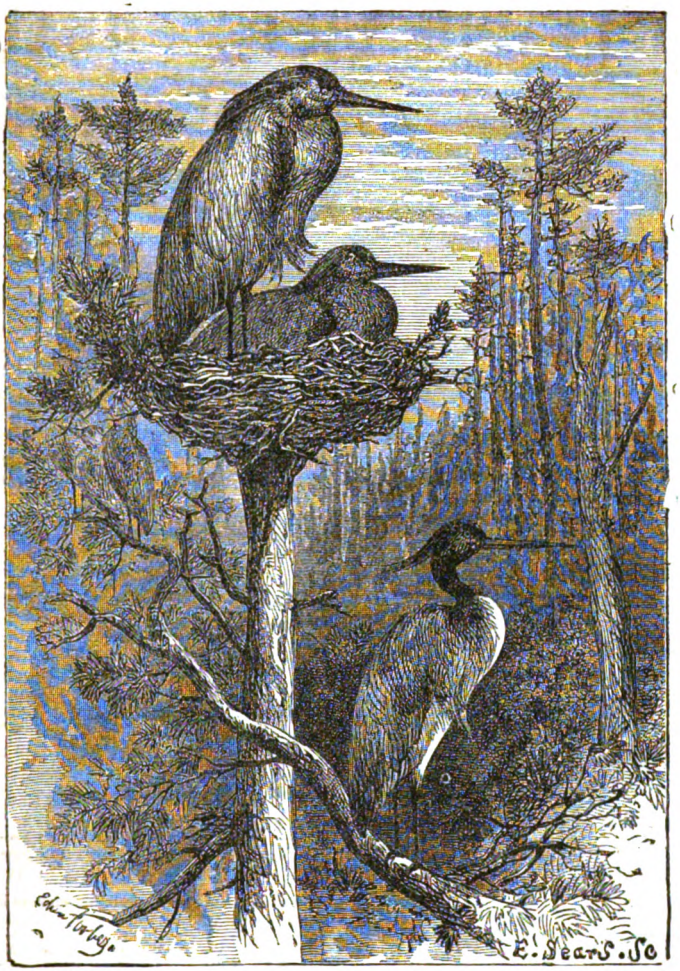
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OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRUE LIVING.

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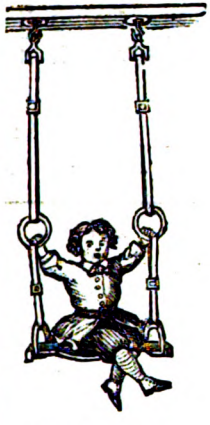
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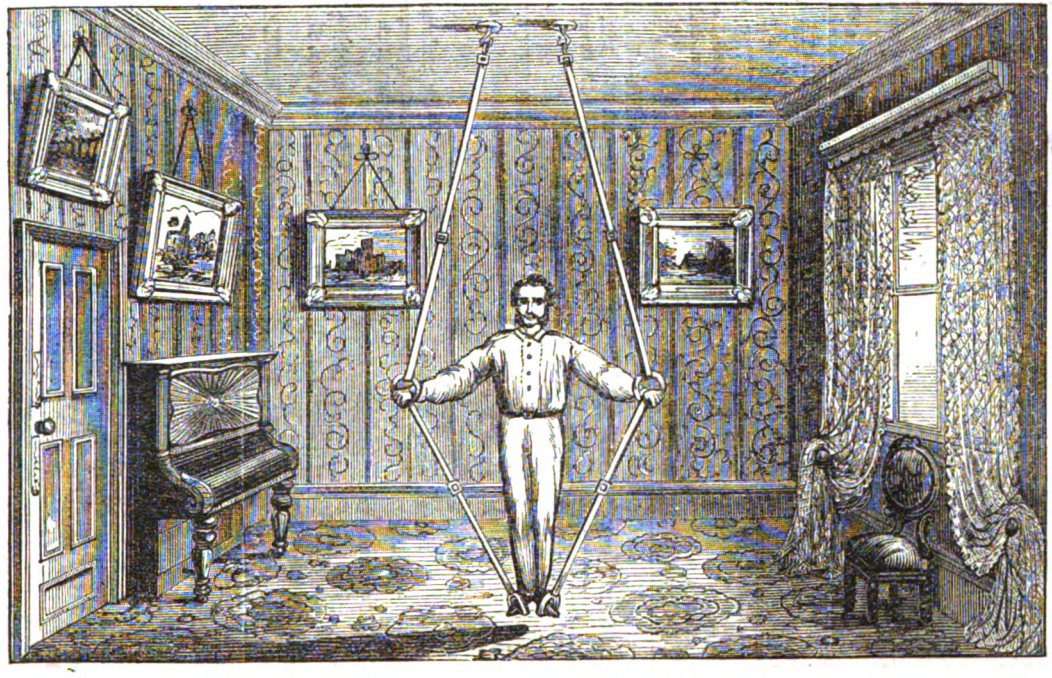
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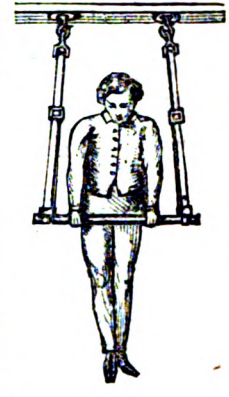


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AUGUST, 1870.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

General Articles: Page

The Two Wives—*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith*.. 49
The Fair and the Offending Foot—*Rev. Charles H. Brigham*..... 58
Growth and Development — *Archibald McLaren*..... 61
The Mellow Morn (A Poem)—*Alfred B. Street*..... 64
The Uses of Feeling—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher*..... 65
Transfusion of Blood—*E. P. Evans*..... 67
What to Do with My Children—*F. B. Perkins*..... 72
Training of Children—*Mrs. H.C. Birdsall* 74
Our Studies in Physiology—*Prof. T. H. Huxley*..... 68

Editorial Department:

The Death of Charles Dickens—A Lesson..... 81
Nauseous Medicines..... 82
Queries upon Insanity..... 83
Absurd Remedies — Ballooning and Health—Theodore Thornton, M. D... 84
Objections to Women Physicians—Interesting Experience in Diet—The Hair-Worms—Afraid of the Truth..... 85

How to Treat the Sick:

An After-Dinner Prescription (A Caustic Poem, by the Great Humorist, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes..... 86
Treatment of Stammering..... 89

Answers to Correspondents:

Physical Development at Home—How to Quit Using Tobacco—Farina and Constipation..... 90
Food for Nervous Dyspeptics—Two Meals a Day—Dandruff, etc..... 91

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VOL. 16, No. 2.] NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1870. [NEW SERIES.

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THE TWO WIVES.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER XXII.

DREAM LIFE AGAIN—THE LITTLE PEOPLE—MEN MUST EVER ADVANCE OR DWINDLE—THE TOMB OF THE SERPENT—ITS KISS UPON WOMAN.

THE Professor, busy in his department of old clothes, was often startled to find a protest rising in the depths of his mind against their dusty, moth-worn aspect, but he crowded this back, and went forthwith to prepare a thesis upon their beauty, their utility, their venerable, time-tested respectability. But,

"There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may,"

and the gentle scholar found these arbitrary visions that forced themselves against his will upon him, uprooting the old, solid foundations of his thought and character, and presenting himself to himself, in so many lights, all harmonizing in themselves, but all at variance with his habitual and accepted modes of thought. To say that the experience of his dream-life was distasteful to him would be yielding him more than justice, for he arose from this experience an exultant, full man, joyous in the consciousness of a hidden, multitudinous being, glowing with aspiration, warm with a newer and more divine love, and scarcely conscious of impediment. Learning from the schools become more true and satisfactory; words, lost in the mist of ages as to their origin and import, started from his dream-life with the vividness and intelligibility of words written with flame. The eternal past became the living now, with a sense of content, of peace, of hope, love, and faith, that made all futures a living present also. The very fibers of his humanity rejected the schoolmen's doubts and the theologist's dogmas. Death was a sleep and a waking; life a change and a progress; immortality not half so wonderful as the inception of being; but once begun, it could no more die than God's shadow of light could cease to be.

These records were hidden from all human eyes at this time, for he felt their newness to himself to be such that he cared not to bewil-

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her and disturb another mind therewith. Thus he writes:

"Our friend, the serene Electa, has gone on a brief visit to the Shaker village, and we miss her calm, lovely companionship greatly, the more as Mrs. Pyncham is disposed to assume her chair in the household, and worries poor, dear Cora with perpetual complaints about her housekeeping. This morning we were up to the ears in steam, while the poor, careful soul washed the parlor windows, and even brought the folded cloth to me, showing it very black with the dirt coming from the windows.

"'Dear me!' I said, hardly knowing what I said, 'is it all spiders' legs and flies' bodies?'

"At which she looked at me with great contempt, and cried, 'Mr. Lyford, you've got all kinds of sense but common sense, and all kinds of learning but your A B C. That is smoke, dust, and grime.'

"'Oh! is it? I should never have seen it!' and I must have looked half idiotic in her eyes, as I often do in my own, when I think and see myself individually, with nobody to compare myself with.

"'Nor Cora either, I suppose,' she cried, and began to scrub and creak the glass in a very irritating way, seeing which Cora took my hand and led me like a stupid boy into the library, for these small, vexing things have an effect to quite bewilder me, and make me helpless, not knowing what is expected of me. No sooner was I alone than my vision was resumed at the exact point where it had broken off before, and I, the dull Professor, stepped aside to awake the young, joyous traveler, rich in life and affluent in experience, talking with the child-like yet manful Rodman, and thrilling under the glorious eyes of Zalinka.

THE DREAM CONTINUED.

"It was many hours before the dwarf returned to the old mound and reported the purport of her errand. She had entered the Teocalli and seen the High Priest prostrate himself before the great serpent, who hung upon the cross limp and powerless, with colors faded, and his head prone and without expression. The rites of the temple were suspended, waiting for the oracle, which was dumb, and fear sat upon every face. It was believed that Zalinka and myself still lingered in some of the vast cavernous rooms of the temple, but the vision upon the top of the ancient mound was accepted as a genuine revelation of the ancient and offended gods. Narita

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ne and gone as of old, no one noting her ial interest, her movements being always regarded as more purposeless and eccentric than they really were.

"The statement of the dwarf put us quite at our ease; we were safe from pursuit, and our situation not devoid of comfort.

"'Idees greatly differ in that respect,' interrupted Rodman, rolling himself over on the green turf, and holding up his chin in the palm of his hand, with the elbow upon the ground. 'T'was rather living like a mole in the dark, and musty, too, I opine; besides, them pesky little varmints with their wee babies would have been mighty tiresome, not to say stunning. I couldn't have stood it there long myself, lettin' alone keeping a purty woman shut up in that way. She'd soon be as pale as a potato-stalk growing in a cellar; but go on.'

"For awhile I was interested in the study of these small men and women. They were simple as little children; not pale, as you suppose, for the perpetual fire burning within kept the vast chamber in which they mostly lived dry and comfortable, and free from all that was offensive to the senses. The little creatures were nearly naked, and exceedingly active. Their diminutive size enabled them to spend much of their time upon the open space at the summit of the temple, where they disported themselves in the sunshine without the hazard of being seen. They crept through fissures in the wall, and gathered fruits and flowers, wandering long distances often unobserved, or, if seen, supposed to have come from some neighboring province, from whence they went and came unmolested. If occasionally one of rare beauty was seized, it became the willing captive to the Emperor, and no threats or promises ever wrung from it the secret of its birth.

"They were exceedingly neat in their habits, passing much of their time disporting themselves in a huge artificial tank, which was fed by a living fountain that welled up from the foot of the mound, and flowing onward descended in a tiny cascade to the river. Happy as birds, playful as children, beautiful as all that we conceive of loveliness in the fairy creations of a poet's dream, these small beings sported away their lives without toil, and almost without care.

"I learned, however, that they were subject to one solemn and distressing fear, which heavily weighed upon the older people of the race, and that was the total extinction of the people. They had a tradition that originally they were of what they termed gigantic size, and had been gradually declining till they were reduced as I now found them.

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"At first, from their extreme sprightliness, I had supposed them much more numerous than they really were, and I learned that they scarcely counted more than a dozen, only two or three of these being of the masculine sex. One, a small, old fellow, pined away to a little lump of bones of hardly a pound weight, was kept on a gorgeous bed made of the feathers of the humming-bird, wrought into a canopy, and coverlids of gorgeous purple. He was found one morning stiff and cold. I thought the men did not seem to regard his exit as of much moment, but the women were overwhelmed with grief, and redoubled their tenderness toward the only two now left to them; feeding them upon the choicest viands, and decorating them with all that their little store of wealth could supply. They never thwarted or contradicted them, never subjected them to any toil, and though apt to be quarrelsome, they never quarreled with these two.

"'Bating the size,' said Rodman, 'a man might have a sort of clover-lazy time in a place like that. But laziness and coddling don't come nat'ral to full-sized men. Go on.'

"'I have some doubts about that, Rodman. We men do like considerable coddling and spooneying. I have seen the time when I have wished there was some big giant of a fellow to take me up in his arms and to rock me like a baby.'

"'You must have been mighty weak or sick, George. It isn't nat'ral to a well man to spooney. He's game to the last, like the hunted stag turning at bay, and for myself, old fellow, I never cared to kill one, till he showed game and turned upon me. So long as he gave me his flanks he was a poor concern, but antlers to, he was worth the fight. I opine women do not much care for your spooney men.'

"'Only very strong women like such men; they take the place of babies to them, Rodman; they are something to pet, and domineer over; but your weak woman likes best a man of robust nerve and vigorous make, who will supply what is lacking in herself.'

"'There's something in that, George, and I like a woman a trifling weak; it seems more nat'ral to protect her. But go on with your story; I want to see how the little folks come out. Husbands seem to have been very precious in them diggings, and perhaps it would be well if wives generally considered them more than they do, seein' they have to brunt the fight. Go on.'

"Thus admonished I resumed, but could not but observe the thoughtful aspect of my friend, whose brain seemed ill able to solve our social problems. I could not but think what a melancholy lot would be that of the last woman in that deserted temple!

"Though Zalinka had determined that we must ere long leave these harmless creatures and seek a less gloomy habitation, we did not name our intention to them, nor were we really anxious to depart. The air was delicious upon the area of the structure, and the hours we passed in this seclusion were some of the happiest of my life—idle, careless hours, in which to live and breathe was delight. Zalinka, having no memories of the stir and competition of a more advanced civilization, yielded her whole soul to its present content. Nothing could be more seductive than the rich cadences of her voice; nothing more supremely beautiful than the perfection of her sensuous organization, exalted by her dim but fervent religious enthusiasm, which, based upon earth as it was, penetrated to something vast, glowing, and ecstatic in the Unseen.

"She listened to me with eyes of such liquid light and beauty, detecting so many new and wonderful meanings to my words, meanings which I had not seen till then, that every hour she taught me to feel my own value as an existent creation, and made me the more wildly fascinated by her own mysterious charms.

"'All that is nat'ral, but nothing oncommon,' interrupted Rodman; 'I have sometimes thought that one way in which women get such a power over us, is because they make us kind of satisfied with ourselves, and we nat'rally lean to what props us up. They're mighty keen, whether by art or natur' I can't always determine. Go on.'

"Once, as we sat amid the flowering hights of the mound, Zalinka gazing away dreamily at the moon, that was like an ethereal globe suspended above us, and the stars thrones of gold in the blue above, I noticed the mark upon her shoulder was now uncommonly vivid and distinct. Ruby red, its form was clearly to be discerned, a living serpent, confined to its pearly prison by a thin gossamer texture, which i would seem a touch might sever.

"'Is it not beautiful?' asked Zalinka, eyeing it with a smile.

"I shuddered, for I had thought to cut it thence, as a vile disfigurement. Never shall I forget her look of surprise and sorrow at my suggestion.

"'Beautiful, Teomax!' she exclaimed; 'it is the work of a god! What is this upon your breast but the symbol of human agony? Be-

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hold the secret, mysterious, wonder worker! The lines upon his skin contain the arcana of the universe, the form of the head the secrets of the Eternal.'

"'Tell me, how learned you this, most lovely of women?'

"'Listen, Teomax! Our religion is the depository of a worship lost and forgotten, but which held to traditions derived from the earliest believers in the one God, the Supreme Father of all. He created one man and one woman of such great wisdom and beauty that all other creatures came to worship them, all but the serpent, which they both feared. The man feared it more than the woman, seeing which the serpent came oftenest to her, as she sat by a fountain, looking at her own face, than which nothing could be more lovely, and he would lie in the sunshine wondering at her beauty.

"'Now the man grew angry at this, and drove the creature away, whereat the woman grieved exceedingly.

"'"See you not," she cried, "how the beautiful words upon his back teach us of the round worlds and glowing stars, beyond which is the Great One?"

"'But the man cried, "I see nothing but an ugly beast."

"'The next day the serpent returned, and lifting himself up, he kissed the woman on the shoulder. Then he glided away among the rocks and trees and blossoms, and could no more be found. The woman mourned at his absence, seeing which, the man stooped down and kissed her shoulder as the serpent had done. Immediately he was seized with a great desire to find the creature, and the two went everywhere in the search, therefore, ever since that day the woman has borne upon her person somewhere the sign or mark of the serpent. Sometimes it is hidden in the heart, or in the head, but is always with her, and the man, who received the kiss at second hand, is everywhere and for ever drawn towards her by a hidden and irresistible attraction.'

"'Though you got that story from a heathen and a Pagan, George, who is supposed to know nothing but dumb idols, I do believe she come nearer to the truth about women, than any thing in the books, and it goes to show that they've got a sort of courage in them, and a way of seeing through things that is lacking to us men in that line. That they've all been kissed more or less by the serpent, admits of not a shadow of doubt. Go on.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Patience and Paul—The Rustic Lovers—The Silver Box.

ELECTA resumed her place in the home of the Professor, where her presence had become a beautiful necessity, and where she could, unknown to him, direct somewhat the fortunes of Paul.

Janet, assured of the fate of her husband, went about preparing those decent weeds supposed to be essential to grief, and with the aid of logwood and alum converted every available article to a somber hue of black, including her own hands and the long clothes-line extended from a corner of the house to the tall shed-roof of the pig-stye. She gave a tip of black to the moldings of the door, and the borderings of the little curtains of the window, as well as the "smoke-board" which hung across the kitchen fireplace.

Paul had not the heart to leave his mother in her present gloomy mood, and he busied himself in making the little cottage as neat and pretty as possible, thinking, it may be, that some time Patience might be willing to grace it with her presence. The garden soon became a very wilderness of roses, and vines were made to climb the windows and even mount the low roof. The patch of ground, by skillful husbandry, yielded unwonted returns, and his pay in the saw-mill, where he was daily employed, gave them all their needful comforts, and even much more.

Still, like all the boys in that maratime State, he pined for the sea, assured that wealth and rank were only to be secured by that life of peril and bold adventure. He was not entirely at ease about Patience, whose rustic attractions gave him a world of solicitude. In spite of the energetic discipline of the Deaconess, she was growing every day to be a tall, comely girl, with bright laughing eyes, and a redundancy of curls which played the mischief with the Yankees of the neighborhood.

Never was seen such another rosy, witty, merry girl, and whenever the Deaconess would permit her to attend the huskings and quiltings of the day, she was the acknowledged belle and beauty. Paul saw with displeasure that Seth Wyman still dangled in her wake, and that if Patience did not encourage, she certainly did not discountenance his admiration, for she rather liked to have a troop of admirers at her heels, declaring that their quarrels about her were too spicy to be lost. All the coquetry of rustic charms was innate in her. It was curi-

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ous to observe the skill with which she evaded an explanation with those whom she entoiled, no less than the diligence of her efforts to ensnare them.

If one, more persistent than another, insisted upon making his cause known, she had ready some pretty pout, or wondering look, and with mock solemnity sent him a diminutive reticule containing a single *raisin*, which, in rural parlance, meant, "I give you the bag, and a *reason*." It is known that the vulgar pronunciation of the fruit is in this way.

Paul was indignant at all this trifling, notwithstanding that he did not fail like others to subject himself to the battery of her charms. Passing the window, where she sat at the small wheel spinning flax, he sauntered, listening to her rich voice singing a plaintive air, and as he cast a furtive glance in at the open window, he saw that she was weeping.

SONG.

My true love called me Sweetheart, once—
A word to maidens dear;
But then he turned himself away,
And left me weeping here,
And left me weeping here.

My true love has a gallant air,
A bright and beaming eye;
Ah, woe is me! and woe the day,
If my true love should die,
If my true love should die!

She must have known even the shadow of the handsome Paul Stearns, for her face and neck assumed a deep blush, and, hastily drawing her hand across her eyes, she looked up with a very becoming smile, and asked,

"How do you like my singing, Paul?"

"You know well enough, Patience, that every fool of a boy likes it too well."

Patience touched her foot to the pedal of the wheel and gave it a turn. At which Paul reddened, but said, quite composedly,

"Patience, there is to be a singing festival and party up at the mill on Saturday night, will you go?"

"Yes; I have several invitations."

Paul looked more pale than vexed, and answered, "I suppose, then, that you are already engaged?"

"Malinda Jones and I are going together; we are tired of the boys."

"Well, in that case, I'll go alone; I am tired of the girls."

Patience hearing the step of Mrs. Grant gave her lover a look of caution, and began to spin vigorously.

Patience was by no means the awkward girl, eating her bread and butter and singing at the same time, as when introduced in our story. She was now eighteen years old, and, according to New England usages, had reached her majority, and was entitled to some expression of good will from those she had so long and so faithfully served. Accordingly, she was now the owner of a chest of "drawers," containing, beside her freedom suit, sundry sheets and pillow cases, besides quilts and blankets, making her quite an heiress in a small way, which, superadded to her personal charms, well-known diligence, and sweetness of temper, created much admiration and interest in the minds of all the marriageable young men in the vicinity.

Nor was this all; many a grave and bereaved widower, in the first gloss of his crape-band, hastened to make a proffer of his experienced heart and rich acres to the handsome girl whose notability was well appreciated in a thrifty population. Old bachelors also found the ice of many winters thawed by her sunny smile; but Patience seemed inexorable to young and old, and it was confidently predicted that "she would go through the woods and pick up with a broken stick."

For several years her relations with the Deaconess had been far from disagreeable, that energetic dragon having been quite disarmed, not by the docility of Patience, but by a sudden stand which she took, as unexpected, and as much to her own surprise, as to that of her mistress. She had never troubled herself much about the abuse she received, saying, "a blow now and then was a good thing to stir up a girl's mettle, and to keep her from dawdering about, and crying and whimpering over little things. She was sure she was sometimes glad to get a blow when she was worried about something else."

She had dodged the dame's uplifted hand, and had laughed in her face, but at the time to which we refer, when she was disposed to be unusually demonstrative, Patience seized the two hands of the woman and held them fast. It was in vain that she twisted, and turned, and pulled, Patience was young, and strong, and resolute, and held her own with a will, and as soon as she could speak, said,

"Now look here, ma'am! I am as strong as you are, as tall, and a great deal younger and better looking. You needn't try to bite, my teeth are much better than yours. You needn't wrench and pull, I'm the strongest you'll find.

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You shall hear what I have to say, and then I'll let you go." The Deaconess was so fairly out of breath by this time, that she was obliged to keep still and hear what the girl had to say.

"Now you are still, look here, and mind what I have to say. I am tired of going about with the prints of your ugly fingers on my cheeks, and I *will not* bear it any longer. Do you hear? *I will not bear it any longer!*" This with great emphasis.

By this time the Deaconess was quite subdued, and, beginning to whimper, she answered,

"La you! now Patience, I never meant to hurt you. It's only my way!"

"Well, it's an ugly way, and you must cure yourself of it."

"To think of all the pains I've taken to make a smart girl of you, and now this is your gratitude!" and she sniffed and drew her face into the shape of a nut-cracker.

"I know all the good you've done, and all the bad too, and I never will take another box in the face from you; so promise, and I'll let you go."

"Well, then, I promise; I won't if I can help it."

"That will not do; you must promise for good."

"I promise, certain true."

"There now! kiss me, and we'll be good friends."

The dragon put her thin lips to the rosy ones of Patience, and was completely disarmed. Patience, naturally affectionate and generous, gave her from that time her whole-souled service, so that the woman often wondered in her heart why she had not sooner learned what a good, bright, faithful girl Patience really was.

Electa interested herself in the career of the lovers in many ways, for she felt a sisterly attachment for Paul, and in the candor of her heart was sometimes prompted to acquaint him with their near relationship, but foreseeing that that might involve much that was detrimental to the memory of her father, she contented herself with dividing with him as opportunity afforded some portion of her worldly goods, under the pretext of carrying out the views of John Stearns, who at his death had in a manner committed the family to her care.

Janet at length resumed her old tidy habits, and was punctual at sermon and prayer, ostentatiously dropping her pittance into the missionary-box, and going about among her neighbors in her decent black, and rejoicing in the epithet now applied to her of "the Widow Stearns," though in hearing it she might often be heard to mutter, "He was a good creeter, a good creeter!"

Her curiosity was exercised about the silver box, and she one day remarked to Electa that she would like to learn of the Shakers whether he left any thing of the sort at the time of his death, adding,

"'Twas a kind of purty thing, and I would like to know about it, and whose hair he kept so choice; leastwise, I the widder ought to have it for a keepsake. Did you see any thing of the kind?"

Electa's cheek grew pale at these painful memories, and perhaps she felt a revolting, also, at the coldness and greediness of the woman, but she answered, calmly,

"Yes, Janet; I saw the box in the hands of John Stearns just before his death."

"Did he direct what was to be done with it? Didn't he leave any word for me, his lawful wife?"

"John Stearns did not name you, Janet; he placed the box in my hands."

"I'm sure he meant for you to give it to me. I'm the rightful owner of it, Electa, and I shall look to you for it."

Electa's cheek flushed, but she answered in her invariably mild manner,

"When the body of John Stearns was ready for its last resting, I placed the silver box, and the lock of golden hair within it, upon his breast, and there it lies now; it and the story of the golden hair are buried for ever with his ashes."

Janet's small eyes dilated with something like awe, as she muttered to herself, "Such things seem a pity, and a waste; they never does the dead any good," but the severe look of rebuke in Electa's face silenced her.

Janet had lately taken to snuff, and her thrifty proclivities undoubtedly suggested a new use for the box, for though naturally penurious, she had an eye to show, and her watch worn at her belt, with its old fashioned seals, was often a subject of envy to her poorer neighbors.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Country Party—Cross Purposes.

PAUL, despite his admiration for the handsome Patience, resented her coquetries, and often treated her with coldness or indifference, a manner which only evolved a double share of the quality he censured. He forgot that this mix-

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ture of maidenly reserve and rustic gayety were the very qualities that held his boyhood in thrall, and evolved the deeper admiration of his youth.

No rustic *fête* had been perfect if denied the presence of the lovely Patience, whose feet were the lightest in the dance, and whose voice was the sweetest in the song. At a husking the red ears all seemed to come to her lot, and he by no means relished the scramble of the lads for a kiss on these occasions, though he did admire the saucy way in which she held up the corn in place of her cheek to be kissed. When the maple sugar boiling came round, she was so bewitching in the moonlight that he was half beside himself with jealousy, and instead of competing with the young men for her favors, he grew moody and silent, which by no means added to his own attractions.

Patience saw all this, and had penetration enough to divine the meaning of it, and rather enjoyed his discomfiture, so long as he was not beguiled into any attentions to another.

On the evening of the intended *fête*, Patience and Malinda Jones delayed their coming till all the others were there, conscious that their arrival would create a sensation; which it did to their heart's content, and the two girl's started upon their round of coquetries, quite to the dismay of the less aspiring maidens. The dance commenced, and Paul was about to proffer his bow to Patience, when he saw her give hers to David Jones; he none the less readily led the pretty Malinda upon the floor, and so devoted and so confidential grew his attentions that poor Patience could have wept with vexation, and had nothing better to do than to seem to be as equally devoted to her partner for the time being.

Poor David was overjoyed, and began in the intervals of the dance to show that he was more than ready to reciprocate all the kindnesses of Patience. This was a new source of vexation, and she cut him short by saying very peevishly,

"I don't see what every fool of a boy wants to be all the time talking love for; I don't believe in it, and am sick of it."

"Nobody can help being in love with you, Patience; at least I can't," whispered David, fervently.

"Well then, I'm sorry for it; that's all I have to say."

"I don't see what ails you, Patience. I always—" began poor David, but she cut him short.

"Ails me? Goodness! nothing ails me but sickness to see the fellers make fools of themselves."

"Well, I never thought this of you, Patience! I always thought you the sweetest-tempered girl in the town. I'd no idea you could be so—" he stopped in good time, and Patience finished the sentence.

"'Cross,' you want to say, and darn't. You have been mistaken in me, David. I've got an awful temper. I was bad enough to begin with, and I've been ten years studying with Mrs. Grant. Goodness, David, I'm enough to scare you out of your seven senses!"

Her little man did not see the mischief in the girl's eyes, and he looked at her aghast, inwardly thinking it was just as well to drop the subject.

At length the company collected around the great fireplace, with its raddy blaze roaring up the huge chimney, and nuts and apples were discussed to the measure of ballad and song, and the recital of stories. Several songs were given with much zest, and there were frequent calls for one from Patience, but she was silent, declaring that she had lost her voice with a cold.

Meanwhile, Paul was assiduous in his attentions to Malinda Jones. He named her apple, he counted the seeds in the palm of her hand, and in every way acted the part of a subjugated swain. Seeing this, Patience, who had rejected attentions with such asperity that even Seth Wyman was driven away, now felt her natural spirit revive, and she resolved to sing one song if it choked her. Paul sang the following, the company joining in the chorus.

SONG.

My lady, she is fair—
For that I love her well;
Rich jewels deck her hair,
Their worth I can not tell;
For, rich or fair,
I little care,
But that she loves *me* well;
But that she loves *me* well.

My lady has a smile
That parts two rubies bright,
And underneath the while
White pearls are brought to light;
For smiles so rare
I little care,
But that her love they tell,
But that her love they tell.

My lady's voice to hear
The birds stop on the spray,

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And angels might come near
To join their harps in play.
Beyond compare
For words I care
That say "I love thee well,"
That say "I love thee well!"

This little song produced a marked effect upon the company, and Malinda did not restrain her admiring gaze upon the singer, for Paul had a fine baritone voice, clear and manly, and sung with taste and expression.

All voices now called upon Patience, but she was all at once so deeply and confidentially talking with Seth Wyman that she did not seem to hear the call. When at length this pretext would no longer suffice, she replied, somewhat sharply,

"I have forgotten every song I ever learned in my life. I have a terrible cold, a very sore throat, a headache, and rheumatism, and can't think of singing."

This was received with shouts of laughter, and still more earnest entreaties for her to sing. Seeing resistance was vain, Patience began in a sort of recitative to sing a favorite string of rhymes often heard in the nursery of old New England families, most likely to have been a huntsman's call to his hounds. It runs thus:

Rusty, Dusty, Piber, Tell;
Doggy, Torum, Torby, Rell;
Oakum, Beachum, Storum, Borum,
Pocus, and Pig-hog;
Ginger, come Bulldog;
Sylvester, come Trimtram;
Turn about Jacknips, with a whim-wham.

These ridiculous words, sung with a grave face and musical voice, were received with vehement applause by the young men, and some covert sneering by the women. Paul laughed with the rest, but he looked her in the face and said, slowly,

"I think such a call, so given, would bring together hounds, as well as puppies."

Patience felt her anger rising, but she turned to the company and said,

"Yes, I will sing you a song: but all must join in the chorus," and she sung the following with a zest and spirit all her own.

SONG.

The lady came to the trysting-place,
Her fickle lover to see;
With a joyous heart, and a glowing face
She came to the mulberry tree.
Under the mulberry tree
Meet me.
I deny him, I defy him;
If he 's gone, farewell he.

Oh, she was proud as she was fair,
As woman of right should be;
She bore her lover a true heart there,
But it needs *true heart to see!*
Under the mulberry tree
Sang she,
I deny him, I defy him;
If he 's gone, farewell he.

She plucked a lily from the stream,
Its leaves were dyed with red;
She plucked a rose as white as cream,
It turned as if it bled.
Under the mulberry tree
Sang she,
I deny him, I defy him;
If he 's gone, farewell he.

The sun rose high, the sun sank low,
Each star her lamp hung bright,
As if they waited, long ago,
For lover through the night.
Under the mulberry tree
Sang she,
I deny him, I defy him;
If he 's gone, farewell he.

She turned her east, she turned her west,
Her eyes without a tear;
But there was, down upon her breast,
A drop of blood, red clear.
Under the mulberry tree
Sat she;
I deny him, I defy him;
If he 's gone, farewell he.

Aye, rattle your spurs, and shake the rein,
Hold high your knightly head;
But a true heart lost will never again
Beat quick at your coming tread.
Under the mulberry tree
Died she;
I deny him, I defy him;
If he 's gone, farewell he.

Paul turned pale as he listened, but he was rather angered than softened toward her, and he became a moody escort to the pretty, admiring Malinda Jones on her way home, but as it was in the neighborhood of Patience he could mark her manner without observation.

Patience folded her arms under her shawl as if unconscious of her admiring followers; sud-

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denly she turned sharply around and exclaimed, with a mocking laugh,

"Why! what a retinue! I didn't whistle!"

"Let any one that likes be called a puppy; I for one won't bear it!" cried poor little Jones, and he turned back.

"Well, I don't care what a handsome girl calls me," answered the bolder, Seth Wyman, and he offered his arm with rustic grace, to which Patience responded,

"Seth Wyman, you are a fool, and a——"

"Say it out, Patience; I accept the corn beforehand. You mean I'm a puppy."

"Such talk is very unbecoming; no, I do not want your arm. A woman ought to be as well able to walk alone as a man."

"Let me have a little plain talk, will you, Patience? Every body knows you like Paul, but that proud fellow doesn't care that for you," and he snapped his thumb and fingers together with a zest.

"Why, how wise you are, Seth! who would have ever thought you could see so far into a millstone," and she took his arm with a derisive laugh.

Poor Seth was quite beside himself with delight, and began to tell her that he already owned a pair of steers, did not owe any man a cent, and intended to buy Mr. Griffin's house just below the mills.

"Why, what is all that to me, Seth? Why do you tell me this? it's nothing to me!"

"But it's a great deal to both of us, when we begin the world for ourselves, Patience."

"Us? we? who is *us* and *we?* I don't understand."

"You do understand, Patience; and let me tell you you are fooling too much," and Seth reddened with vexation.

"Goodness gracious! How can I help it, Seth, if I'm short-witted?"

"You're the keenest-witted girl in the town, and you know it, Patience. You can fool any of us fellers, and you like to do it, and you know it."

"What a fright! what a monster! You'd better keep out of my way, at any rate, Seth," answered the girl.

"That's pretty well, too, when you know I've been after you ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper."

"After me, Seth Wyman? the more fool you! I'm in no hurry to make any man miserable."

"You don't mean it, Patience. You know you'll have me after you're tired bamboozling all the fellers."

"You don't mean it, Seth! It's kind in you. And all your plans are laid! What should I have Seth Wyman for?"

"For a husband, to be sure."

"Goodness! a husband is not among my wants," and she gave way to a merry fit of laughter.

"Oh Patience! you are cruel! I will provide for you, and protect you, and love you," and Seth spoke with a manly earnestness, but Patience answered,

"Seth, I can provide for myself, and protect myself, and love myself better than any body else can; so just put all nonsense out of your head."

They had by this time reached Deacon Grant's door, and, as they mounted the steps, Seth attempted to put a kiss upon her red lips, which was met by a by no means light slap across the face from the hand of Patience, who opened the door quickly and disappeared within, for this was not the time nor locality for night-locks, and the door was unfastened.

Patience mounted to her little room, but could not resist peeping out to see what became of her admirer. There he was, out in the moonlight, looking intently up at her chamber window. She was more annoyed than pleased at this, and putting her head out said, sharply,

"Seth, go home! and thank your stars that you're rid of me. The Deacon's wife has almost broke her arm trying to whip me into a good girl, but it's time lost."

"Oh Patience! you know better."

"I'm a real cross, disagreeable, hateful girl, Seth, and I should pity the man that had me for a wife."

"I'd like to be the man for all that," answered the youth.

Patience laughed merrily. "Don't cry for the man in the moon, Seth. It can't have it. Now, really and truly, Seth, I'm sorry you've made such a fool of yourself; but here is my final answer. Good night!" and she tossed him out a *mitten* and shut the window.

Poor Seth picked it up, mechanically, and seeing what it was, and knowing its import, he hurled the token violently at her window, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, went away whistling,

"Three-score and ten of us, poor old maids."

THOSE who aim at high intellectual achievements may be assured that no part of their time will be wasted in becoming familiar with the science of organization and life.—*Mill.*

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The Fair and the Offending Foot.

BY REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

THE foot has not so many uses as the hand, yet it is by no means the least important organ of the body. It is brought into very various and very constant service. Though the lowest of all the organs, nearest to the dust, hidden mostly from sight, and distorted more than any organ from its natural shape, it has still a very important part in the work and joy, alike of savage and of civilized man. It is the organ of movement and activity, and it rules the brain as well by its action as its anguish. More than one English statesman has been forced by gout to relinquish his high duties, and has been made as pitiable a victim as any galley slave. The literal "understanding" gives value and efficacy to the metaphorical understanding. "The head can not say to the feet, We have no need of you." On this "uncomely" part of the body, there is really an abundant honor. It is the *martyr* part of the body, suffering all the time in the good which it does, and the grace which it exhibits. Half of the slender feet which are lithe and tripping on the Broadway pavement are really agonizing in their rhythmic movement, and could hardly bring more torment to their owner, if they were burned in the fire. The luxury of a "walk" is dearly purchased in the tortures which it so often involves. Before you can tell the actual state and soul of the man, you must know his feet as well as his head. Achilles is not the only proud leader who has been brought low by a vulnerable heel.

A sound foot gives a sense of freedom to man or woman. It is the first emancipation from the infantile period, when the child stands and steps upon his own feet. His baby life then seems to vanish, and manhood to be distinctly prophesied. And when this foot becomes stronger, and the tottering, doubtful walk breaks into the confident run, what glee and glory in that excitement! There is no exhilaration so quickening, none which so many enjoy, as swift running of any kind. A horse-race will draw larger crowds than any oratory or preaching; Spurgeon or Beecher have more feeble attraction than Dexter or Flora Temple. The excitement in base-ball playing is more in the "runs" than in the catches, and the runs decide the victory. Do not the newspapers give as much space to their record of the triumphs of the feet as of the brain, in their elaborate reports of the matches of the ball clubs? It was so in the old Grecian days; and Paul was judicious in showing forth his delight in evangelical work by the metaphors of the race-course. Even swift walking, which lacks one element of the excitement of the chase in its measured movement, and its constraint, has honor in our time. Do not eminent and grave citizens, the solid men of New York, publish themselves as patrons of the "walkist," whose praise is that he has walked so many miles in an hour, or so many miles in a day? The wise preacher may be left to starve on a bare pittance, but the "walkist" has his purse of $1500 for a single day's exercise of his enduring feet.

In our time, so much of the running is done by mechanical substitutes, that the ancient praise of this motion has less meaning. The strange misapprehension of Dr. Watts, when he tells of the "beauteous feet" of those who "*stand*" on Zion's hill, has more justice for those who read sermons behind stiff pulpits. The Hebrew Prophet saw the messengers of glad tidings so beautiful, because their feet were *running* so *swiftly* upon the mountains of Judea. If they had stayed or stood only upon any summit, their feet would have been no fairer than the feet of a brazen idol. Now we have steam carriages and the swift lightning to do our running, and the study is to adjust our laziness to their speed. The height of delight is to recline like a Sybarite in a Pullman car, while it flies across the continent, "swift as an eagle cuts the air." These contrivances are bound on to the feet of this generation, as the wings upon the feet of the classic Mercury. We are coming to do our running by proxy and substitutes; though we have not yet reached the thought and custom of Oriental life, that *dancing* ought to be done vicariously. A Turk is amazed that one who can hire graceful women to do his dancing, while he smokes upon his divan, should go skipping and jumping himself in the heat of the ball-room. His dancing is a more comfortable pleasure, which he can enjoy in quiet, and with no sense of exhaustion. He finds his feet best placed when they are crossed under him and quite at rest.

The feet are not, however, confined to the natural uses of running and walking and danc-

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ing. In our civilised life they do excellent service in other ways. In public meetings they stamp applause more loudly than any polite *claque* or clapping; what American orator is not refreshed in his pauses as the trampling wave runs through the hall? The organist, accomplished in his art, plays as skillfully with his feet as with his fingers, and his double octave of pedals brings out the grand effects from the roaring pipes—his feet rule the storm like the feet of Neptune on the sea. The sewing machine has brought a new use for the feet into myriads of households, and the mother of a family can not keep her own feet still, if she prepares the garments of her offspring, however much she may try to hold their restless feet. The cheap music of the cabinet organ gets its wind through the steady motion of the foot, and reminds us of that famous heroine of nursery song, who could always have music by the "bells on her toes." Nay, have there not been shown as rare signs of human skill, pictures and writings made by the feet, so nice as to counterfeit the best works of the hands, and seeming to prove man quadrumanous, and so to vindicate Huxley's theory of his lineage? If the hands were fairly cut off and cast away, it is probable that the feet would be found very effective substitutes, adequate even to the nicest work.

Of course, with such uses as these, and others which might be named, it is of the first importance that the feet be sound and healthy and able to perform their work. There are native defects in them which must be borne as disgrace; but in general, the feet, left to themselves, have fewer maladies than other organs. The long-heeled negro must take that shape of his foot as a companion to his unfortunate color, and make the best of what he can not help. If large feet are the sign of plebeian blood, their hindrance to honor must be met by merit in other kinds. Not much is gained in attempting, by surgical or mechanical means, to give the foot more comeliness. The Chinese woman is at once helpless and hideous in her bandaged feet, and the American woman who imitates her suffers not much more wisely. An amputation of any part of the foot really spoils its lines of beauty as much as its power of service; a splay foot is better to the eye than one which has been carved and trimmed by the surgeon's knife. No foot is beautiful even encased in its slipper from which we would shrink in disgust if we saw it bared. No artist would dare to show his peasant child on the canvas with two or three toes, with the broad spread of the end of the foot sharpened to a point or squared to a line. If the number of toes is abnormal, six or more, as in the case of Goliah's son, the amputation of the superfluous members may be pardoned; but even here the freak of Nature may be allowed, as in the case of Dorking fowls, or of some races of cats.

The neglect or abuse of the foot is sure, in the end, to bring one to severe grief. Adonibesek, that Canaan warrior who cut off the great toes of seventy kings, had his own cut off in the end, and perished miserably. Corns, chilblains, gout, all the plagues of the feet, are caused by human folly. Fashion and appetite make mischief with this part of the body that no medicine can remedy. No woman with high-heeled shoes, pitching the body forward, can ever walk with the stately tread of the mother of the gods. What is called the Grecian Bend mocks the real Grecian *pose* of the body, and reverses the upright carriage of the maids of ancient Athens. If any thing could reconcile one to the trailing dresses, which sweep so ludicrously the dust of city streets, it is that they cover the outrage of feet pivoted and sloping from a central point, with the natural heel abolished, that they hide the hateful cause of the awkward and ungainly gait. The high heels of masculine boots are bad enough, but the high heel of the narrow slipper, taking away all due support from the foot, is simply vile, with no redeeming grace. It spoils the foot for all useful service and for all easy motion. When this nuisance of high heels is added to the nuisance of light shoes, then the offence of the foot is complete, and the sufferer is made to feel that it were better to be cut off, and that life is not desirable in such wretchedness. It is painful to think of the prolonged suicide that so many fair women, saints, as well as sinners, are now won to commit, in their patronage of fashionable shoe stores.

The healthiest and the handsomest foot is that which retains its natural shape, which has as free a play when it is encased in cloth or leather as when it touches the ground directly. The feet of the barefooted Carmelites are dirty enough, but they are pleasanter to the eye than the feet of Parisian exquisites, which are the creation not of the Lord, but of the boot-maker. The Pope might wash such natural feet with more self-respect and with less disgust. The American sect which keeps the Catholic custom fortunately is very far from French fashions in the way of its members. If the foot of St. Peter in the great Cathedral were shaped as the feet of many devotees who haunt that shrine, it is doubtful if it would be so worn away with

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kisses. The praise of the Grecian heroes that they were "swift of foot," will never be won by the heroes and heroines of the modern cities; such feet as theirs can have no freedom. The Arab who wears his loose slipper, the Indian with his moccasin, are the heirs of this renown of swiftness, with a sole and a heel which rest upon the ground, leaving to the end of the foot its natural liberty, and keeping all the natural curve and spring. It was never meant by the Creator that the feet of man should be supported on the toes like the feet of the lower animals. The whole foot resting on the ground enables man to keep his uprightness, and to have a lofty look upon the heaven, as the classic poet sings. The dignity of manhood is vindicated by this natural place of the foot. The savage may be cunning and treacherous, yet he bears his body in the manly way.

In Kansas there have recently been discovered some wonderful tracks of human feet, which seem to have been made ages ago, if indeed they are not relics, as some think them, of a primeval and prehistoric man. An examination of these tracks in stone, indicates that they are sculptures and not genuine impressions of human feet in the clay, for they vary from the impressions which such feet would make. One is wider and one is narrower than the mark of an average human foot. But the average foot of the respectable citizen of New York or Boston, would make a mark much less resembling the primitive tracks of Adam and his sons. The foot-prints in the mosque of Mount Olivet, and in the Church of "*Domine quo vadis*," much as they have been ridiculed, are more worthy of the Christ whose name they bear, than the priestly foot-prints of most of the fathers in Christendom, who have been waiting in the Vatican in these last months. It is to be hoped that the prints of the fashionable feet of the nineteenth century may be washed away speedily from the sands of time, and leave no form to be judged by the geologists of the future ages. What strange animal these may show, if they are exhumed after another secular convulsion of the earth! The sole and heel of a Broadway belle or dandy will be a greater puzzle to the *savants* of that time, than any Calaveras skull in the learned assemblies of to-day. The "boot tracks" will be more mysterious than bird tracks.

How shall we have healthy feet? This is the practical question, and one which may be easily answered. The rules which we give here will be less doubted than some which have been given in previous essays.

1. *Keep the feet clean.* Wash them often. That they are usually covered from the dust, does not prevent dust from fastening itself to them. The perspiration which comes out so freely catches uncleanliness, even under the most closely woven stocking and the most nicely fitting shoe. There is no part of the body more liable to become fouled with offensive matter. That the dirt on the feet is hidden from sight does not take away its real disgrace. Any man loses his self-respect when he knows that his feet are foul, though his hands and head may be clean. It is a misfortune that the means of washing the feet are so often wanting, even in costly houses. No chamber is properly furnished which does not meet this need, and has not its foot-bath as well as its basin. It is even more important in hotels, where a bath for the feet is a comfort to the traveler, dusty and foot-worn in his journeyings. Yet not one chamber in fifty in the most sumptuous hotels has any convenience for washing the feet. The churches are not yet likely to return to the style of the first disciples and wash one another's feet; and in default of that fraternal office, every one must do this for himself. It is tribulation to a stout man, who sees his feet by an effort and reaches them with difficulty, but he must meet it faithfully.

2. *Keep the feet warm.* Cold feet are not only intolerable, but they imperil health and life. Some temperaments are more exposed than others, but all may suffer, if proper precautions are not used. In winter or in summer, the feet ought to be as warm as any part of the body. "The head cool and the feet warm," is a maxim which can not be too often repeated. Thin shoes in winter are a snare to the feet as fatal as any allurement of the dram-shop or gaming house; and many a young woman, who sighs over the follies of her profligate brother, is going as surely as he to physical destruction by unclad feet. No matter how the foot may be enlarged by its coverings, it should always have enough to keep it warm. The kind of covering may vary with the taste of the wearer, but it should be always adequate and ample. An Arab guide, paddling through damp snow on the hills around Jerusalem, provokes by his uneasiness unseemly mirth from the pilgrims whom he guides. His morocco slippers unfit him for such a service. Equally ludicrous are the sandals of our American women worn in the streets when the mercury is at zero. Keep the feet warm, so warm that they need not to be "thawed out." The vice of sleigh-riding, which more than balances its rapture, is in the cold feet which it is nearly certain to give.

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3. And with this goes the advice to *keep the feet dry*. Washed feet are well cared for, but wet feet are abused, if they are allowed to stay wet. Those who have to work in water need dry feet as much as those who work on the land. The best praise of a boot is not that it is symmetrical, but that it is "water-proof," that one can walk with it dry shod on wet pavement or in the rain. And when the feet get wet by accident, they should be dried as soon as possible. No one should sit in the house a moment with wet stockings clinging to the skin, sending dampness and chill all through the frame.

4. *Use the feet*, if you wish to keep them sound. Let them have plenty of exercise in walking or in working—and exercise which keeps all their parts in play. Lazy feet will be diseased after a time. The feet of a king who does nothing but set upon his throne, or of a Sybarite who reclines continually, will lose their strength after a time, even if the habit of the man is temperate. The dirty foot that runs a great deal is safer than the clean foot that rests always upon its cushion.

5. But it is equally important to *restrain the feet from overwork*, or *from too much work of a mechanical kind*. Feet which turn a crank, all day long, of a lathe, or a sewing machine, are very liable to take on disease. The disease may perhaps affect more dangerously the related parts of the body, the knees, or the lower organs of digestion, but it comes through the feet. Work done with the feet ought to be intermittent, and to have its frequent intervals of rest. The meanest work which the feet have been put to in our time is in driving the velocipede, that most worthless of all fantastic inventions. Any kind of *treading work*, whether grapes in the vat, or the machine in the chamber, should be wisely moderated.

6. And we should repeat here what has already been suggested, that the feet may *be left as free as possible and allowed to keep their natural shape*. Avoid tight boots, tight in any direction, whether at the ends or in the centre. Let the whole foot have easy movement, and not be pressed by its bonds. Eschew all kinds of compression of this organ, no matter what the fashion may demand. Do not try to make the foot smaller than nature has made it, or to get by artificial means an aristocratic foot Humor the native instinct of the organ.

7. Still another advice is, "*If you would have sound feet, be temperate, be sober.*" Do not tarry long over the wine. Do not fill the blood with spices and stimulants. Avoid heating food and drink. Gout is not less distressing and dangerous that it is the malady of princes and rulers, and is so eminently respectable. King Asa's fate should be a warning to high livers. The most skillful physician can not save a man who has gout fastened in his feet.

More we might add, and might caution the unwary against the patent corn extractors, which draw more money from the pocket than they draw corns from the feet. Prevention in this matter is better than abortive attempts at cure. We might discuss, too, that vexed question of rubber shoes, which some prize, while others abominate. But these words are sufficient to hint the part of wisdom. A right mind will be more probable, when the "understanding" is sound.

Growth and Development.—VII.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE OXFORD GYMNASIUM.

INTERESTING MEASUREMENTS OF SOLDIERS DURING PHYSICAL CULTURE.

MANY years ago I instituted a series of measurements, by which I could ascertain the state of the development of all pupils at the commencement of their instruction, and these measurements being repeated at given intervals, I could know the rate of their advancement. The revelations made by this system of periodic measurements have been such as to sustain me in devoting my energies to the completion and extension of this system of exercise. I find that to all, child or adult, weak or strong, it gives an impetus, a momentum in the development of his resources, which nothing else can give; and which nothing can take away, because it is not a thing acquired, a mere mental or physical addition—it is the man altered, the man improved, the man brought nearer to the state he was designed to hold by the nature of

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his organization. And I think I can not do better than to give the instance of those soldiers who first received a course of training on this system.

The first detachment of non-commissioned officers, twelve in number, sent to me to qualify as Instructors for the Army, were selected from all branches of the service. They ranged between nineteen and twenty-nine years of age, between five feet five inches and six feet in hight, between nine stone two pounds and twelve stone six pounds in weight, and had seen from two to twelve years service. I confess I felt greatly discomfited at the appearance of this detachment, so different in every physical attribute; I perceived the difficulty, the very great difficulty, of working them in the same squad at the same exercises; and the unfitness of some of them for a duty so special as the instruction of beginners in a new system of bodily exercise—a system in which I have found it necessary to lay down as an absolute rule, that every exercise in every lesson shall be executed in its perfect form by the instructor, previous to the attempt of the learner; knowing from experience how important is example in the acquisition of all physical movements, and how widely the exercises might miss of their object if unworthily represented by an inferior instructor. But I also saw that the detachment presented perhaps as fair a sample of the Army as it was possible to obtain in the same number of men, and that if I closely observed the results of the system upon these men, the weak and the strong, the short and the tall, the robust and the delicate, I should be furnished with a fair idea of what would be the results of the system upon the Army at large. I therefore received the detachment just as it stood, and following my method of periodic measurements, I carefully ascertained and registered the developments of each at the commencement of his course of instruction, and at certain intervals throughout its progress.

The muscular additions to the arms and shoulders and the expansion of the chest were so great as to have absolutely a ludicrous and embarrassing result, for before the fourth month several of the men could not get into their uniforms, jackets and tunics, without assistance, and when they had got them on they could not get them to meet down the middle by a hand's breadth. In a month more they could not get into them at all, and new clothing had to be procured, pending the arrival of which the men had to go to and from the gymnasium in their great coats. One of these men had gained five inches in actual girth of chest. Now, who shall tell the value of these five inches of chest, five inches of additional space for the heart and lungs to work in? There is no computing its value, no power of computing it at all; and before such an addition as this could be made to this part of the body, the whole frame must have received a proportionate gain. For the exercises of the system are addressed to the whole body, and to the whole body equally, and before this addition could be made to the chest every spot and point of the frame must have been improved also—every organ within the body must have been proportionately strengthened.

But I tried another method of recording the results of the exercises. I had these men photographed naked to the waist shortly after the beginning of the course and again at its close; and the change in all, even in these small portraits, is very distinct, and most notably so in the youngest, a youth of nineteen, and as I had anticipated in him, not merely in the acquisition of muscle, but in a re-adjustment and expansion of the osseous framework upon which the muscles are distributed.

But there was one change—the greatest of all—and to which all other changes are but means to an end, are but evidences more or less distinct that this end has been accomplished, a change which I could not record, which can never be recorded, but which was to me, and to all who had ever seen the men, most impressively evident; and that was the change in bodily activity, dexterity, presence of mind, and endurance of fatigue; a change a hundredfold more impressive than any thing the tape-measure or the weighing-chair can ever reveal.

Up to this point I have spoken but of the beneficial results of exercise as affecting the man, without special reference to his professional duties as a soldier; and I have done so purposely, because it is thus far that systematized exercise is valuable to all alike, and also because it will in a moment be seen that the power of the man and the serviceability of the soldier are inseparable conditions. Our embodied idea of energy, activity, and strength, is the soldier, these qualities trained to, made subservient to the exigencies of his profession; and these qualities are the inevitable results, the incontrovertible results of that system of bodily training which I advocate, because the system itself is based upon, and all its directions are in accordance with the natural laws which govern the growth and development of the human body. Endow a man with these qualities, therefore, and you endow him with the power of over-

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coming all difficulties against which such qualities can be brought to bear, against all difficulties requiring strength, activity, energy, dexterity, presence of mind, tenacity, and endurance. You can not limit a high qualification to a single use any more than you can limit the purpose to which a good coin may be applied; it will fetch its value any where and in any thing. And so will strong muscles and sound lungs—in garrison, in camp, or on campaign, on the march, in the field, in the transport, in the hospital, on any service, in any climate.

The same qualities which are so valuable to the soldier are no less valuable to the youths who are about to enter on the campaign of intellectual life. It matters little whether the fight is to be fought out in the plains of India, or in the green lanes of a country parish in England. I shall never forget the reply of a soldier to a question of mine, when inspecting the first squad of men who had passed through a brief course of training at the gymnasium at Warley Barracks. I asked him if he felt any stronger for his practice? "I feel twice the man I did, sir," was his reply; on my further asking him what he meant by that—"I feel twice the man I did for any thing a man can be set to do."

It was just that. The man was stronger, therefore he was not more able for this thing or that thing only, but for "any thing which a man could be set to do."

The first attempt in modern times at a system of bodily training differed as widely as it is possible to conceive from that of the ancients. The ancient system as we have seen, was adopted solely to give strength to the already strong, and dexterity to the already active, but made no provision for, advanced no aid to the feeble, or the inactive, or ailing. It must have been the strong conviction of this shortcoming that warped the judgment and overheated the imagination of Ling, the enthusiast Swede, when he gave the freewill-offering of a laborious life to the preparation of a system of bodily exercise in its main characteristics suitable to invalids only.

With the perseverance peculiar to the possessor of a new idea or of an unique and all-absorbing subject of study, a quality which often outstrips genius in the career of usefulness, he labored unwearied and unrelaxing, elaborating and exemplifying the principles of his Free Exercises. Accepting that exercise is the direct source of bodily strength and that exercise consists of muscular movement, he therefore conceived that movement—mere motions, if they could be so systematized that they could be made to embrace the whole muscular system, would be sufficient for the development of the whole bodily powers. Carrying out this principle still further, and extending its operation to those who from physical weakness were incapable of executing these movements of themselves, he argued that *passive* exercise might be obtained; that is, exercise by the assistance of a second person or operator, skillfully manipulating, or moving in the natural manner of its voluntary muscular action, the limb or part of the body to which it is desired the exercise should be administered.

That this last application of his theory is sound, and most valuable for the cure and amelioration of many species of ailment and infirmity, I have had the most abundant evidence supplied by my own experience. That the first is altogether erroneous has been no less fully made plain to me. The error is so deep-seated and so all-pervading, that it lies in a misconception not only of what exercise is, but of the necessity of administering it with a reference to the condition of the individual, on the plain and accepted principle which governs the administration of every other agent of health. And to argue that a given mode of exercise is fit for the healthy and strong, because it is found to be beneficial to the ailing and the delicate, is to argue against all rule and precedent.

But the system of Ling, incomplete, inadequate as it was, possessed *one* of the essentials of exercise; and therefore, as soon as it was instituted, good sprang from it, and good report was heard of it; and after much disheartening delay, and many rude official rebuffs, Ling saw it accepted by his country. And this must be viewed as the first attempt to bring a knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body to bear upon its culture, the first attempt to lift such culture above the mere "do them good" of other men.

The echo of this good report was heard in Germany; and Prussia, eager to avail herself of every agent which could strengthen her army, adopted it, with some additions and limitations, to form a part of the training of her recruits. But, going even beyond Ling, the supporters of the Prussian system maintain that a *few* carefully selected movements and positions alone are sufficient for the development of the human frame, and, "simplicity" being the object chiefly held in view, this system aims merely at giving a few exercises, these to be executed "with great precision."

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The Mellow Morn.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

THE broad summer sunbeam fills nature with joy;
To the stars I bend often the knee;
But naught speaks more tender and true to my heart
Than the soft mellow morn on the sea.
For on that sweet image are feelings impressed,
How sacred and precious to me!
Oh no, naught in nature speaks more to my heart
Than the soft, mellow morn on the sea.

How oft have I sat, summer eves, on the shore,
With the surf-stars all gleaming in glee;
And whispered low words with but one who could list,
With the soft, mellow morn on the sea.
Oh, youth's golden effluence gladdened me then,
All sorrows but touched me to flee;
And, save her I loved, there was naught more divine
Than the soft, mellow morn on the sea.

Though now all the heart's hallowed pleasures are locked,
And the jailer, dull Care, holds the key;
Fond memory pictures, save her, naught so sweet
As the soft, mellow morn on the sea.
Oh, the spring brings the bird to the blossom again,
And its rich leafy robe to the tree;
But naught brings my youth, and its feelings so fresh,
As the soft, mellow morn on the sea.

Give us Strength.

FATHER, when the soul is struggling
Mid the surging seas of life,
And the heart lies crushed and bleeding,
Weary of this fearful strife—
Then, oh give each struggling spirit
Strength to breast the fearful tide,
Strength to mount the surging billows
That arise on every side.

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The Uses of Feeling.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

FEELINGS are the proper inspirations of the judgment in all moral and social truth. They are the normal excitants of action. They are interpreters of truth through the understanding. We know the truth if we have the right feelings behind the judgment. This is directly contrary to the popular philosophical impression; for men speak of being *blinded by their feelings*. They *are* blinded by them; but they are enlightened by them, too. It is said of a man that he could not form a right judgment, because his feelings were in the way. He certainly could not form a right judgment if he had no feelings. And I affirm, in respect to the far larger and transcendently more important sphere of truths, not only that the feelings are not in the way of forming a right judgment, but that you can not form any valid judgment without them. They are the very womb of truth out of which come true judgments. Abstract truths, purely material truths, truths of matter simply, are to be judged by intellection; but truths of being, moral truths, truths of love and conscience and fidelity and purity, truths of art and literature, and, above all, truths of religion, are to be known only through the intellect magnetized by the feelings. The heart has nothing to do with belief in astronomy, or chemistry, or geology, or mineralogy; but where it is a question of right and wrong, the heart has every thing to do with it. You would not, in the settlement of a nice question of benevolence, appeal to an old hunks who never had any feeling except that of selfishness in all his life; because you would know that he could not understand any thing about such questions. You would not go to a man who was as blind as a mole for instruction in matters of taste and beauty. You would refer the adjudication of truths of art to persons who had some conception of those truths.

Feeling is designed to furnish the motive force by which men act. It is that which tends to produce industry, economy, enterprise, and frugality. It is that which stimulates men to build themselves up in reputation, influence, and position. It is the great active force in society.

We often inveigh against the passions and appetites; but they are God's fundamental forces in this world. You might as well take the spring out of a watch, as the appetites and passions out of a man. All society would collapse and be worthless without them. Regulation, not annihilation, is what the passions and appetites want. We are not to argue against fundamental uses on account of incidental abuses. All the great enterprises of human life receive their activities from what may be called *the basilar forces*. Feeling has its function from the bottom to the very top of the scale—namely, the inspiration of the understanding to know the truth, and the exciting of persons to act in accordance with their knowledge of the truth.

If, then, feeling is a motive-power in the direction of thought and action, it should seek its fulfillment in these directions. All the feeling that you can utilize and cause to work intellectually or practically, is legitimately employed. All the surplus is either an evil, or is useless. The law of feeling is strictly a law of use. Feeling without any thing to do, so far from being a thing to be sought, is a thing to be avoided. It is like more food than the body can digest, or more stimulus than the nerves need. It is intoxication. It is self-indulgence. There is many a man that would not indulge in an excess of food or drink, who is for ever seeking to generate feeling. Men often want feeling, not because they have any thing for it to do, but because they want the pleasurable excitement which it affords. Feeling should make you a worker, an accomplisher, in the sphere of life where you are, and should make you think wisely and well, and act industriously and well. Feeling that does these things is useful, and feeling that does not do these things is not useful.

Feeling, without any other use than the production of pleasure, is a positive injury. It wears out the susceptibility of men in an unnatural way. Fear, for instance, existing as a pure feeling, is not only a torment, but a poison. There is nothing that goads the fiber so, there is nothing that so deteriorates physical quality and health itself, as pure unembodied fear. But when that same element, instead of existing as a pure emotion, is applied to business, the effect is very different. Then it wakes a man early and warns him of danger. It makes him cautious here and intense there. It stirs him up here and draws him back there. It makes him enterprising, sharp, effective; and

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leads him to work to-day for to-morrow, or this year for next year; and fills the mind with wholesomeness, and has no pain. Fear, as an embodied, working force, is not only painless, but eminently beneficial; while unembodied, understanding as a simple quality, it is a torment and a poison.

And that which is true of fear is true of imagination, of love, of conscience, and all the other feelings. Where they exist under circumstances in which they are required to take hold and do something, they are normal and wholesome; but where they exist as mere feelings, they are not beneficial.

There is one function of feeling which ought not to be forgotten. I mean that of *refreshment*. It has a certain office like that of sleep, which is to wipe away, as it were, the effect of work. It may be said in some sense to recreate the mind. Hence our word *recreation*. It rests men. Here is the foundation of what we call *amusements*. Intervals of mere social pleasure have no practical end but that of resting men who are overworked. A man, therefore, who is a grave, earnest, sober man, ought to be jolly. But folks who have nothing in the world to do, are in no need of pleasure. And yet, in real life, this is reversed. People who do not need pleasure are all the time mongering after it; and those who do need it are prejudiced against it, or are situated so that they can not take it. It is nevertheless true that men who bear the burdens of life, and feel the awful responsibilities which devolve upon them, are the persons who ought to be recreated by intervals of pure emotion.

Where feeling exists in this pure, unembodied form, it tends to flood the mind with a kind of self-indulgence or emotive selfishness. Here is the key to the mischiefs which come from theatric representations and fictions, neither of which are in themselves sinful, and neither of which need to be injurious, but which are sinful and injurious simply because men do not understand the law of feeling.

A strong and complex feeling, that, being excited, remains a feeling, and does not convert itself into an action or a judgment, and does not take hold on practical results, nor upon the judgment in any such way as to open the mind to new spheres of truth, acts back upon the mind in an exhausting manner.

What is a fiction? A truth clothed with imaginary circumstances. And if fiction serves to convey to men truth that they did not understand before; if it inspires them to thought, to diligence, to development, to self-culture, and to a higher life, it not only is not injurious, but is beneficial. But if out of it grow no thoughts, no purposes, and no conduct; if, when one has been under its influence, he feels that he is more than ever cut off from practical life; if he finds himself less and less willing to think, to bear, to labor, and to deny himself, then he has been under the drunken influence of mere feeling. For feeling is intoxication when it exists in high measure. As spirituous liquors produce their effects by producing feeling which has no outlet in thought or conduct, so mere moral spirits do the same thing. There is a great deal of drunkenness produced by stimulating preaching, which does not inspire a man to think any thing or do any thing, but which burns and burns and burns, and makes a man happier and happier, and not better. A man that is happier and not better is worse.

Universal experience has shown that feeling for its highest ends, should be converted into action or knowledge. Take, for example, that consummate intellectual and emotive state which we call *taste*. Let a man be inspired with that state in such a way that he has a perception of the finer qualities which exist in beauty, and how does it grow! But let one have the feeling of taste inspired purely and merely as a feeling, and after a little time it will require a great deal more powerful stimulus to develop it, and then a still more powerful stimulus; and at last it will become a fickle thing, irregular and uncontrollable. If, when one is inspired with a sense of the fitness of things, with an appreciation of glorious harmonies and contrasts, it takes on a practical form, and appears in ribbon, in necklace, in the whole dress, in matching and sorting, then it will be constant and remunerating. It does not require a mansion to develop taste in. A tent, a hut, a hovel, and one or two things brought in and arranged, are sufficient to mark the operation of this feeling. The moment it begins to act in a person, it begins to develop. And the more it acts, the less will it exist as a mere feeling. What becomes of it? It transmutes itself into a factual state. It identifies itself with the process of volition, and runs out through all the thoughts and unconscious states, till one is fully imbued with it, and does things that are beautiful, not because he has the feeling, "This is beautiful, and I will do it," but because the feeling is converted into an automatic and practical condition, so that he does things that are beautiful without thinking of it.

Take the feeling of courage. We say of a man, "He is thoroughly courageous." What do we

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mean by that? What do you think of when you say that a man is courageous? Do you think of a man that, being all the time full of daring, is for ever manifesting it? No. On the contrary, you know that a man who is courageous is much of the time very quiet. Does he feel courage while he is walking down the street? Probably not once a week. He is full of it, but it does not mount up in any state of feeling. What is it doing? It is bedded in him. It is incorporated in every part of his being. The moment the need of it comes, there it is all organized and pulsating; but until that time it is diffused throughout the man as a latent power, which, like powder, only needs to be touched, to flame out with tremendous force.

How is it with conscience? A man that does not use his conscience often has terrible paroxysms of it; but a man who uses it all the time never comes in to what is called *a state of conscience*. It comes on him as dew on flowers, and falls on him gently as rain on the ground. He is full of conscience, but it is not concentrated at any single point. It is distributed through the brain, and nerves, and muscles, and skin. It is in every part of him. It pervades his life. It does not, therefore, rise up into a freshet.

Take the sentiment of love. It has a stronger tendency to act in its separate emotive condition than any other feeling. And yet see how it conforms itself to the practical law. How long do two lovers carry the very ecstacy of love? Well, it may exist, with great economy, for a short time, as a mere emotion. And here I desire to give some important instruction, in which lies the happiness of men and women in the marriage relation. If you give yourselves up to the influence of the feeling of love merely, you will have a real intoxication for a short time, and that will be the end of it. You must understand that feeling, to last long, must develop itself in the line of conduct. While you may not disdain the hilarity of disclosive feeling, you must understand that it can not be long-lived unless it enters into the judgment and fancy, and fills the whole moral being, the whole life, and works for the object loved in a thousand ways. Then it is immortal. It is the very blood of your life. You can not weed nor rub it out. Mere emotion is transient; but emotion embodied and formed into habit you can not destroy. God has emotion, doubtless; but all the waves of the sea, all the pulsations of the air, all the throbs of the sunlight, all the circuits of natural law, and all the endless processions and bounties of the seasons, are but so many veins in which the love of God is injected, and is working itself out. And all the processes of matter in time are so many symbols, signs and expressions of emotions that exist, not as emotions, but as forces that are producing certain results. And so it should be in us. A feeling should not exist in us as a feeling merely, but should work; and we should give it so much to do that it can not remain a feeling.

Transfusion of Blood.

BY E. P. EVANS.

IT is a question how far the ancients understood the true function of the blood in vitalizing the animal economy. That they supposed it to sustain a very important relation to life, is evident from many passages in their writings, and, indeed, this intimate connection would be naturally suggested by the inevitableness and rapidity with which continued hemorrhage is followed by death. Homer describes his heroes as breathing out their souls with their blood, as though the former resided in the latter. In all sacrifices, too, the blood and the life are equivalent terms; and the Hebrews were forbidden to use the blood as an article of food, because, as we are told in Leviticus, "the life of the flesh is in the blood." So sacred and mysterious was this evanescent life, that it was not lawful to consume even the visible vehicle of it. The nearest approach to a correct statement of the problem is given, not by the medical and scientific men of antiquity, but by the poets. In the light of modern physiological discoveries, it is curious enough to read in the seventh book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, how Medea, who was well skilled in the manifold and occult virtues

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of plants, made a marvellous decoction composed of Thessalian herbs, flesh and wings of an owl, head of a stag, head and beak of a crow nine centuries old, and a thousand other indescribable ingredients, and by injecting this witch-broth into the veins of the aged Aeson rejuvenated him, so that his hair and beard turned black again, his wrinkles vanished, his pallor was changed to ruddiness, and "the lean and slipper'd pantaloon" was reëndowed with a sudden *embonpoint*, the "shrunk shank" swelling with surprising vigor to the full measure of his "youthful hose." But still more striking is what she says in the next fable to the daughters of Pelias, who desire to try the same experiment on their venerable father: "Why, foolish girls, do you lack courage to perform this good office? What keeps you in suspense? Take your knives and draw the old blood out of the veins of your father, in order that I may fill them again with young blood and reanimate him with fresh ardor. Drive away with your knives his old age and the corrupt humors of his body, so that I may substitute new forces for them." Of course, we do not for a moment affirm that the Latin poet had any knowledge whatever of the transfusion of blood, as understood and practiced at the present day; yet it is strange to see how near he comes to scientific truth in these apparently whimsical freaks of the imagination. In a series of "Discourses on the Metamorphoses of Ovid," printed in Paris in 1622, the critic, after admitting as a thing not incredible, that Medea, who was as learned in medicine as in demonology (*aussi scavante en la medecine qu'en la science des demons*), may have prolonged the days of her father-in-law by these extraordinary pharmaceutical preparations, adds that it is carrying the joke too far, to claim that new life could be infused into an old body (*mais la fable va trop loing, luy faisant remettre la vie dans les membres morts d'un viel corps*); yet, to us, this is the most reasonable and suggestive part of the whole performance, and corresponds most closely to the results of the latest scientific discoveries. The hell-broth which Medea concocted we have little respect for; her incantations over the caldron, in which the horrid mixture is seething and bubbling, excite only disgust; but when she slits one of the old man's veins for the purpose of injecting new strength and heat into his chilled and sluggish blood, we feel that we are no longer in the presence of a charlatan, but have solid ground under our feet, and seem to be transported suddenly across countless centuries from mythical Iolcos to a Parisian medical school of 1870.

In the present article we purpose to give a summary of the most recent researches on this subject, and the conclusions which have been arrived at, as set forth by a distinguished French authority.* It was supposed by Hippocrates, Galen, and all the ancient physicians, that the blood was constantly formed and renewed in the liver, and that the office of the heart was to propel it to the extremities and surface of the body through the veins as well as through the arteries. Harvey first proved that it circulates, "moving in the same circle, just as the planets move through space, always describing the same orbits." The idea of the transfusion of blood grew logically out of Harvey's discovery; for if the blood circulates, the quickest way of introducing into the physical system any desirable elements of health or renovation, would be to drop them directly into the circulation. Thus Fabricius, a physician of Dantzig, infused purgative salts into the veins; Fracassati, the distinguished professor of anatomy at Pisa, injected aquafortis, spirits of vitriol, and various acids; and although the art of healing may not have been immediately furthered by these experiments, a new method of studying the effect of poisons was indicated by them and a new epoch in toxicology began. The process of transfusion was useful also to the anatomist. In the sixteenth century, Andrew Vesalius had braved the hatred of bigots and the terrors of the Inquisition, in creating the science of human anatomy; after the publication of Harvey's labors, special attention was given to the study of the veins and arteries, and by the injection of colored substances the minute ramification and distribution of the vessels became clearly visible. The Dutchman, Ruysch, particularly excelled in these wonderful anatomical preparations, the secret of which is now lost. In the country of Rubens and Rembrandt the art of harmonizing colors did not aim solely at making "the human face divine" live upon the canvas; the anatomist of Leyden, says Lemattre, understood so well the secret of injections, that by coloring the interior of the tissues, he imparted an appearance of life to inanimate bodies. Toward the end of his career he published, at Amsterdam, a book in which he celebrates the wonders of the anatomical museum of his native city; and, like an artist enraptured with the perfection of his work, he exclaims on the very first page, "I have there little children that have

La Transfusion du Sang et la vie des Elemens de l'Organisme par Gustave Lemattre. To this essay we are indebted for most of the facts and experiments here presented.

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been embalmed for twenty years; they are so fresh and so rosy, that they do not look like corpses, but seem to be asleep."

The ancient doctrine that the life resided in the blood, taken in connection with the discovery of its circulation, led to some curious theories. It was proposed, for example, not only to inject the blood of the young and the healthy into the veins of the old and the sick, but also to change the temper and disposition of men by the same means, transforming the phlegmatic temperament into the sanguine, the coward into a hero, and the choleric person into an embodiment of patience and gentleness; in like manner, it was thought that wild and ferocious animals might be made instantaneously tame and docile. But the disciples of the Old School denounced these practices as a worthy pastime for hangmen and cannibals; besides they ran counter to all traditions, and tended to shake the very foundations of ancient medicine. The adherents of Galen and Descartes showed the serious inconveniences that might arise from an antagonism of the animal spirits, which, according to the Cartesian philosophy, inhere in the life like the mobile particles of a flickering flame. Thus it was said that transfusion would bring the spirits of different animals into conflict and produce fermentation and fever. The phlebotomists, too, insisted that only fatal effects could result from oppressing the patient by the introduction of blood instead of relieving him of it, according to the prescription of the learned and eccentric Gui Patin, professor in the College of France and patriarch of blood-letters. We cite these opinions as illustrations of the foolish positions into which even wise men are forced, when they attempt to decide questions of empirical science by purely metaphysical methods. In such cases the French saying is too apt to be verified, "*et le raisonnement en bannit la raison.*" The only conclusive answer to argumentation of this kind is that given by the chief of the Cynics to the founder of the Stoics: Zeno maintained that all things are fixed and that there is no such thing as motion; Diogenes said nothing in reply, but stood up and walked. Acting in the same spirit, Dr. Denis experimented while his adversaries theorized. In a letter addressed in 1667 to the King's counsellor, M. de Montmor, and cited by M. Lemattre, he relates some of his experiments. The first case was that of a young man about fifteen or sixteen years of age. This youth had suffered from a violent and obstinate attack of fever, and, like the woman in the Bible, had also suffered many things of his physicians, having been bled by them twenty times. In consequence of this treatment he had become so sluggish and drowsy as to be utterly stupid. Eight ounces of blood were drawn from him, and immediately, through the same opening, a quantity of arterial blood from the carotid of a lamb was injected. About 10 o'clock the patient rose, dined heartily, and fell asleep again at 4 in the afternoon. The result was perfectly successful, the only inconvenience felt being a slight bleeding at the nose soon after the operation. The second experiment was made on a porter of vigorous constitution, and about forty-five years of age. Ten ounces of blood were taken from him and the same quantity of lamb's blood substituted for it. A few hours later he engaged in his usual occupation of carrying heavy burdens, and said that he never felt stronger in his life. He was so delighted with the happy effects of the "new invention," that he came to Dr. Denis the next morning and desired to have the operation repeated. During this time, and even several years before, similar experiments had been made on the lower animals by Lower, in England. This was done also by Denis, who, in one instance, passed the same blood successively through the circulatory system of three different dogs, which, according to the prevailing ideas of that age, would be, as Lemattre suggests, a relixation of the famous Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Unfortunately Denis became involved in a lively controversy on the subject, and philosophical discussion acquired again an undue ascendency over experimentation. The *Journal des Savans* of that period, contains most of these polemical documents, which are well worth the attention of those who are interested in studying the aberrations and strange fantasies into which even so-called scientific minds may fall. Very remarkable is an objection offered by a certain M. Lamy, Master of Arts of the University of Paris. Since the blood of a calf, he says, or any other cornuted animal, is composed of materials suited to nourish all parts of the body, if this blood is injected into the veins of a man, what becomes of those particles which were destined by nature to produce horns? In *eating* veal or any other flesh this difficulty is avoided, because the elements not adapted to the support of man are changed or eliminated by digestion. M. Lamy also expresses a fear lest the transfused blood of a calf should impart to man "the stupidity and the brutal inclinations of that animal." Denis asserts, on the contrary, that transfusion is only a shorter and quicker means

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of nutrition, and is suggested by the manner in which the fœtus is fed before birth by umbilical transfusion; he also affirmed that the blood of the lower animals is better for men than that of men themselves, for the reason that in men, who are excited by passions and irregular in their habits of life, the blood is less pure than in beasts, which are not subject to such disarrangements. The blood of beasts is never disordered, whereas, that of the healthiest man is always more or less corrupt; as an infant he drinks in hereditary corruption with his mother's milk.

Thus the controversy was carried on with statements and counter statements, often equally absurd, until an unfortunate circumstance gave the victory to the anti-transfusionists. One of Dr. Denis's patients went crazy soon after undergoing the operation of transfusion. This accident put a powerful weapon into the hands of his enemies, especially with the multitude whose intellects could not rise above the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Upon the instigation of the Medical Faculty, and in accordance with a decision of the Parliament of Paris, the practice was forbidden by law.

But after the lapse of two centuries, with the new era inaugurated by Lavoisier in chemistry, and the more accurate knowledge acquired of the mechanism of our organization and the formation and function of the blood, the doctrine of transfusion revived and was reëstablished upon a sounder basis of science. The man whose bold and successful experiments during the last twenty years have excited the liveliest interest in this direction, and almost created a new epoch in Physiology, is the eminent Prof. M. Brown-Sequard. The decapitation of two criminals at Paris in 1851 furnished an opportunity of extending his investigations from the lower animals to man himself. The first case was that of a person about twenty years of age. The execution took place at 8 o'clock in the morning; eleven hours afterward, every trace of irritability in most of the muscles had disappeared. At ten minutes after 9 in the evening, the Professor injected into the artery, just above the wrist and in the direction of the fingers, a quantity of blood drawn from his own veins. This blood, which entered vermilion, issued dark from the veins, as would have occurred in life. The operation continued thirty-five minutes, and was followed by a return of irritability and a movement in the muscles of the hand. The second subject was a robust man of forty years, who was also decapitated at 8 o'clock in the morning; at twenty-five minutes after 10 in the evening, the corpse was rigid and the muscles showed no signs of contractility. The arm was amputated, and at ten minutes after 11, M. Brown-Sequard injected the blood of a strong and healthy dog into the brachial artery. The skin took at first a livid hue, but soon a motion was visible in the bulbs of the hairs, and the cuticle assumed that peculiar appearance known as goose-flesh. As a result of this artificial circulation, the veins of the back of the hand took a bluish tinge, pulsations were perceptible at the wrist, and the muscular life was renewed; the fingers ceased to be rigid, and at a quarter to 12, irritability reappeared in the muscles of the arm, and continued till 4 o'clock the next morning. These crucial experiments prove conclusively that the blood is essential to muscular life. After the organic matter which constitutes the flesh is decomposed, and all vital manifestations had ceased and become impossible under the supremacy of the chemical forces; after the fluids of the body have been changed into acids, resulting in coagulations and cadaverous rigidity, the effect of an injection of arterial blood is to repair the muscle, to restore the original composition of its fluids, to revive its contractility, and to cause it to resume the special movements and functions which belong to life. It is an interesting fact, that transfusion is successful only when the blood used for irrigating the dead member or body belongs to an animal of the same general class, since the globule, which is the essential part of the blood and wholly independent of the vehicle or *plasma* in which it floats, finds itself in strange surroundings and can become acclimatized only by first having the conditions of its existence greatly modified. Thus, the blood of a fish is not suitable to revivify a reptile, nor can the blood of a bird replace that of a mammal. Another experiment by the same eminent physiologist was made on the head of a dog, which was separated from the body at the junction of the neck and shoulder. The manifestations of life disappeared gradually, until at last the eye lost its expression and become fixed and glassy in death. A current of electricity applied to the spinal marrow soon failed to cause any contractions, and the respiratory movements of the lips and nostrils ceased completely. Ten minutes afterward, M. Brown-Sequard attached to the arteries of the head a system of tubes, and by means of a machine which imitated the action of the heart, caused a quantity of blood, charged with oxygen, to circulate through all parts of the brain and spinal marrow. After the lapse of a few moments, spasmodic twitchings

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began to animate the face, becoming more and more pronounced and diffused, until all the muscles became active and the eyes movable. Every motion seemed vital and voluntary, as though produced and controlled by the direct agency of the will. When the operation, which continued a quarter of an hour, ceased, the head passed through the "agony" of a second death, with the same contractions and dilations of the pupil of the eye, and the same convulsive movements and phenomena of pain that it had exhibited before.*

These startling experiments interest the naturalist and the philosopher, as well as the physician. To the healer of fleshly ills, they demonstrate the necessity of oxgynized blood to every organ of the body, and especially to perfect cerebral health and efficiency; and when in a swoon the forces of life, like Cowper's revellers,

"Suffer a syncope and solemn pause,"

these facts explain why a downward position of the head favors recovery by conducting the vivifying fluid to the brain, or why water, thrown into the face, acts upon the nervous centers, quickens the pulsation of the heart, and thus brings the arterialized blood in contact with the cerebral matter and restores the person to consciousness. According to Lemattre, transfusion has been employed, too, as a heroic remedy in cases of arterial hemorrhage and loss of blood following child-birth.† The elements of the nervous tissue, the muscles and the glands being undisturbed and intact, the introduction of new blood restores life to them, just as oil poured into a lamp revives the flame. On the other hand, when there is a change in the tissues themselves, a derangement of structure as the cause of disordered function, all attempts at transfusion are as impotent and useless as it would be to put oil into a broken lamp. Transfusion has been applied also for the purpose of substituting pure blood for vitiated or poisoned blood. Carbonic oxide, for example, is an energetic poison, and, when respired, produces death by displacing the oxygen contained in the globules of the blood, and combining with them to form a substance that is fixed and inert in respect to vital properties. In consequence of this obstruction, the organs cease their functions as completely as if they were suddenly ossified or petrified, or as if they were deadened by the withdrawal of the life-giving blood. This process, however, goes on for some time in the sanguineous globules without affecting the other tissues; and by exhausting the vascular system of its poisoned contents, and putting new blood into the circulation, the life may be saved and the health reëstablished. But great as are the interests here involved, and beneficent as are the results attained, this subject suggests still profounder problems to the philosopher and to the man of science. It raises questions of deep import touching the mysteries of organised matter, the secret of life, the nature of the soul, and many other kindred topics of investigation, which open a vast field of inquiry to the student of physiological psychology, but which we do not propose to discuss at the present time.

* The idea that life resides in all parts of the body, as for example, in the several sections of a serpent, is expressed by Lucretius in his poem, *De Rerum Natura*. He describes also phenomena similar, in many respects, to those presented in the French professor's experiment with the dog's head. The individual life of the severed hand and fingers of the hero Laridus, is thus mentioned in Virgil's Æneid (X 385-6):

"Te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quaerit;
Semianimesque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant."

The old poets were close observers, and furnish many facts in illustration of the principles of modern science, although they may have been able to give no rational explanation of them.

† The turning point in one of Charles Reade's novels is when Dr. Ashley, under similar circumstances, "sent some of Griffith Gaunt's bright red blood, smoking hot, into Kate Gaunt's veins;" and as the latter, snatched from the hand of death, "learned that Griffith had given his blood for her, she said nothing at the time, but lay with an angelic, happy smile, thinking of it." Thus, in the story, sentiment blends with science; and in the same connection, we are treated to a little physio-psychological romancing, as for example, when Kate confesses that the operation "had given him a fascinating power over her," and that, as a result of it, she "became a better wife than she had ever been before," and "made his home bright and genial, so that he never went abroad for the sunshine he could have at home." If one could be sure that such consequences would always follow, the process of transfusion would supersede the action for divorce, and become a popular method of subduing incompatibilities and promoting domestic felicity.

BEAUTY *versus* FASHION.—I should have no misgivings concerning the speedy elevation and enlargement of character in women, if it were not for their extravagant passion for dress—a passion the gratification of which necessarily absorbs a great portion of their time and attention. The desire to look pretty is natural, and there is nothing blamable in it. The invention of beautiful costume is one of the fine arts, and, like other pleasures of the eye, should receive a due share of cultivation. —*Lydia Maria Child.*

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What to Do with My Children.

BY F. B. PERKINS.

I KNOW of a library of three thousand volumes on Education. It is miserably incomplete. Now it has been said that a million and a half of books have been written, but only a hundred are worth reading--one out of each fifteen thousand. According to this, one-third of one book is all that is worth reading about education; or, if you will allow that the library I spoke of is half complete, two-thirds of a book. If that is a fair calculation, I may possibly say something worth attending to even in two pages (always provided I have it to say).

The practical questions that arise are many. Public or private school for Bill and Sue? Music or French, or both, or neither, for either? Boarding-schools to finish? College? Scientific school? Business College? Or shall the district school be all, and must Bill go to farming or clerking or learning a trade, and Sue come home to help about the house at fifteen?

A few suggestions only can be set down; and they must be, as far as possible, such that each will serve to answer more than one question.

1. THE MORE EDUCATION THE BETTER.

America is a high-pressure country. The very air stimulates of itself, compared with that of Europe; it is as wine to water. This is curiously illustrated, by the way, by the fact that one can drink twice as much liquor in England as in the United States. I know of an old packet captain whose potations were regularly just half in New York what they were in Liverpool. The fact (by the way again), shows that however unnecessary alcohol is in Europe, it is at least twice as unnecessary here. An American is congenitally stimulated. If he needs any thing at all besides pure cold water, it is not alcohol, but something cooling and lenitive—say flaxseed tea, with a little lemon-juice in it.

But the point I wanted to make is this: America is a high-pressure country, not only climatically, but mentally and financially. The very air makes us jump. Still more does the almost limitless freedom make us jump. And yet more does the instinctive eagerness for prosperity and success in life, let loose by freedom, encouraged by the ease of acquirement, stirred incessantly by the winy lifting of the clear bright air, make us jump. We hurry in all our employments.

And we hurry to begin them. What this means is, that the children will have to step into the traces of their business soon enough at any rate. Therefore, to begin with:

Give all your children all the education you can afford. School, academy, college, and professional seminary, will altogether be little enough. Every dollar invested in your child's brain is a treasure only less secure than treasure in Heaven. It furnishes him with some thought, or some knowledge, that will be a use and a pleasure to him all his life long, and which he will never have time to stop and pick up as he races along the crowded path of "responsible" life. The soldier is altogether too late with his drilling when he gets under the enemy's fire.

2. CHILDREN DIFFER; YET ARE ALL ALIKE.

Dr. Bushnell (I believe) said that "Every great truth is made up of two irreconcilable extremes." An instance of this is found in those two sayings of Christ's; in one place, "He that is not with me is against me," and in another, "He that is not against us is on our part." In like manner, children differ; and yet children are all alike.

The application to school matters is thus: There is a certain number of studies that are indispensable to all. These are what the old fellow called the Three R's—Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic. They are *Instrumental Studies*, and might be still better stated as Language and Number. Reading includes all that relates to understanding the language of others; Writing is making others understand our own recorded language; and Grammar is the set of rules that enable us to correct both. Those are included in "Language." Number may be called the Alphabet of Things; it is as indispensable for dealing with Time and its patrons, or Space and the objects in it, as the alphabet of language is for speech.

The instrumental studies, Language and Number, must be known to all. But in proportion as the children grow up, they will begin to be more and more different. Their peculiarities will show; not all at the same age, for children are like fruits—some ripen early, some late.

The first guiding consideration as to choice of advanced studies is this:

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Most children's minds are respectable average minds.

This is not so useless a truism as might be fancied; the difficulty about it is to get it applied. When the clergyman imputes total depravity, every one says, "Yes; that other person *is* wicked enough," but seldom confesses his his own sinfulness. When you impute fever and ague to a Western town, you will find that there isn't any in *this* town, but that the next one is rattled to pieces with it. When I say, Most children are average young persons, every mother will assent for all the other people's children, but her own can not be meant; *they* are the most remarkable children in the place!

Well, madam, I can manage my advice so that we shan't differ, and so as to convince you that I am right on this question of schooling. Your Bill and Sue are regular little geniuses. Very well; then you are bound by all human and divine obligations to train those two remarkable little minds so that they may, if possible, be saved from the special perils of the gifted, and be impelled to use their uncommon powers for the good of their race. That is, they must be carefully kept strong and well, and must be taught just as much and as long as possible. The more wonderful you think them, the more likely you are to give them something like the education I want them to have.

But the general conclusion about the average children is obvious enough. They should pursue the usual studies, and as many more as they can as far as they can. School, academy, college, are all together little enough.

When the average children *must* stop studying and *must* go to earning a living, it is one comfort that they can do it. They can do one thing about as well as another; that is, one ordinary thing, one average thing. They will teach school pretty well if there is a chance, or go to work on a farm, or take a clerkship, or learn a trade.

The other sort, those who have a natural vocation, will in due time say so. And they will be uncomfortable if set at any thing else; and if the vocation is strong enough—vocation means *calling*, you know—they will rise up and follow the call, and nothing and nobody will stop them. I remember very well two schoolmates of my own. One had a distinct vocation, the other two or three rather indistinct tendencies. The first was everlastingly drawing and writing. He was the best writer in the school, and his pictures were the object of my hopeless admiration. He went on with this picture business; I don't think he could have been comfortable in any other. He had an excellent intellect, and was in all things a very respectable scholar, but he could not let Form and Color alone. They called him, and he went after them, and got them, too, and they made him famous. He is Frederic E. Church, the best living landscape painter.

The other used to draw, it seemed to me, almost as well as Church. I can remember now a picture of Æneas in a sailboat sailing away from somewhere, on the margin of his Coopers' Virgil. He was musical, too, and learned the flute. He was a good scholar, too, and went to college. He was one of those naturally good folks who never do any thing wrong. He joined the church; and I really don't believe he could remember to have "experienced a change;" he must have always been good; he never "got religion," he always had it. There was nothing brilliant about him, he was always steady and sweet-tempered and industrious. He would have been so in any employment whatever, and in any he would have been reasonably successful. As it was, his father being a clergyman, and wishing his son to become one, too, he did so; went through college, studied theology, was settled in due time in a country parish, would have become a useful minister of the Gospel; but he received an accidental injury and died within a year or two of his settlement. This was Rev. J. E. Hawes, only son of my old pastor, Rev. Joel Hawes of Hartford, whom some used to call "The Pope of Hartford County." He was a curiously different man from his son—but that is physiology, and I fear I have come near enough to discursiveness now.

WHAT WOMEN ASK FOR.—Give us, say the mothers, the right to protect ourselves and our children—we ask nothing more; we shall be satisfied with nothing less. And how reasonable is this asking may be inferred from a consideration of the nature of the female sex, whether among the lower animals or mankind. The highest instinct of this order of beings is that of desire for offspring and the affection which protects and nurtures it. Unconsciousness of self, devotion to her young, is the token of motherhood, from the tiniest bird in the nest to the savage lioness of the wilderness: the tender grief of the one and the fierce rage of the other over her despoiled home are matters of history since time began, and in them both are typified the true nature of the diviner mother—of her whom God created in his own image.—*Isabella Beecher Hooker.*

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Training of Children.

BY MRS. H. C. BIRDSALL.

WHEN a mother's first delight in her children is passed away, and they have settled into boys and girls, looking and acting just like her neighbors' boys and girls, her training of them becomes more a matter of principle than at first.

And now her government of herself must more than ever go hand in hand with the guidance of her children, and will probably give her even more trouble. In the earliest years of her children's lives her heart was constantly warmed with the thought of the great gifts bestowed upon her, and her love rendered it comparatively easy to control her thoughts, words, and actions. But now, although she loves her children as well, her possession of them has continued so long that she is accustomed to it, and her affection lies, in a measure, dormant. When children are five or six years old, they are apt to take a path diverging from their mother, not necessarily a course of disobedience, but one thronged with new interests. At first they will be very eager to tell her of their discoveries, experiments, and the conversation of their little mates, and it is exceedingly important that the mother should not continually turn them away, but patiently listen to them. We none of us wish to lose our children's confidence, but we take the surest means of accomplishing this, when we refuse to listen to them. A mother's tact will teach her how to incline her children to talk sensibly and at fitting times. And above all, she should have some one time in the day wholly reserved for her children, in which she can lead them to open their hearts to her, telling her freely of their pleasures, their sorrows, their thoughts, and their sins. The twilight hour is the best, for then children are toned down by the exercise of the day and are more inclined to think and talk quietly than at any other time. At this hour children should receive a judicious amount of religious instruction; and to this end every mother should have a definite religious faith. Indeed, an irreligious mother seems to me an anomaly. If a woman has been worldly all her previous life, is not her motherhood enough to change her opinions and feelings? A young mother of very nervous temperament and *no* religious belief, if that can be, once said to me: "The two years since baby's birth have been the most unhappy of my life. I used to think, that, when my baby came, I should be perfectly happy, and what a disappointment I have had! My love for her is my greatest misery; for, if she has a sick day, I think of the horror of losing her, until I am almost crazy." This, I imagine, is not an extreme case, the only thing unusual being the free expression of a mother's inmost thoughts.

When children have been away from home with a servant or other person, the mother should, upon their return, encourage them to tell her of their visit, of the kindness of their friends; but all comments upon food, dress, or manners, should be discouraged. Nothing is pettier nor more calculated to depreciate a mother in her children's eyes, than for her to be inquisitive about the little affairs of her neighbors. The association of our little ones with other children has its two sides, like most other subjects. It is natural for every mother to wish to keep her children from contamination; but, when she goes so far as to fill their ears with cotton when riding in the cars, to prevent their hearing evil, or, never to allow them to go outside of the house precincts without the attendance of an older person, she is avoiding one danger but to fall into another and, perhaps, a more serious one. For the larger portion of the time it is undoubtedly better to keep a family of children by themselves; but, occasionally, they should be allowed to visit their young friends and to receive visits in return.

And when they do so there is nothing that will add more to their joy than the consciousness that their mother's consent was not given grudgingly, and that she heartily enjoys their happiness.

But children's visiting should be done in the daytime, and their evenings should be spent at home, except when, as a rare treat, they are taken by their parents to some fitting and select place of amusement. There is a custom quite prevalent in country towns, especially in New England I have sometimes thought, of children collecting in the evening at one place, often a little inclosure of greensward, or around the steps of a public building, to play games. Very pretty it may look, and pleasant may the merry voices sound to the casual passer-by, but there is much of harm in the custom. In boys, that

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fondness for being out evenings is engendered, which results, when they become men, in the so common habit of never passing any leisure time at home.

Where this time is to be spent will be decided by future circumstances. The least objectionable of public places is the country store, to which men throng night after night, ostensibly to discuss matters pertaining to the public welfare, but quite as frequently those miserable neighborhood scandals erroneously supposed to be the sweet morsels rolled *only* under the tongues of tea-drinking female gossips. The other and worse places of resort it is unnecessary to indicate. By the custom I have mentioned, girls are made hoydenish and acquire loose manners toward the other sex, unless there is in their mental constitution a substratum of great native refinement.

But even the most refined will not escape some injury from such a habit, and I therefore repeat, home is the place for children to spend their evenings. Money spent in providing children with interesting and instructive games and books will prove to be well spent.

And, if the parents so contrive their time as to enjoy the games and books with their children, it will add much to their mutual happiness. The social position of a child's family should not be allowed to interfere with our children's association with him, neither should any faults of manner, for they are the results of want of instruction; and our children, in their simple innocence, may become the most valuably of educators. Moral worth must be the test by which we judge of a child's fitness for association with our children. When a boy or girl is well-known to be guilty of some grave fault of character, that is sufficient reason for keeping our children away from them.

We should plainly state the reason for keeping them apart to our children, but without any harsh expressions in regard to the objectionable ones, who should be recommended to their pity. No expression having a tendency to sow the seeds of pride or any form of Pharisaism should be employed, for the hateful plant once rooted, will thrive and spread, perhaps all a child's life, and certainly until principle comes to his aid in uprooting the weed.

One of the many powerful reasons for the mother's constant diligence and watchfulness in bringing up her children in the best way, is that they may have the less to struggle with when they get to be men and women. We all have trouble enough with our faults, but we are often retarded in our onward course by som grave trait not natural to us, but implanted by false teaching.

The time has now come for a child to acquire the first elements of knowledge. If the mother has the time and ability for it, it is quite as well for her to teach him at home until he is eight or ten years of age. There are children, I think, who would learn better in a school of the right kind than in home study; they are dull, heavy children with no elasticity, either physical or mental. They have a placid enjoyment of being in the society of a number, and, in the regular routine of a well-arranged school they may acquire more than they could at home, and at the same time suffer no physical injury.

When a child of ordinary brightness is learning his letters at home, five minutes each day are enough to spend upon it, but those five minutes should be observed regularly and punctually.

As the child's knowledge and interest in learning increase, the time for study can very gradually be lengthened, until, almost unconsciously to himself, he spends two or three hours of the day in the acquisition of book-knowledge. Such a course renders the transition to school-life comparatively easy, and is certainly preferable to the custom of immuring little growing children in school-rooms for five or six hours a day, or to the opposite extreme of pursuing muscular Christianity so far as to let one's children run wild without any consideration of their minds. If a child is inclined to pursue study to the neglect of bodily exercise, he should not be restrained from it forcibly, the mother can easily contrive ways to make out-doors attractive. If the child does not enjoy play, he may be glad to do some light work for his mother. Or his mother may teach him to exercise his love of study in the "solemn school of nature." It is no more right to press forward a child of less than medium capacity, from the fear of his remaining a dunce all his life, than it is one who excels his fellows.

Now *duty* must begin to be systematic. However light and simple the work of the little ones may be, they are old enough to feel a sense of obligation, and to learn to be regular and punctual in the performance of their duties.

There are few children who do not enjoy being of use to those whom they love, and the desire of being helpful should be the grand motive in all their labors.

The custom of hiring or bribing your children to do for you is laden with harm. It weakens parental authority, and teaches the

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children to be selfish, lazy, and covetous. The value of money should be taught in due time and the right way, but a thoroughly false idea of it is conveyed by this habit. Children should be encouraged in assisting those outside of their own family circle.

There is that lonely old lady living a little distance from you, she dreads the sight of children, for they are to her the incarnation of mischief. Some day when your little boy is restless and can not think of any thing to do, let him go to the old lady and ask to do an errand for her. The old lady may shrink from the sight of him with fear and trembling, for there are her flowers and her bird and her sedate, matron cat, and is not this their sworn enemy, a *boy?*

Never mind, you may accomplish a double good by sending him. If you have trained your boy aright previously, he will have so much respect for the property of others as not to trespass. He will learn the happiness of practicing the golden rule, the old lady's heart will be thawed by the attention, and, perhaps, she may, in time, "Suffer little children," for the reason that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Day after day poor Mrs. E—— overworks herself in preparing meals for a number of farm hands, attending to a large dairy, doing her own housework, and caring for a fretful, sickly baby. Send your little girl with your soft-cushioned baby carriage to give the baby the air and exercise it so much needs. Children soon learn to feel happiness in well-doing, and opportunities are abundant.

Children should have but few toys, and these should be of the most substantial kind. Boys must at first have some genuine toys—the hobby horse, the cart, the velocipede, etc.; but soon the best of toys will be a hammer and nails, a hoe, a spade; and, as he advances in age, such tools may be added to his stock as he shows an aptitude for using. Some parents will spend a large amount in the aggregate for flimsy toys and picture-books, but, when a boy uses a good many nails, or is constantly wanting a hammer or some other useful tool, they draw back, shake their heads, and begin to think that a "stop must be put to it," not remembering that they paid for the last toy, which was cast aside after one day, enough to furnish the boy with nails for several weeks.

The girl must have the inevitable doll, and I would that every little girl in the land were supplied with one as large as she can carry, and with plently of materials for dressing it at her pleasure. I am not sure but a society for the distribution of well-developed, handsome dolls to the little daughters of all mothers unable to supply them, might do as much good as many a society with a more pretentious appellation.* A little girl's first lessons in sewing should be taken upon articles of her doll's wardrobe, which she should be taught to cut and make neatly. The taste for sewing of a more advanced nature will come in time, if she is not forced into it when too young.

I think it is a mistake to give little girls a daily task of knitting or sewing, just for the sake of their learning these useful accomplishments. Some one may say the gratification of making father's shirt or knitting mother's stocking will give sufficient zest to the labor, and so it might, if stockings and shirts could only be made the size of similar articles for doll's wear. We must remember that children are not capable of grasping as large ideas as grown people. I think any mother who, as a little child, was daily obliged to knit so many rounds on a stocking, or to sew a stated length of seam, will agree with me that she has never since done any thing which seemed so wearisome and endless. I once saw two precise little ladies making an afternoon visit with a lady, who had adopted them when she was quite advanced in life. One was seven and one was nine years old, and all that long summer afternoon, when the sweet air and sunshine, the singing bird's, and the nodding flowers were calling them out to the enjoyment of a child's delights, they sat clicking their needles upon some mature-looking gray stockings. I, dividing the afternoon on a lawn near by, between making chains and wreaths of flowers and reading a well-loved book, was at length called in by the neighbor whom the industrious children were visiting.

I was placed before them and thus addressed: "There, young woman, do you see them little gals, and how useful they air? That's the way your mother ought to bring you up, instead of lettin' you be for ever readin' or outdoors learnin' to be good for nuthin'." Those children seemed to me for long years the personification of hypocrisy, and I can not yet believe that they really enjoyed that afternoon visit. When I went out of the house the brightness of the day was gone for me. My pleasant thoughts and fancies had vanished, and in their

* We believe in dolls for girls, as does our author, but we must protest against the thousands of homely, horrid ones that the shops supply. They distort the taste of children and offend the taste of cultivated people, especially of those who have any taste for physical perfection.—*Editor H. of H.*

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place were wounded feelings. Pain, anger, resentment, and disgust at the woman's coarseness and want of appreciation of there being any thing for children but prosaic labor were struggling together. Most children hear such words at some time, from those who have no right to say them; mothers should keep their children as much as possible out of the society of the cynically inclined.

They can do much to correct the evil effects of such communications by being in the close confidence of their children, who will then come to them at once with their troubles and have them removed by the kind advice, which teaches them how to look upon life in a healthy, natural way. The mother can, also, sometimes take her children into *her* confidence, explaning to them something of her opinions and plans for their instruction in all branches of knowledge. Such a course will likewise prevent children from drifting into habits of reserve.

A child should not, unless peculiar circumstances call for it, be reproved before others, but alone with the one whose duty it is to reprove him. The idea that he will be more ashamed of his fault if it is exposed to others, is only partially true—his shame may be greater, but his contrition less, for his mortification will be rather for having been detected in his fault than for the wrong act itself, and he will very soon contract the habit of concealing his faults. Just as long as a child comes to his mother to tell her of his faults, she may think that he is not going far astray.

As children advance in age, they are very curious about the habits and customs of their adult friends. The mother must see that what ideas they gain are correct and pure. For instance, instead of hearing through injudicious friends and servants of *beaux* and being married, they should be taught by their mother to think of marriage as a holy institution ordained of God, of which they may not think and speak lightly.

My two little boys have just rushed into the room, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, one bringing a handful of wild flowers and a pansy which he calls a velvet flower; the other having his hat full of stones, which, from their glistening appearance, he calls gold stones. I pause in my writing to examine them. I show them the petals, pistils, and stamens of the flowers, telling them the names of each part. I tell them enough of the composition of the stone to make them eager for more information at another time. Thus, day by day, I hope to teach them some of the rudiments of valuable sciences, and to increase their love of the beauful in Nature.

Children's books should be selected with great care, and, at least, the story-books should be carefully perused by father or mother, before being put in their hands. Parents are too apt to take advantage of the deluge of modern story-books, to pamper their children's taste for reading with stories full of gushing and over-abundant sentiment. The result is that the children, perceiving the vast difference between their own life and that of which they read, come to think of the latter as the real, and spend much time in vain longings for a condition which they will never attain. There is a great plenty of excellent books for children. Stories abound of *natural* life, and books of a more substantial character; but to choose well requires good judgment, the judgment of intellect and high-toned moral and religious feeling. Some children very easily manifest a taste for reading books commonly supposed to be the mental food of older people. This is well enough, if they are only *entirely* kept from novels, and made to read slowly the works which are allowed them. There are novels which contain absolutely no mawkishness of sentiment, and these it would be safe to put into a child's hands; but they are so few in number, and so much discretion is requisite in their selection, that it is better to make the rule with *no* exceptions, until the child has attained the stature of a man, and such a healthy knowledge of life and character and sentiments, that he can choose for himself between the gold and the dross.

Children should be taught to think little of dress; but a mother should dress them well. To do this, it is not necessary to have any great variety of dress; but the clothes should be of good quality, of becoming styles and colors, and never loaded with the burden of ornamentation, in providing which so many foolishly-fond mothers wear out their strength and drain their purse. Children should be taught neatness in the first place, by always clothing them according to their occupation. When they are very young, not beyond the mud-pie stage, they should be made clean every day when through with their fancy cookery. When older, they should be taught to play and work in such a way as to keep clean; but they should never be fretted at nor scolded for soiling or tearing their clothes, or any thing else, in fact. A pleasant, quiet word of reproof is more effectual than a hundred words of fretfulness.

When children have acquired some knowl-

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edge of work, they should begin to learn something of the value of money, and that it can be obtained by the employment of their knowledge of work. Their duties to their parents and friends should be as carefully performed as ever without a thought of pay, but there are many other means for an active boy or girl to earn money which every parent can think of for himself. After the money is obtained, it is important that it should be invested well. Parents approving their children for hoarding all they get, are as much mistaken as those who admire their children's generosity in lavishing all their little store upon their little friends. Some part of their money they should lay away for the future, where it will gain some interest; a certain definite portion of it they should, of their own free-will, give to some charity of which they have a personal knowledge; some they should spend upon their friends, and some they should, without fear of parental frown, spend for their own pleasure. If children are not taught even before they can talk, that the legitimate use of a penny is to buy a stick of candy, it will not be difficult to guide their taste to the selection of more worthy objects.

OUR STUDIES IN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY PROF. T. H. HUXLEY.

THE FUNCTION OF ALIMENTATION.

THE great source of gain to the blood, and, except the lungs, the only channel by which altogether new material is introduced into that fluid, is the alimentary canal, the totality of the operations of which constitutes the function of alimentation. It will be useful to consider the general nature and results of the performance of this function before studying its details.

A man daily takes into his mouth, and thereby introduces into his alimentary canal, a certain amount of solid and liquid food, in the shape of meat, bread, butter, water, and the like. The amount of chemically dry, solid matter, which must thus be taken into the body, if a man of average size and activity is neither to lose nor to gain in weight, has been found to be about 8,000 grains. In addition to this his blood absorbs by the lungs about 10,000 grains of oxygen gas, making a grand total of 18,000 grains (or nearly two pounds and three-quarters avoirdupois) of daily gain of dry solid and gaseous matter.

The weight of dry solid matter passed out from the alimentary canal does not, on the average, amount to more than one-tenth of that which is taken into it, or 800 grains. By no other channel does any appreciable quantity of solid matter leave the body. It follows, therefore, that in addition to the 10,000 grains of oxygen, 7,200 grains of dry solid matter must pass out of the body in the other, or gaseous and liquid secretions. Further, as the general composition of the body remains constant, it follows either that the elementary constituents of the solids taken into the body must be identical with those of the body itself; or that, in the course of the vital processes, the food alone is destroyed, the substance of the body remaining unchanged; or, finally, that both these alternatives hold good, and that food is, partly, identical with the wasting substance of the body and replaces it; and, partly, differs from the wasting substance, and is consumed without replacing it.

As a matter of fact, all the substances which are used as food come under one of four heads. They are either what may be termed Proteids, or they are Fats, or they are Amyloids, or they are Minerals.

Proteids are substances analogous in composition to Protein, and contain the four elements —carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, sometimes united with sulphur and phosphorus.

Under this head come the Gluten of flour; the Albumen of white of egg, and of blood serum; the Fibrin of the blood; the Syntonin, which is the chief constituent of muscle and flesh, and Casein, the chief constituent of cheese; while Gelatin, which is obtained by boiling from connective tissue, and Chondrin, which may be produced in the same way from cartilage, may be considered to be outlying members of the same group.

Fats are composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen only, and contain more hydrogen than

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is enough to form water if united with the oxygen which they possess.

All oils and vegetable and animal fatty matters come under this division.

Amyloids are substances which also consist of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen only. But they contain no more hydrogen than is just sufficient to produce water with their oxygen. These are the matters known as Starch, Dextrine, Sugar, and Gum.

It is the peculiarity of the three groups of food-stuffs just mentioned that they can only be obtained (at any rate, at present) by the activity of living beings, whether animals or plants, so that they may be conveniently termed vital food-stuffs.

Food-stuffs of the fourth class, on the other hand, or Minerals, are to be procured as well from the not-living as the living world. They are water, and salts of sundry alkalies, earths, and metals. To these, in strictness, oxygen ought to be added, though, as it is not taken in by the alimentary canal, it hardly comes within the ordinary acceptation of the word food.

In ultimate analysis, then, it appears that vital food-stuffs contain either three or four of the elements: carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen; that mineral food-stuffs are water and salts. But the human body, in ultimate analysis, also proves to be composed of the same four elements, plus water, and the same saline matters as are found in food.

More than this, no substance can serve permanently for food—that is to say, can prevent loss of weight and change in the general composition of the body—unless it contains a certain amount of protein in the shape of albumen, fibrin, syntonin, or casein. While, on the other hand, any substance which contains protein in a readily assimilable shape, is competent to act as a permanent vital food-stuff.

The human body, as we have seen, contains a large quantity of protein in one or other of the four forms which have been enumerated, and, therefore, it turns out to be an indispensable condition, that every substance which is to serve permanently as food, must contain a sufficient quantity of the most important and complex component of the body ready made. It must also contain a sufficient quantity of the mineral ingredients which are required. Whether it contains either fats or amyloids, or both, or is devoid of both, its essential power of supporting the life and maintaining the weight and composition of the body remains unchanged.

The necessity of constantly renewing the supply of protein arises from the circumstance that the secretion of urea from the body (and consequently the loss of nitrogen) goes on continually, whether the body is fed or not; while there is only one form in which nitrogen (at any rate, in any considerable quantity) can be taken into the blood, and that is in the form of a solution of protein. If protein be not supplied, therefore, the body must need waste, because there is nothing in the food competent to make good the loss of nitrogen.

On the other hand, if protein be supplied, there can be no absolute necessity for any other but the mineral food-stuffs, because protein contains carbon and hydrogen in abundance, and hence is competent to give origin to the other great products of waste, carbonic acid and water.

In fact, the final results of the oxidation of protein are carbonic acid, water, and ammonia; and these, as we have seen, are the final shapes of the waste products of the human economy.

From what has been said, it becomes readily intelligible that, whether an animal be herbivorous or carnivorous, it begins to starve from the moment its vital food-stuffs consist of pure amyloids, or fats, or any mixture of them. It suffers from what may be called nitrogen starvation, and, sooner or later, will die.

In this case, and still more in that of an animal deprived of vital food altogether, the organism, so long as it continues to live, feeds upon itself. In the former case, those excretions which contain nitrogen, in the latter, all its waste products, are necessarily formed at the expense of its own body.

But though protein is the essential element of food, and under certain circumstances may suffice, by itself, to maintain the body, it is a very disadvantageous and uneconomical food.

Albumen, which may be taken as the type of the proteids, contains about 53 parts of carbon and 15 of nitrogen in 100 parts. If a man were to be fed upon white of egg, therefore, he would take in, speaking roughly, 3½ parts of carbon for every part of nitrogen.

But it is proved, experimentally, that a healthy full-grown man, keeping up his weight and heat, and taking a fair amount of exercise, eliminates 4,000 grains of carbon to only 300 grains of nitrogen, or, roughly, only needs one-thirteenth as much nitrogen as carbon. However, if he is to get his 4,000 grains of carbon out of albumen, he must eat 7,547 grains of that substance. But 7,547 grains of albumen contain 1,132 grains of nitrogen, or nearly four times as much as he wants.

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To put the case in another way, it takes about four pounds of fatless meat (which generally contains about one-fourth its weight of dry proteids), to yield 4,000 grains of carbon, whereas one pound will furnish 300 grains of nitrogen.

Thus a man confined to a purely proteid diet, must eat a prodigious quantity of it. This not only involves a great amount of physiological labor in comminuting the food, and a great expenditure of power and time in dissolving and absorbing it; but throws a great quantity of wholly profitless labor upon those excretory organs, which have to get rid of the nitrogenous matter, three-fourths of which, as we have seen, is superfluous.

Unproductive labor is as much to be avoided in physiological as in political economy; and it is quite possible that an animal fed with perfectly nutritious protein matter should die of starvation, the loss of power in various operations required for its assimilation overbalancing the gain; or the time occupied in their performance being too great to check waste with sufficient rapidity. The body, under these circumstances, falls into the condition of a merchant who has abundant assets, but who can not get in his debts in time to meet his creditors.

These considerations lead us to the physiological justification of the universal practice of mankind in adopting a mixed diet, in which proteids are mixed either with fats, or with amyloids, or with both.

Fats may be taken to contain about 80 per cent. of carbon, and amyloids about 40 per cent. Now it has been seen that there is enough nitrogen to supply the waste of that substance per diem, in a healthy man, in a pound of fatless meat; which also contains 1,000 grains of carbon, leaving a deficit of 3,000 grains of carbon. Rather more than half a pound of fat, or a pound of sugar, will supply this quantity of carbon. The former, if properly subdivided, the latter, by reason of its solubility, passes with great ease into the economy, the digestive labor of which is consequently reduced to a minimum.

Several apparently simple articles of food contain a mixed diet in themselves. Thus butcher's meat commonly contains from 30 to 50 per cent. of fat. Bread, on the other hand, contains the proteid, gluten, and the amyloids, starch and sugar, with minute quantities of fat. But, from the proportion in which these proteids and other constituents exist in these substances, they are neither, taken alone, such physiologically economical foods as they are when combined in the proportion of about 200 to 75; or two pounds of bread to three-quarters of a pound of meat per diem.

It is quite certain that nine-tenths of the dry solid food which is taken into the body, sooner or later leaves it in the shape of carbonic acid, water, and urea (or uric acid); and it is also certain that, as the compounds which leave the body are more highly oxidated than those which enter it, and as free oxygen is nowhere eliminated, all the oxygen taken in by the lungs passes away in these compounds.

The intermediate stages of this conversion are, however, by no means so clear. It is highly probable that the amyloids and fats are very frequently oxidated in the blood, without, properly speaking, ever forming an integral part of the substance of the body; but whether the proteids may undergo the same changes in the blood, or whether it is necessary for them first to be incorporated with the living tissue, is not positively known.

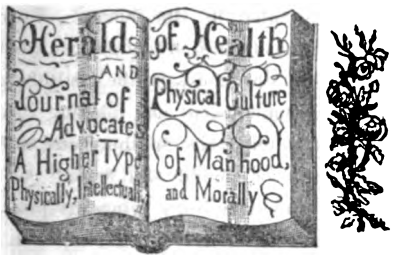
So, again, it is certain that, in becoming oxidated, the elements of the food must give off heat, and it is probable that this heat is sufficient to account for all that is given off by the body; but it is possible, and indeed probable, that there may be other, minor sources of heat.

ORIGIN OF THE WIG.—The dissipation of Henry III., of France, brought on diseases by which he lost his hair. He covered his dishonored head with a wig, and the courtiers and fops of Europe soon felt ashamed to be seen with their own natural growth of hair. This hot, unhealthy, and unbecoming appendage to the human head continued in vogue till the French Revolution, when it was swept away with other external signs of aristocracy. But for a long time afterward it was deemed a mark of democratic vulgarity to appear on public occasions without a wig. A Prussian clergyman, who attempted to preach with his head uncovered, incurred such serious risks that the Government was obliged to interfere for his protection; and a Spanish judge came very near losing his office by committing the same indiscretion. To this day judges and lawyers do not venture to show themselves in court, till they have covered their shapely heads with enormous wigs, frightful to look upon.—*Lydia Maria Child.*

OUR happiness does not consist in being without passions, but in having command of them.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1870.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

☞ The Publishers *do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in* The Herald. *They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.*

☞ *Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to* The Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

The Death of Charles Dickens.—A Lesson.—At the time of our going to press with the July number of The Herald of Health, the death of Charles Dickens was announced; but we felt impelled to delay any notice of it for that number, that we might have the fullest particulars of the sad event. And now that the united voice of the press has extolled his virtues, and, if it were possible, magnified his work, and the world has shed tears at his departure, and dropped flowers into the grave sacred to his memory, there seems little left for The Herald of Health to do, unless it draws a lesson from the case, and sounds a note of warning to others, who, like him, may cut short their career a score or more of years. This is the most painful duty of all. Dickens was the world's friend. All loved him. Though not always satisfying, we loved his books; and far above all we loved his manly independence, his thoughtfulness of the poor, downcast, and distressed; his hatred of cant, and not least his success in the labor he undertook to do. Far be it from our saying that we respect all men who succeed. We mean that we love the successful man when he succeeds in honestly doing good work. But he who succeeds by fraud, by lying, over-reaching, and trampling under foot the less powerful than himself, we have no love for. If we do not hate such men, we hate their meanness, and would shed no tears over their graves. But Charles Dickens never succeeded by meanness. We know that he worshiped goodness, and whatever may have been his weaknesses, we well know they were more than balanced by redeeming traits of character. But now he is gone, at the rather early age of 58 years. His disease was apoplexy. He died suddenly, with his harness on.

Better by far to die thus than of decrepid old age, full of aches and pains, full of deformity, and imbecility. But old age should not mean, imbecility and infirmity. The dew of youth would more often crown the brow of a centenary, if the heart were kept young and the body vigorous. Apoplexy is the cause of death of very many gifted men. It is characterized by sudden loss of consciousness, sensation, power of motion, and perception, caused by the pressure of blood in the brain, or, if severe, by the rupture of a blood-vessel, and the escape of blood into the tissues of the organ. In all cases there is weakness of the walls of the vessels that carry the blood, so that they can not pass it onward as fast as it arrives. Fatty degeneration of an artery may occasion it. And now what was there in the habits of Charles Dickens that brough

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about this condition? He thoroughly understood part of the laws of life. He made it a rule to balance mental work by physical exercise, to be methodical in his business habits, to keep his brain free from stimulants of any kind while engaged in his work, and to cultivate a happy, joyous life, and a full enjoyment of all its pleasures.

In many respects, his habits were such as would promote longevity. He was hearty in manner; he had a compact, muscular system, and was exceedingly fond of athletic exercises. He walked many miles every day, and believed in bathing, water-cure, animal magnetism, and practiced it on his friends.

But, on the other hand, he did not believe as we do, that temperance in living, and full control of his appetites, were absolutely essential to health of mind and body. A particular friend of his writes:

"At Gad's Hill, his habits became more confirmed. He drank more often. His liquors were of the choicest kind. Wines of the rarest vintage were stored in his cellars. Highly spiced beverages came to be liked, and he was vain of his skill in compounding them. The "cider-cup of Gad's Hill"—a drink composed of cider, limes, brandy, pine-apple, toasted apples, lemon-peel, and sugar—became famous as a specialty of the place. A friend of mine who spent a day and night at Gad's Hill last year, a gentleman to whom Dickens felt under great personal obligations, and for whom he may therefore have emphasized his hospitality, describes his visit as a continued bibulous festivity from noon till midnight. There was the cider-cup, we found, on arriving at 12½ P. M.; sports in the open air till 2, when came brandy and water; a long walk through the fields till 6, when curacoa, with other liquors, were served; dress; dinner from 7 till 10 o'clock, with every variety of wines; and then pure spirits or various compounds of spirits, until bed-time."

Another writer, under date of July 25, 1869, speaks of how the day was spent at Gad's Hill:

"On our arrival, at 12½ o'clock, commenced with the "cider-cup," which had been ordered previously to be ready for us—delicious, cooling drink—cider, sodawater, sherry, brandy, lemon-peel, sugar and ice, flavored with an herb called burrage, all judiciously mixed. Lunch at 1 o'clock, completed by a liquor which Dickens said was 'peculiar to the house.' From 2 to 5½, we were engaged, in a large open meadow at the back of the house, in the healthful and intellectual employment of playing 'Aunt Sally' and rolling balls on the grass; at 3½, interval for 'cool brandy and water;' at 6½ we dined; dinner faultless, wines irreproachable; 9 to 10, billiards; 10 to 11, music in the drawing-room; 11, 'hot and rebellious liquors,' delightfully compounded into punches; 12, to bed."

Now, almost all physicians, when speaking of the causes of apoplexy, tell us that most conspicuous among them are excessive brain-labor, mental excitement, fatigue, physical exertion, and, above all, stimulating drinks; these and a stomach overloaded with indigestible food, are exciting causes which almost daily destroy those already predisposed to apoplexy.

Dickens himself felt that he was using up his life-forces too fast, but, unwilling to restrain his appetite, or mistaking the causes of ill health, he attempted to remedy the difficulty by greater exercise, when suddenly the death-blow came. To what other conclusion can we come, if we apply the law of physiology, than that the most famous literary man of the age—who ought to have lived a score of years longer, who ought to have ripened into a grander man than he was, and crowned his life by richer contributions to literature—cut short his days by excesses at the table and over the cup. It is a sad lesson to teach over the grave of one so loved, and more than once we would have stopped our pen, but it would not stop. And now that our duty is done, may we not hope that the seeds of this lesson will bring forth fruit an hundred fold in the rich soil of humanity?

NAUSEOUS MEDICINES.—Dr. William Dale, an English practitioner, proposes to the medical profession to hide the nauseous qualities

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of medicines by sugars, agreeable syrups, acids, etc. He declares that the difficulty of getting children to swallow bitter pills, powders, and draughts is a serious one, and is no slight hindrance in the treatment of disease. It has always seemed to us that the nauseous qualities of medicines was a powerful argument against their use. Instinct declares them objectionable. She recognizes their true qualities before they enter the stomach, and gives warning. We believe Nature's warning ought to be heeded. Parents, when your child refuses to take the bitter bolus you have prepared for it, know that its instinct is more reliable in this case than your reason, and act accordingly.

QUERIES UPON INSANITY.—It is well known that the oldest son of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, is by no means a model man either in intellect or morals. Much caution and *finesse* are requsite to keep him at all well-esteemed in the eyes of his subjects yet to be. Licentious in his tendencies, with a decided proclivity to what is of low esteem, and erratic in character, he inherits the worst qualities of the Guelph blood from his insane ancestors, and which the honest manliness of the father was not able to counteract.

There is another fact connected with the history of this unfortunate youth, which unquestionably throws the balance still farther against him. Born of blood hereditarily insane, he was suckled by a mad woman, who subsequently in a fit of frantic madness murdered her own children, three in number, we believe. She was a robust, healthful woman, selected as peculiarly fitted for the task involved. Now, the question arises, Was this nurse incipiently insane while suckling the royal child, or was there an insane sphere about the child which she absorbed from her maternal sympathy with it? A case in point has but lately occurred. Some guardians were conducting an insane man to the Asylum in Utica, N. Y., and a brother of the lunatic was with them, who was greatly distressed at the situation of his companion. It was observed that the insane man, who sat by the side of his brother, grew at length perfectly calm, even more so than the rest of the party. Suddenly the other one sprang from the seat uttering terrible shrieks, and the two rushed upon each other in a frightful contest of brute power. The sympathy of the one had overpowered his reason, and both were lodged in the same asylum frantically mad.

Facts like these must lead us to solemn questioning. Is insanity so much hereditary as to be commonly asserted as contagious? A member of a family having suffered in this way—the other members would be naturally filled with compassion for the sufferer, which is of itself enough to engender the malady, and to this would be naturally superadded the dread of a like infliction. It must be that the wet-nurse of the Prince of Wales knew, as every body in England does, that the Queen had been several times partially insane; now, dwelling upon this idea in her responsible situation, might have upset a feeble intellect, and caused the duty of nursing the child to become irksome and painful to her, hence her subsequent madness.

No idiot becomes the parent of a genius—idiocy must be hereditary, but that strength of some faculties, that weakness of others, that infirmity of some kind which prostrates the will, and makes the person morally irresponsible, which renders the mind fragmentary, is a fearful subject of thought and speculation, and one not as yet investigated as its solemn importance demands. How one combination creates a genius, another a criminal, a third a madman, should cause us to pause and consider, before we sit in judgment upon each other.

Who made us to differ? We have more than once given expression to our opinion, that no one commits crime in a normal human state; but the normal state of many is, unfortunately, that which must and will produce crime, and hence the criminal should be entitled to our compassion, while it is just that society should be protected from the injuries he is likely to inflict upon it.

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ABSURD REMEDIES.—The latest development of female medicine is made by a colored lady practitioner in Florida, who prescribes, as a specific for rheumatism, a pine-knot over which a cart-wheel has passed, grated, and taken in decoction. Perhaps it invigorates the *cart*ilage. —*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

The specific above alluded to is no more nonsensical than one sent to us, recently, as a sure cure for the same disease. It was to carry, in a bag next to the skin, a potato, until it become dry and hard. Neither of these remedies, however, are so absurd as are some published in The London Pharmacopœia within a hundred years, and regarded as orthodox by the profession. For instance, the fat of a country mouse, applied externally, was recommended for pain. Hysteria was treated by the oil of frogs, obtained by boiling live frogs in olive oil. The memory and judgment were to be made good by tea boiled in wine. The liver of a green frog and wolf, and the gall of a black cat, were prescribed for epilepsy, and so was the powdered skull of one who had died a violent death, used for the same malady. The brain of sparrows and calves mixed and dried in smoke was used for vertigo. Hydrophobia was treated by river crabs, gathered in dog-days, and calcined alive; and to the wound was applied the hair of the dog that had bitten the patient, also the blood, hair, liver, or heart of the mad animal were used internally. Oil of earth-worms was used for convulsive coughs. Ants-eggs and onions were used for deafness. Quinsy was treated with cataplasms made from swallows-nests. These specifics seem very absurd, but, after all, may they not be quite as good as many of the remedies of the present day?

BALLOONING AND HEALTH.—A subscriber asks what effect balloon ascensions have on the health. We have never tried the experiment and know of no reliable data from which to form an opinion. Wise, the great aeronaut, spoke highly of aerial navigation for invalids. Gay-Lussac injured his health by ballooning. He once attained a hight of 23,000 feet, four and one-sixth miles, or 2000 feet higher than the top of Chimborazo Mountain. The barometer was only thirteen inches high; the thermometer 18 degrees Fahrenheit below the freezing-point, while at the surface of the ground it was 80 degrees. He left the courtyard of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, in Paris, and, after an aerial voyage of six hours, descended near Rouen, one hundred miles distant. The result of this ascension on Gay-Lussac's health was very injurious, partially by the want of air for respiration, combined with sudden cold, but chiefly by the absence of the accustomed pressure. At the extreme hight of 22,000 feet, his face and neck were swollen enormously, his eyes protruded from his head, blood ran from the eyelids, nose, and ears, and also came from his lungs by vomiting; in short, his system received a shock from which it never fully recovered during the rest of his life.

"THEODORE THORNTON, M. D."—It will be recollected that former volumes of THE HERALD OF HEALTH contained a series of papers entitled, "Recollections of a Retired Physician, by Theodore Thornton, M. D." They proved very acceptable to our readers, because of the telling "revelations" or confessions as to the errors of the old school of medicine which they afforded. The time has come to say that "Theodore Thornton, M. D.," was Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, with whose real name our readers are also familiar. And we take occasion to state that this valued contributor is now *really* a "retired physician." His health having suffered while practicing medicine in New York, Dr. Snodgrass has returned to his native South. He is now practicing law in Washington, partly with the view of making himself useful to such of his large circle of acquaintances as may have Government claims calling for reliable attention. One of the penalties which Dr. Snodgrass suffered at Baltimore, for the "crime" of being an "abolitionist" in the olden time, was exclusion from the practice of his present profession, which was his "first love." He has resumed the law late in life, his age being now

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about fifty-six, but we venture to predict success for him as a lawyer, not less than he has had as a doctor and a writer.

OBJECTIONS TO WOMEN PHYSICIANS.—The London Lancet of recent issue, reiterates the old objections to women physicians that have been answered a thousand times. It can no more see why women should become doctors, than children should. Each, it says, have bodies subject to special diseases, therefore, if one should be doctors the other should, too. Fallacious reasoning this. "Fancy," it says, "a fastidious young lady just out of her teens, sent for at midnight to attend a case of childbirth." With equal propriety he might have said, "Fancy a fastidious young man just out of his teens, receiving a midnight summons on the same errand." One case would be about as absurd as the other. Neither sex have a right to assume the responsible position of practitioner of the healing art unless they have the requisite age, moral, intellectual, and physical qualifications, and we might add, experience. The experience must be gained by association with others who are older and have been in practice for years. But people who are sick will not call fastidious girls or boys just out of their teens, and so the objection falls to the ground.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCE IN DIET.—A subscriber to THE HERALD from Cincinnati, writes us as follows:

"We have lived for over twenty years on a vegetable and fruit diet mainly, and have raised a family of eight children, including twins and triplets, without employing a physician for disease but twice, and then he gave no medicine. My oldest son had the small-pox a year ago; we consulted an old physician after he had been broke out ten or twelve days. The doctor said he was doing 'first rate,' and did not need medicine. We have lived for several years on two meals a day, and like this arrangement much. Now, my wife is teaching in several of the public schools of this city (Cincinnati, O.), and six of our youngest children attend school, and we are obliged to be more irregular in diet.

My wife is over fifty years old, is able to walk two miles or more and teach drawing all day, and then walk home again at night. We fully believe that a simple vegetable and fruit diet is sufficient to enable people to endure severe labor. One of our triplets, a girl under ten years old, will not eat a mouthful of flesh-meat of any kind. She would go without her dinner before she would eat any thing that had even chicken broth on it, and yet she is as hardy and healthy a child as we have.

WARREN HUTCHINS."

HAIR-WORMS.—"*To the Editor of The Herald of Health*—DEAR SIR: Will you kindly explain by what law of physiology it is that a hair from the tail of a horse turns into a hair-worm, if such is the case, as many believe?

Truly, M. K. C."

ANSWER.—Horse hairs turn into hair-worms only in the imagination. You might soak the tail of a horse in rain-water for a thousand years, if it would last so long, and it would be no more like a hair-worm than before. This nonsense is taught to children by their playmates and ignorant people, and thus the notion descends from generation to generation. There are such things as hair-worms, but as a female of these worms a foot long can lay 5,000,000 eggs, they need no help from horse-tails to propagate. They are parasites living in bugs and flies, coming out to undergo a part of their transformations.

AFRAID OF THE TRUTH.—There are entirely too many people in this world who are afraid of the truth. This timidity is a result of mental weakness and disease. Eyes long kept in darkness are pained by the vivid light, and so people long in ignorance of the truth can not bear its brightness. Truth is a complete panacea for all the ills of false education, and we should hail it with enthusiastic delight rather than timid fear.

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How to Treat the Sick.

AN AFTER-DINNER PRESCRIPTION.*—

CANTO FIRST.

Old Rip Van Winkle had a grandson, Rip,
Of the paternal block a genuine chip;
A lazy, sleepy, curious kind of chap;
He, like his grandsire, took a mighty nap,
Whereof the story I propose to tell
In two brief cantos, if you listen well.

The times were hard when Rip to manhood grew;
They always will be when there's work to do;
He tried at farming—found it rather slow—
And then at teaching—what he did n't know;
Then took to hanging round the tavern bars,
To frequent toddies and long-nine cigars,
Till Dame Van Winkle, out of patience, vexed
With preaching homilies, having for their text
A mop, a broomstick—aught that might avail
To point a moral or adorn a tale,
Exclaimed, "I have it! Now then, Mr. V.!
He 's good for something; make him an M. D.!"

The die was cast: the youngster was content;
They packed his shirts and stockings, and he went.
How hard he studied it were vain to tell;
He drowsed through Wistar, nodded over Bell,
Slept sound with Cooper, snored aloud on Good;
Heard heaps of lectures—doubtless understood—
A constant listener, for he did not fail
To carve his name on every bench and rail.

Months grew to years; at last he counted three,
And Rip Van Winkle counted himself M. D.

Illustrious title! in a gilded frame
He set the sheepskin with his Latin name,
Ripum Van Winklum, quem—we *scimus*—know
Idoneum esse—to do so and so.

He hired an office; soon its walls displayed
His new diploma and stock in trade,
A mighty arsenal to subdue disease
Of various names, wherefore I mention these:
Lancets and bougies, great and little squirt,
Rhubarb and Senna, Snakeroot, Thoroughwort,
Ant. Tart., Vin. Colch., Pil. Cochiæ, and Black Drop,
Tinctures of Opium, Gentian, Henbane, Hop,
Pulv. Ipecacuanhæ, which for lack
Of breath to utter men call Ipecac,
Camphor and Kino, Turpentine, Tolu,
Cubebs, "Copeevey," Vitriol—white and blue,
Fennel and Flaxseed, Slippery Elm and Squill,
And roots of Sassafras and "Sassaf'rill,"
Brandy for colics—Pinkroot, death on worms—
Valerian, calmer of hysteric squirms,
Musk, Assafœtida, the resinous gum
Named from its odor—well, it does smell some—
Jalap, that works not wisely, but too well,
Ten pounds of Bark and six of Calomel.

For outward griefs he had an ample store,
Some twenty jars and gallipots, or more;
Seratum simplex—housewives oft compile
The same at home, and call it "wax and ile;"
Unguentum Resinosum—change its name,
The "drawing salve" of many an ancient dame;
Argenti Nitras, also, "Spanish flies"
Whose virtue makes the water-bladder rise—
(Some say that spread upon a toper's skin
They draw no water, only rum or gin)—
Leeches, sweet vermin! don't they charm the sick?
And sticking-plaster—how it hates to stick!
Emplastrum Ferri—ditto *Piscis*, Pitch:
Washes and Powders, Brimstone for the—which,
Scabies or *Psora*, is thy chosen name

* This prescription, prepared by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes for the Massachusetts Medical Society, was taken by them at their annual meeting, held May 25, 1870. We prescribe it for all who wish a hearty laugh. Let it be read aloud to a small number of persons when the weather is too warm for serious thought. If Dr. Rip Van Winkle himself should chance to peruse the lines, let him be thankful that he has been so tenderly treated by the Great American Humorist.

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Since Hahnemann's goose-quill scratch'd thee into flame,
Proved thee the source of every nameless ill,
Whose sole specific is a moonshine pill,
Till saucy Science, with a quiet grin,
Held up the Acarus, crawling on a pin?
—Mountains have labored and have brought forth mice,
The Dutchman's theory hatched a brood of—twice
I've well nigh said them—words unfitting quite
For these fair precincts and for ears polite.

The surest foot may chance at last to slip
And so at length it proved with Doctor Rip.
One full-sized bottle stood upon the shelf
Which held the medicine that he took himself;
Whate'er the reason, it must be confessed
He filled that bottle oftener than the rest;
What drug it held I don't presume to know—
The gilded label said, "Elixir Pro.",

One day the doctor found the bottle full,
And, being thirsty, took a vigorous pull,
Put back the "elixir" where 'twas always found,
And had old Dobbin saddled and brought round.
—You know these old-time rhubarb-colored nags
That carried doctors and their saddle-bags;
Sagacious beasts! they stopped at every place
Where blinds were shut, knew every patient's case,
Looked up and thought—the baby's in a fit,
That won't last long, he'll soon be through with it;
But shook their heads before the knockered door
Where some old lady told the story o'er
Whose endless stream of tribulation flows
For gastric griefs and peristaltic woes.

What jack-o'-lantern led him from his way,
And where it led him, it were hard to say;
Enough that, wandering many a mile
Through paths the mountain sheep trod single file,
O'ercome by feelings such as patients know
Who dose too freely with "Elixir Pro.,"
He tumbl——dismounted, slightly in a heap,
And lay, promiscuous, lapped in balmy sleep.

Night followed night, and day succeeded day,
But snoring still the slumbering Doctor lay.
Poor Dobbin, starving, thought upon his stall,
And straggled homeward, saddle-bags and all;
The village people hunted all around,
But Rip was missing, never could be found.
"Drownded," they guessed; for more than half a year
The pouts and eels did taste uncommon queer;
Some said of apple-brandy, other some
Found a strong flavor of New England rum.

—Why can't a fellow hear the fine things said
About a fellow when a fellow's dead?
The best of doctor's—so the press declared—
A public blessing while his life was spared,
True to his country, bounteous to the poor,
In all things temperate, sober, just, and pure.
The best of husbands! echoed Mrs. Van,
And set her cap to catch another man.

So ends this Canto; if it's *quantum suff.*,
We'll just stop here and say we've had enough,
And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty years;
I grind the organ; if you lend your ears
To hear my second canto, after that
We'll send around the monkey with the hat.

CANTO SECOND.

So thirty years had past; but not a word
In all that time of Rip was ever heard;
The world wagged on—it never does go back;
The widow Van was now the widow Mack;
France was an Empire; Andrew J. was dead,
And Abraham L. was reigning in his stead.
Four murderous years had passed in average strife,
Yet still the rebel held his bloody knife.
—At last one morning—who forgets the day,
When the black cloud of war dissolved away?
The joyous tidings spread o'er land and sea,
Rebellion done for! Grant has captured Lee!
Up every flagstaff sprang the Stars and Stripes;
Out rushed the Extras, wild with mammoth types,
Down went the laborer's hod, the schoolboy's book;
"Hooraw!" he cried; "the rebel army's took!"

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Ah! what a time! the folks all mad with joy;
Each fond, pale mother thinking of her boy;
Old gray-haired fathers meeting: "Have you heard—"
And then a choke, and not another word;
Sisters all smiling; maidens, not less dear;
In trembling poise between a smile and tear;
Poor Bridget thinking how she'd stuff the plums
In that big cake for Johnny when he comes;
Cripples afoot, rheumatics on the jump,
Old girls so loving they could hug the pump,
Guns going bang! from every fort and ship;
They banged so loud at last they wakened Rip.

I spare the picture, how a man appears
Who's been asleep a score or two of years;
You all have seen it to perfection done,
By Joe Van Wink—I mean Rip Jefferson.
Well, so it was; old Rip at last came back,
Claimed his old wife, the present widow Mack;
Had his old sign regilded, and began
To practice physic on the same old plan.

Some weeks went by—it was not long to wait—
And "please to call" grew frequent on the slate.
He had, in fact, an ancient, mildewed air,
A long gray beard, a plenteous lack of hair;
The musty look that always recommends
Your good old doctor to his ailing friends.
Talk of your science! after all is said,
There's nothing like a bare and shiny head.
Age lends the graces that are sure to please;
Folks want their doctors mouldy, like their cheese.

So Rip began to look at people's tongues
And thump their briskets (called it "sound their lungs").
Brushed up his knowledge smartly as he could,
Read in old Cullen and in Doctor Good.
The town was healthy; for a month or two
He gave the sexton little work to do.

About the time when dogday heats begin,
Measles and mumps and mulligrubs set in;
With autumn evenings dysentery came,
And dusky Typhoid lit his smouldering flame;
The blacksmith ailed, the carpenter was down,
And half the children sickened in the town.

The sexton's face grew shorter than before;
The sexton's wife a bran new bonnet wore;
Things looked quite serious, Death has got a grip
On old and young, in spite of Doctor Rip.

And now the Squire was taken with a chill;
Wife gave "hot drops;" at night an Indian pill;
Next morning, feverish; bedtime, getting worse,
Out of his head; began to rave and curse;
The Doctor sent for; double quick he came;
Ant. Tart. gran. duo, and repeat the same
If no et cetera. Third day—nothing new;
Percussed his thorax—set him cussing, too;
Lung-fever threatening—something of the sort;
Out with the lancet; let him blood—a quart;
Ten leeches next; then blisters to his side;
Ten grains of calomel—just then he died!

The Deacon next required the Doctor's care;
Took cold by sitting in a draught of air;
Pains in the back, but what the matter is
Not quite so clear—wife calls it "rheumatiz."
Rubs back with flannel, gives him something hot;
"Ah!" says the Deacon, "that goes *nigh* the spot!"
Next day a *rigor;* run, my little man,
And say, "the Deacon sends for Doctor Van."
The Doctor came; percussion, as before,
Thumping and banging till his ribs were sore;
"Right side up the flattest;" then more vigorous raps.
Fever? that's certain; pleurisy, perhaps.
A quart of blood will ease the pain, no doubt.
Ten leeches next will help to suck it out.
Then clap a blister on the painful part;
But first two grains of *Antimonium Tart.,*
Last, with a dose of cleansing calomel
Unload the portal system—that sounds well!

But when the self-same remedies were tried,
As all the village knew, the Squire had died;
The neighbors hinted: "This will never do;
He's killed the Squire; he'll kill the Deacon, too!"
—Now, when a doctor's patients are perplexed,
A consultation comes in order next;
You know what that is? In a certain place
Meet certain doctors to discuss a case

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breakfast) composed of a couple of slices of buttered bread, and a hearty supper of vegetables and meat four hours before retiring, would be conducive to health? I see that farina causes constipation, although no doubt healthy as food. In doubt, however, I ask the question."

Any thing which causes constipation is conducive to disease instead of to health. More ills and ailments are the direct results of constipation of the bowels than of any other one cause. Farina and all other starchy foods tend to produce constipation, and should be avoided as regular articles of diet. Eating without an appetite is far from being conducive to health. For breakfast better substitute graham bread, or oatmeal and fruit for the farina and milk, dispense with the second meal, for which no appetite is felt, and eat the last meal two or three hours earlier than at present.

Food for Nervous Dyspeptics.—"Please prescribe some bills of fare proper for one inclined to nervous dyspepsia, who studies some but has to, and does daily take several hours of active out-door labor?"

Dyspeptics generally should adopt the two meal-a-day system, and eat nothing whatever at any other time. Let the breakfast be composed of oatmeal mush, quite dry, or oatmeal cakes and fruit, or unleavened graham bread or crackers and fruit. But one kind of fruit should be eaten at a meal, and that should be fresh and well ripened. For dinner, some of the articles mentioned for breakfast may be eaten, or some kind of vegetable that best agrees with the patient may be substituted for the fruit; or, if meat is eaten, lean beef or mutton and some vegetable. No other meats allowable, and, as a rule, nervous dyspeptics are better off without any meat. No butter or greasy food of any kind, sugar, salt, spices, or condiments should be used. The patient MUST eat very slow and masticate his food very thoroughly. There is no rule more important than this. He should drink nothing whatever at meals, or for two hours afterward. He should not eat more than two kinds of food at a meal, and should never eat when in the least tired or excited. Cheerful company at meals is very important, and a hearty laugh, either at or after meals, is a great aid to digestion. "Laugh and grow fat" means to laugh and cease to be a dyspeptic.

Two Meals a Day.—"Do you think it better one should limit himself to two meals a day, irrespective of whether or not he takes much physical exercise?"

I do. Especially do I believe it would be better to take but two meals a day, if he adopts a vegetable diet and lives correctly in other respects. No matter how hard a man may work, two meals, composed of bread made from the entire grain, fruits, and vegetables, are amply sufficient, and I believe he will do more work and do it easier and with less exhaustion to the system, after he gets habituated to it, than he would to eat three meals of the same food, or three meals composed of the ordinary kinds of food, as meats, fine-flour bread, etc. If one eats fat pork, fine-flour bread, butter, sugar, etc., he will need three meals in order to get the nourishment which the vegetarian will get in two. Instead of vegetarians being more poorly nourished than meat-eaters, they are much better nourished, can endure more, go without eating longer and feel hunger less.

Dandruff, its Cause and Remedy.—"Will you please state in THE HERALD the cause of dandruff on the scalp, and how to prevent it?"

Dandruff may be caused by wearing close and heavy hats or caps, by the application of oils or dyes to the hair, by confining the hair too closely to the head, by excessive brain-labor, by uncleanliness, or by all these causes combined. To effect a cure wear the hair short, let the head-covering be as light and well ventilated as possible, avoid all applications of grease or dyes, exercise the brain less and the body more, and wash the head THOROUGHLY two or three times a day in cold water, and follow each washing by a vigorous rubbing with the balls of the fingers. The better the general health is and the stronger the digestion, the less tendency there will be to this disease, as well as to all others.

Mysteries of Man.—"I do not see it advertised in your journal. If you have such a book for sale please state the price in the August number.

We have it. Price, $1 50.

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NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A PHYSICIAN'S PROBLEMS.—By Charles Elam, M. D., M. R. C. P. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

A work "intended as a contribution to the Natural History of these outlying regions of Thought and Action, whose domain is the 'debatable ground' of Brain, Nerve, and Mind," can not but afford matter of intense interest to the philosophic and inquiring mind. A work perspicuously, but so plainly written as to be almost dry, commends itself, nevertheless, to the mind and judgment by its inherent pith and suggestiveness. These Problems are of more than passing interest; they underlie the sources of individual character, and the status and well-being of society at large. The reason *why* we are what we are, and the world of men what it is in the aggregate, are questions of subtile significancy, requiring close observation, and no small degree of courage to look them squarely in the face. As to "Natural Heritage," herein discussed, we call ourselves the child of this man or that woman, while in all that makes up the essentials of character we belong to an ancestry more or less remote, to a grandparent, a great grandparent, a remote ancestor, and can not be said to represent either of our parents.

For instance, our father and mother may have been excellent people, chaste, temperate, and sweet-tempered, while in our unlucky selves may break out the "heritage" of tendency from a libidinous ancestor; the hankerings after alcoholic stimulants from some old fellow who glares from the geneological tree in the shape of a grandfather; or the savage fierceness of some foregone tyrant in the flesh, who at some time figured in the family history; and we, contrary to reason, conscience, and all the handsome, genial proprieties, are horrified ourselves, and horrify the household by irregularities; by intemperate cravings for the cup that turneth itself to rubies in the eyes of the fascinated and longing victim of alcoholic inherited tendency; or our exacerbations of temper shock the nerves, and become the terror of all within the sphere of our intercourse; and the question naturally arises, *Is it ourselves?* We have eaten no sour grapes, and yet our "teeth are set on edge."

Then arises the fearful question of the limits of human responsibility: "Did this man sin, or his parents?" That some are less morally free than others admits not of a doubt, but how far these, that are manifestly in bondage, are responsible for their state, is a question for the legislator no less than for the moralist to consider. The former has, as yet, contented himself with the punishment of crime, rather than in instituting wise investigations into its cause, and the best method of meeting and preventing its commission; while the latter has busied himself too much in the subtleties of the schoolmen to reach any approach to a scientific basis. What we want are facts that may lead to an understanding of these vital questions.

There is one way by which we might reach some degree of certainty, in which women must take the initiative; but which modesty, and the sacredness of the marriage relation will forbid her doing. Every observant and intelligent mother could nearly, if not quite, prophesy the character of her child from data known only to herself; she can predict the harmonies, and the discords of its being—discords which must be propagated, so long as marriage is the arena for so much that is false, discordant, and most miserable, and while maternity is more an enforced than voluntary relation.

Nothing is so surely propagated, and descends as an hereditary heirloom to the progeny as a tendency to drunkenness. Once the nursing mother went to bed rather more than *fuddled* upon a huge tumbler of *toddy*, sweetened and nutmeged, and toasted cracker steeped therein, that she might the better supply that "natural maternal fount" required by the child, who slept softly and soundly, *fuddled* at second hand; and now we in our day are reaping the fruits of these bygone generations, made drunkards by the mother's milk, whose nerves and blood were so poisoned that they had no choice but to take the descending scale in the pathway of life; nor is this the worst; this heritage of woe is not confined to the hankering for strong drink, but the blood being made to circulate more strongly at the base of the brain, in the region of the lower appetites and passions, inflames them, and defrauds the higher instincts; brutalizes the man, and deprives him of all noble aspirations. We condemn the inebriate, we despise him, we loathe him, and yet is the sin to be laid altogether at his door? Dare the father or the mother, who has even furtively gratified this insane lust, lay the hand upon the heart and say, "I am guiltless of the sins of this degraded and degrading child, whose passions are stronger than his reason or judgment?"

We need to disseminate, and we in THE HERALD OF HEALTH are doing our utmost to spread abroad just and rational opinions upon life and its aim, and responsibilities, hoping that at length we may arrive at some better understanding of its laws. People must learn that to reach the period of maturity does not of itself qualify man or woman for marriage. *Mens sana in corpore sano* (a sound mind in a sound body) ought to be essential to this holy relation. No one has a right to entail his moral and physical infirmities upon his offspring, doing them irreparable injury, and adding to the aggregate of human suffering.

We need less of sentimentalism upon this subject and more of manly, courageous thought.

It is a curious fact, that as people advance in life they are apt to lose that peculiar individualism of countenance which had been their distinguishing charm, and look like some aunt or uncle, parent or grandparent; and Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, "I am growing old, for people are pointing out the ancestors I begin to resemble;" showing, it would seem, our true "heritage," and throwing new light upon the saying, "It is a wise child that knows its own father."

There is one consolation in contemplating "Our Natural Heritage." Nature is a strenuous and untiring conservator; she struggles for the best type; she casts off all that is possible, that she may reach the beautiful; evil is limited, and when Nature can do no more, she lets the evil run to its ultimate, and there is found idiocy and sterility, and so the limit is attained. While moral qualities on the side of our best humanity tend to the preservation of what is mentally and physically the ideal type.

"Of Degenerations in Man," our author gives a melancholy picture, but it must be borne in mind that we receive as "our natural heritage" a *tendency* only to the bad, not a fixed fact of character, which education, food, civilization, and, it is to be hoped, a *natural counteracting tendency* will so modify the evil tendency as to produce upon

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the whole a *safe* if not high development; still, in spite of all these drawbacks, we find a large number, known as our "*dangerous* class," from whose ranks are filled our prisons, and who finally end their career by the hands of the executioner. These may or may not be deformed in person, though they generally exhibit disease or infirmity of some one or more of the organs essential to health, which still further adds to the depravity and weakness of the mental or physical constitution, in the shape of weakness of the moral sense, infirmity of will, preponderance to impulse, and a proclivity to temptation.

It is from such as these that disease finds its victims; our prisons groan under their weight; insane asylums resound with their cries and jibberings; and society is held in perpetual terror of their outrages and misdoings; but this degeneracy, which might seem to threaten the race, has, as we have before said, its limits in a beautiful conservation, by which Nature bars the downward progress by interposing sterility, idiocy, and disease, so that the degenerate family becomes extinct.

Medical men, of all others, best understand the nature and causes of social degeneracy, and our legislators should *apply to them for data*, whereby to ascertain the evil, its nature, and cause, and learn how to interpose the remedy. Hitherto, the physician has been regarded as only a *helper* in case of suffering and disease; this is but a limited estimate of the true functions of the enlightened physician, and our legislators are behind the progress of the age in not appealing to their knowledge and judgment for aid in lessening crime, and in interposing methods for its prevention.

Let it be remembered that insanity may arise spontaneously from a line of ancestry never insane in a single instance, but, with a proclivity to the emotional rather than the reasoning power, and that which had been only a habit in the parent becomes an *instinct* and *impulse* in the child; the evil still more augmented by the force of example, by living in the ill atmosphere of discord and violence of temper, without the counteracting influence of moral-educational training, for all ungoverned, irrational impulse will at length get the upper hand and leave the victim rudderless of the constraining will—which is insanity.

Let it be remembered that the habit of using alcoholic drinks, without the supervention of drunkenness in the parent, will in the child create an *instinct* and *appetite*, and proclivity to alcoholic stimulants. M. Morel sketches four generations, including father, son, grandson, and great-grandson, in this connection of alcoholic stimulants:

First Generation.—The father was an habitual drunkard, and was killed in a public broil.

Second Generation.—The son inherited the father's habits, which gave rise to attacks of mania, terminating in paralysis and death.

Third Generation.—The grandson was strictly sober, but was full of hypochondriacal and imaginary fears of persecution, and had homicidal tendencies.

Fourth Generation.—The fourth in descent *had very limited intelligence, and had an attack of madness when sixteen years old, terminating in stupidity, nearly amounting to idiocy.* In him, fortunately, the family became extinct.

Is not here subject enough for thought, enough to inspire a new and thorough crusade against "cock-tails," and "brandy smashers," "mint juleps," whisky, rum, gin, and every species of alcohol? This is without doubt or peradventure, the source of nearly all the crime, the misery, poverty, and wretchedness of these modern days. Crime so greatly on the increase must be traced home to this source almost exclusively, and the anathemas of the temperance preachers are not uncalled for nor out of proportion to the terrible cause.

When we superadd to alcohol the vast amount of opium consumed, and growing every year into more general use, need we wonder at the amount of degeneracy of the civilized man, and the proclivity of so many to crime?

Tobacco is another form of stimulant so world-wide in practice, that we attack the *rac* when we denounce the habit; but, *young smokers* are always pale, meagre, and inert, however hardened the mature man may become to the practice. In the inception of its use it invariably causes dizziness, nausea, cold sweats, coma, sometimes delirium. These things can not fall harmlessly upon the system; but, in the effort of Nature to adapt herself to the *poison*, much that is of the healthful in moral tendency must become obscure, if not obliterated in the process.

Nations, like individuals, have their periods of insanity, excitement, delusion, and recklessness, and thus we have "moral and criminal epidemics," in which the individual is but one of the many irresistably impelled to some delusion, some method of crime, or some abnormal state, produced by hereditary taint in the masses, by *imitation*, by the reflex of some former habitude of mind, at first limited to one or more, but by dissemination made to germinate and yield fruit in the masses. The judicial bench have done much to spread these contagions, but in modern times the press is a vast Juggernaut, spreading contagion, intensifying its victims, and leading them to delusion, madness, crime, and death. The publication of the details of crime even in our day, leads by *imitation* to a repetition of its horrors, even in far separated communities; thus the horrible atrocities of the Troupman murders were no sooner made familiar through the press to the public mind, than they were succeeded by the murder of the Marshall family in England, and that of a whole household in Philadelphia.

In like manner, we need look no farther than our own times to see how the mania for burglary propagates itself; the mania for homicide in all its aspects by brute force, no less than by poisoning; the mania for suicide in all its most revolting forms. The abuse of the liberty of the press, so much vaunted, never over-estimated in its moral good, thus leagued, as it were, with crime, becomes a whip, scourging the ill-conditioned masses; the weak in moral force, the imitative, the emotional, and ignorant, onward through a perfect carnival of crime. It is time that a powerful public sentiment should frown down the publication of the details of human outrage; the reports of corrupting divorce cases in our courts of law, and the *modus operandi* of murder, suicide, etc.

It would exceed our limits to even name the delusions which have misled the human mind in the masses, driving whole communities to acts which the better judgment of subsequent ages have hardly been able to rectify. Yet in all this we can trace the hand of an all-beneficent Providence, putting limits to the evil, and even evolving good from its existence, and thus through error, failure, and defeat, has man been able to place his foot upon the vantage ground of Truth.

We live in a most remarkable age, is a trite thing to say, but man as man is more remarkable, in this our age of telegrams and railways, than in any preceding. His bone and muscle are better, and while sufficiently active in the great movements of the time, it is not brute force that rules—active as it is, cropping out in the shape of pedestrianism, cricket, sparring, boating, pugilism, all going to show that we believe in a fine physique, as implicitly as did the athletes at the Olympic games, still it

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is *nerve*, not *muscle*, that rules. There is a preponderance of nerve or brain-force in our day, with an insufficient field for its use, and we look confidently to some new development in thought, action, and aim, if not in clear spiritual revelation.

There is much talk about the injury inflicted upon the brain of children by too much application to study, but very much of this is chimerical. The hope is that every child will become a rational, intellectual man, and therefore it is essential that he should be early placed under training suitable to his age and capacity; above all things is it essential that his moral training be coeval with the earliest awakening of his faculties. The brain of a child is never idle, and, if good seed be not planted therein, evil will assuredly fix a lodgment; still the tissues are soft and yielding, and tenderness as well as good judgment is required. As the student advances, more labor may be put upon it; for the brain acquires strength by exercise, just as the muscle becomes firm and fit for use by being exercised. We are much tougher than we imagine, and have only to contrast ourselves with the old, intellectual gymnasts, to see how much we fall below them. Montaigne, Pascal, and others, did the world good service in spite of their precocity, while Chrichton died at thirty-two, a miracle of accomplishments and learning. After all, it is not the number of years that make a man old or otherwise, but the capacity for work and rational enjoyment which may exist onward to a century, and still leave the man young, and the soul in full activity when the body has become too much worn to aid its active companion.

"My friends," said Auquetil, when dying at the age of sixty-six, "you behold a man dying, full of life."

Of one thing there is little doubt, that the health and comeliness of the body are materially aided by a judicious use of the intellect; the face most especially retains its dignity and beauty of expression late in life with the intellectual, while the owner of a useless brain becomes a mere cleď in look, and prematurely falls into dotage.

A good diet, pure air, exercise at proper intervals, *morning study*, and temperance in all things, will guarantee usefulness and long life, if there be no hereditary taint to crop out like a rock strata upon a good soil, and mar all our culture and disappoint our best endeavor.

It is refreshing in this age to find a writer capable of doing justice to the sublime purity, singleness, and originality of the great philosopher Socrates, and commenting with force and penetration upon what is vulgarly called his "Demon," that impersonation of a delicate conscience whose manifestations became to him an audible voice, which he never disregarded. Pascal, also, the abstruse thinker and conscientious follower of a divine intuition, comes in for a meed of just panegyric.

We close with a passage in the author's happiest style:

"Fellow laborer! fear not to do manfully the work for which your gifts qualify you; but do it as one who must give an account both of *soul and* body. Work, and work hard while it is day; but the night cometh soon enough—do not hurry it. Use your faculties, use them to the utmost, but do not abuse them—make not the *mortal* to do the work of the *immortal*. The body has its claims, it is a good servant; treat it well, and it will do your work; it knows its own business, do not attempt to teach it or to force it; attend to its wants and requirements, listen kindly and patiently to its hints, occasionally forestall its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be repaid with interest. But task it, and pine it, and suffocate it, make it a slave instead of a servant; it may not complain much, but, like the weary camel in the desert, *it will lie down to die!*"

THE PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Contributors to this Number.

MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH,
REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM,
ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, of Oxford, Eng.,
ALFRED B. STREET,
HENRY WARD BEECHER,
E. P. EVANS,
F. B. PERKINS,
MRS. H. C. BIRDSALL,
PROF. HUXLEY,
DR. A. L. WOOD, and
THE EDITOR.

Notices of the Press.—We call special attention to the notices of Mrs. Gleason's book which we have received from persons who have read it, and from the newspaper and magazine press. It is rarely that a work of this character has been so well received.

Dr. Susan Everett has closed her season of lectures for the present, and will recreate until September, when she will open her fall campaign in New York and Massachusetts. She may be addressed during the summer at Aurora, Ill., Drawer 142.

Bacon's Family Guide to the HOLY BIBLE.—New York: John Beardshaw, 15 Laight Street.

This chart is unique in its design, and for the purpose for which it is contrived, we should think it would prove useful. The map gives the location of all the places mentioned in the Bible, the journeyings of the Israelites, the travels of St. Paul, and much other matter of interest which can not be explained in a brief paragraph. It is sold by agents. Price, $1 50.

A Good Sewing Machine is given free for a club of 35 subscribers and $70. This premium is very popular. If there is a poor, deserving family in your neighborhood help it to get a good sewing machine by subscribing at once. Perhaps your minister's wife wants one. If so, help her to get it, by helping her to get up a club. The Empire is one of the best sewing machines in use, and we are sure that it will give you good satisfaction.

Our Premiums.—We shall be careful to send out as Premiums nothing which is not all that we claim for it in value. No cheap, second-hand, or indifferent article will be used.

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Facts for the Ladies.—I purchased a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine about ten years ago, and while learning to use it without instruction, broke one needle; after that for more than nine years, I had the machine in almost daily use, doing all my family sewing and very much for friends and others, and instructed seven persons in the use of the machine, without breaking a needle. My machine has never cost one penny for repairs. I have sewed hours with a worrisome babe in my lap, working upon fabric of the most delicate texture, as well as upon men's and boys' clothes of the heaviest material. I have made garments for the cradle, the bridal, the hospital, and the funeral. Entering into every vicissitude in life, my machine has become, as it were, a part of my being. MRS. M. L. PECK.
MEXICO, N. Y.

The Address Label.—By this method our subscribers can keep their own accounts as to when their terms of subscription close; for instance, if the printed slip has "De70," or "Je71" added to the name, it signifies that the subscriber's term of subscription expires with the December number of 1870, or the June number of 1871, and so on *et seq.*

Talks to My Patients.—Mrs. Gleason's book, advertised and noticed elsewhere, is meeting with a good sale. We can supply it to subscribers and agents in any quantity. A good many ladies are selling it with success. We should like to have in every town a good Lady Agent. For particulars of agency, write to the Publishers.

Books C. O. D.—Parties who order books will find it cheaper to send the money with the order, than to order C. O. D., as in this case the cost of collection will be added to the bill. This is considerable, when the money has to be returned from a distant point. Those who order C. O. D., should send one-fourth the value of the order in advance to insure prompt attention.

Home Treatment.—Invalids wishing prescriptions for home treatment can have them for Five Dollars. They should send full particulars of their cases. Any person sending five new subscribers to THE HERALD OF HEALTH and Ten Dollars, will, if he does not choose other premiums, be entitled to a prescription for treatment free.

Caution.—Our friends in writing to us will please be very particular and give Postoffice, County and State with every letter, and not depend on us to remember where they live, though they may have told us a hundred times. Those who think we can turn to our books and find their names and address without trouble, are quite mistaken.

Wanted.—Will our readers please send us brief items of news and experience referring to Health and Physical Culture topics. Make them pointed and practical, and we will publish them for the benefit of others. Do not mix them up with business or personal matters, but on separate sheets of paper and in readiness for the Printer.

Clubs of Twenty-five.—Any person who will send us at one time twenty-five new subscribers to this monthly, shall have them for Twenty-five Dollars. Remember they must be new subscribers, and all be sent at one time.

Notice to Our Correspondents.—The following hints to correspondents should be observed in writing to us:

1. ALWAYS attach name, Post Office, County, and State to your letter.
2. SEND MONEY by Check on New York, or by Postoffice Money Order. If this is impossible, inclose Bills and register Letter.
3. CANADA AND NEW YORK CITY SUBSCRIBERS should send 12 *cents extra*, with which to prepay postage on subscriptions to THE HERALD OF HEALTH.
4. REMEMBER, if you are entitled to a Premium, to order it when you send the Club, and inform us how it is to be sent.
5. REMEMBER THAT WE NOW GIVE the *Empire Sewing Machine* as a premium. It is guaranteed to give good satisfaction.
6. REMEMBER TO SEND in Clubs early.
7. REMEMBER TO LOOK at our Premium List and Book List, and see exactly what we give and have for sale.
8. REMEMBER that for the names and addresses of 25 persons, either invalids or friends of Temperance and Health Reform, we give Prof. Wilson's book on the Turkish Bath. It contains 72 pages.
9. STAMPS should be sent to prepay postage on letters that require an answer.
10. Those who want a good *Spirometer*, *Parlor Gymnasium*, or *Filter* for making their water clean, will find the prices in another column.
11. INVALIDS from all parts of the country are invited to write to us for our circular, and full particulars as to Treatment or Board in the Hygienic Institution, See advertisement elsewhere.
12. See List of Books elsewhere.

Job Printing.—We are prepared to execute in neat, substantial styles, various kinds of JOB PRINTING: such as Pamphlets, Circulars, Envelopes, Billheads, Letter-heads, Cards, Labels, Small Handbills, etc., at the same rates as in all first-class New York printing establishments. Stereotype work done to order.

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How to Send Money.—In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Postoffice Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but in a Registered letter*. The present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

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au-1t* Loudon, Franklin County, Pa.

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WHAT THE DOCTORS, THE PEOPLE, AND PRESS SAY

ABOUT MRS. DR. GLEASON'S

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS.

From P. H. Hayes, M. D., *of Watkins, Mass.*

I have just laid down Mrs. Dr. Gleason's new work, and I am impatient to take up my pen in praise of it. The book is true to its title, and full of strong points and good counsels. But its chiefest charm for me is that the writer so well understands the so frequent connection of a troubled spirit with broken health, and that from the fountain of her own warm Christian heart, and from her experience as physician, wife, and mother, she knows so well how to

"Minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, and
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart."

From Mrs. Sarah R. A. Dolley, M. D., *Rochester, N. Y.*

The title, "Talks to My Patients," might indicate to some that the interest of this pleasant and instructive volume was confined to the patients of its author; but while the needs of these may have suggested the "Talks" which come to make the book, no physician will read it without thinking of scores who would be benefited by its perusal; and no mother will read it who will not thereafter be better prepared to lovingly and understandingly guard and care for the physical and moral well-being of her children. I have set it circulating among my patients.

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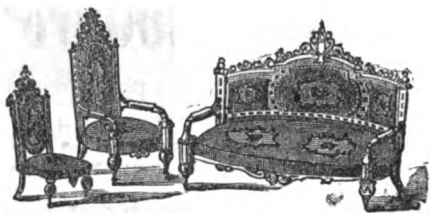
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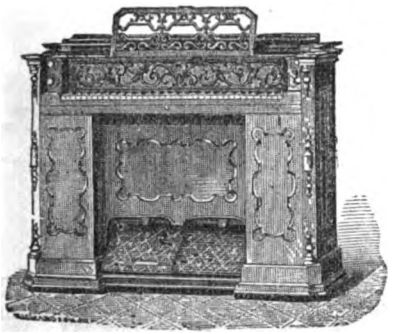
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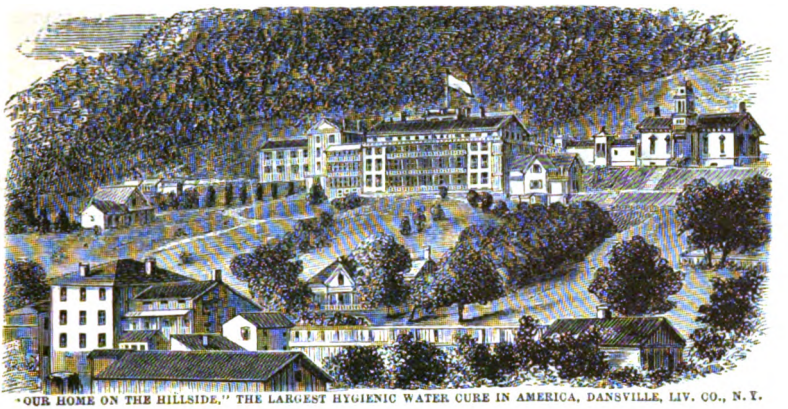
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SEPTEMBER, 1870.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

General Articles: Page

The Two Wives—*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith*.. 97
Reminiscences of Sir James Y. Simpson—*Dr. Lydia F. Fowler*.....106
Sent to Bed (A Poem)—*Edgar Fawcett*..113
An Unbounded Stomach—*Rev. Charles H. Brigham*.....113
Growth and Development—*Archibald McLaren*.....117
The Therapeutics of Flogging—*E. P. Evans*.....120
Things, Not Thoughts—*F. B. Perkins*..124
The Phrenology of Charles Dickens—*Prof. L. N. Fowler*.....125
Our Studies in Physiology—*Prof. T. H. Huxley*.....127

Editorial Department:

The War.....129
Animal Food and Grease.....130
Woman Clerks—Death of Admiral Farragut—Bar-rooms *vs.* Reading-rooms.131
Letter from Mary Safford.....132
Boys and Smoke.....134
Water Drinking in Hot Weather—Entire Wheat Flour for Children.....135
Music for Invalids—Sewing Machines and Health—Gold and Suicide.....136

How to Treat the Sick:

Fat and Thin People.....137
Stimulating the Sick—Hydropathy in Typoid Fever—Sunstroke.....139

Answers to Correspondents:

Fainting Fits, and How to Treat Them.—Bad Breath, Cause and Remedy—Tight Lacing and [illegible] of Liver.140
Hair Tonics and Cosmetics—Exercise before Breakfast—Canned Fruits....141

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VOL. 16, No. 3.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1870. [NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY WOOD & HOLBROOK, 13 & 15 LAIGHT STREET.

THE TWO WIVES.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PROFESSOR GROWS TROUBLED.

THE Professor thus writes in his journal: "Verily, my life is full of blessedness. These academic groves, these scholarly pursuits, are so entirely accordant with my taste and feelings that I desire nothing else. I correspond with the learned of similar institutions, and I see the minds of my pupils develop under my teachings with a sense of being useful and dignified in my vocation.

"I miss the beautiful, spiritual face of Edward Osmond in my class, for there was something there that became to me prophetic of the race. Sister Electa speaks of him as belonging to the angels—in the best import, noble as a man, beautiful as a woman. Somehow, when I recall his face, his voice, it blends with a sweet vision of a clear spring of water beneath an oasis of palm trees, and he sits there, his head resting upon a lion, and his arm encircling a lamb, while he reads a scroll in the bright sunlight.

"Electa breathes into our household the very spirit of divine peace; even Mrs. Pyncham is tranquilized and rendered rational under her influence, while Cora is beyond expression lovely. Every little jarring chord, that once threatened to mar the harmony of her being, has become musical with joy and happiness.

"I observe Electa has devoted herself much to the interests of the Stearns family, which seems strange to me, for the woman Janet is a sad vixen and a loud-talking ignoramus, with no consciousness of her short-comings. Paul, on the contrary, is a good youth in his way.

"Last night, thinking to surprise Cora with a new and diminutive watch I had bought for her, I opened one of her bureau drawers to lay it therein. Ah me! what a lovely, fairy sight met my eyes! all so snowy white, so airy, so fresh, so diminutive! Cautiously I raised a little shirt thin as gossamer to my lips, and kissed it over and over again, and gave expression to my deep joy and reverence in words of prayer. Then Cora approached on tiptoe, and, blushing, put her arms about my neck, and

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even kissed my tearful eyes; but she whispered playfully,

"'Naughty boys mustn't peep!' and then she burst into tears, and laid her dear head in my bosom.

"I had not for some time had any recurrence of my dreams, and I could see that Cora was very glad, and even hinted that she hoped I would never have a recurrence of them. I own I did not sympathize with this desire, for I was conscious of a new life and spirit and health through this source, as though I had quaffed of the primitive spring of life and being.

"Several weeks have transpired since I last wrote, and I have much to record. There had been much of stir and bustle in the house, and my library was quite deserted. I sat listlessly holding some fine mineralogic specimens in my hands, beautifully polished agates and crystals of the quartz, and a piece of amber inclosing a fly, and I must add that the touch of amber is to me a gentle exhilarant, when I passed into my dream existence.

"'George,' said my old friend, the hunter, 'I do not quite understand you. I believe you fall asleep now and then. You do not seem to sleep; but I tell you, old fellow, you sit bolt upright, and talk in a most astonishing manner; to speak plainly, you are muddling about, talking of triremes—that seems to be the word—and you swore by the eternal Styx, and how any sort of sticks should be eternal I do not know; and then you bade me watch when the moon was full, and having offered a white kid to Trivia, and laid a coin under her right foot, I might depart to whence I came.'

"'Are you sure that it was I, the real, identical George, who talked in this fashion, Rodman?'

"'Why, man alive! who else should it be? To own up, old fellow, you do look uncommonly handsome, and you spout away in a manner to shame the stump-speakers. Then again you have a style of looking deucedly foolish, and smiling, and just now you whispered, in a way to kill,

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The favored youth that sits by thee;"

and you laid your hand on your heart, and all that sort of thing. It's mighty queer!'

"'Rodman, I swear to you that I have not been asleep. I think it is you who are getting luny. Fill your pipe, old boy, for I shall not believe all is right with you until I see the light smoke exhaling in this delicious air.'

"Rodman rammed the tobacco into his meerschaum so violently that the wonder was he did not split the bowl, and then, eyeing me askance, he reached over to me, where I sat on the grass, with a scarlet cactus in my fingers, and give me such a hard, sudden grip with thumb and finger that I involuntary started with the pain. He gave himself an even more formidable pinch, and then settling himself to his pipe, he exclaimed,

"'All right, old boy; go on!'

DREAM RESUMED.

"At length I began to weary of my life in the gloom of the ancient temple, and we made our preparations to depart. We feared the dwarf might oppose this movement, or refuse to go with us, but, on the contrary, she seemed overjoyed at the plan, and lent herself to amassing the gold and gems which should serve to preserve us from want.

"'O my Narita! shall you not pine for your kindred, and long to return?' asked Zalinka.

"'Why should I? Soon the last of my race will sleep the long sleep in the shadow of the silent temple, and why then should Narita be there?'

"'True, most true; better to lie where the blossom will cluster, and the bird sing, my devoted child!'

"Narita shook her masses of hair over her wee face and covered it also with her hands, but she said no more. At length she announced that all was in readiness. We ascended to the area above, and took our last look at the glorious city lying beneath. The sun had gone down to his amber couch, and the full moon shown resplendent upon the vast teocalla and the nearly deserted streets. In the distance arose the piles of smoke convolved and dense from the mountain which never slumbered, while groves of palms and mahogany lifted their motionless heads solemnly in the night air, and the river flowed and sparkled onward like molten silver in the moonlight.

"All was so flooded in the clear white rays, that the birds, doubtful of the hour, flitted from branch to branch at intervals, and the clear notes of the Campanero sounded like the joyous tone of a marriage-bell. More than once its white feathers almost touched our heads, as we sat in our verdant bower, where probably it had a nest near by. We sat long, indulging in that silence which is much more eloquent than words, when again the Campanero rang her pretty chimes close to our ears. I took the hand of Zalinka, and there, under the holy stars, in the solitude of that ancient fane, besought her

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to be my wife, and as she answered only with her lustrous eyes, the bell-bird chimed our only note of joy.

"'It was a nice, purty place to make love to a woman in,' interrupted Rodman. 'I suppose when a fellow is so full of happiness as you must a been every thing takes on a festive look, otherwise, I was going to remark that the bell-bird always has a melancholy sound, to my mind. Go on.'

"We left the pigmy inhabitants of the temple sleeping soundly, and, conducted by Narita, we again penetrated the cavernous labyrinths of the subterranean way, and after hours, and what seemed days to me, emerged upon the banks of the river. Seizing a narrow batteau, which had been hauled up under a clump of agoves, we floated down the stream. It mattered not to us whither we went, for to the eyes of lovers all places are alike beautiful.

"At length we heard the roar of a cataract, and the contour of the hilly country which we now approached, gave indications of a deep and dangerous descent. Leaving the canoe to its fate, we ascended an eminence, whence could be seen the bosom of a lovely lake, over which skimmed and wheeled in careless gambols innumerable aquatic birds, and in the distance arose the towers and pyramids of a vast city.

"Light as an antelope of the hills, the happy Zalinka moved at my side, unconscious of fatigue, never weary with the beauty of all she beheld, and giving expression to her content by chanting in her soft voice the simple and often impassioned songs of her people.

"The sun was rising when we entered the city, which in the distance had seemed so inviting. Gradually the orb of light shone along the streets, lighting up the spires of grass amid its paving-stones, creeping from terrace to terrace of its temples and palaces, burnishing the architrave, and throwing into bold relief the huge stony giants looking down from portico and wall, but, save the bird flitting through the silent trees, or the emerald lizard gliding along the pathway, there was no sign of life.

"As yet there was no decay. The pure, transparent atmosphere had left the noblest fane and the humblest dwelling alike, in all the freshness and beauty of their original creation. Upon the walls the gorgeous coloring of purple and gold and vermilion were revived, as when the tints first grew under the hands of the master. The ashes were still upon the hearth-stone; the golden fillet of the priest, the obsidian implements of sacrifice lay upon the altar, as if the steps of the hierarchy had hardly ceased their echo along the corridor.

"What calamity had fallen upon the deserted city, to leave it thus desolate in the very strength and prime of its creation? There were the myriads of people who had made its thoroughfares resonant with echoing feet, and the hum of busy life. Vainly we walked its silent ways and penetrated vestibule and hall, and the sacred precincts of cloistered grove and holy crypt. The silence of death without its decay hung over all, impressing us with sentiments of profound awe. Years, it may have been, had passed since the inhabitants had ceased from the great city, for now and then a shrub might be seen bursting from some vividly-colored cornice, or a vine stealing softly up the limbs of some grand old idol that looked helplessly downward upon the intruder.

"Who were the people? Whence came they? Were they cotemporary with Melchizedek? Might the ages then have resounded wih the pæans of Job, or the trimbrel of Miriam? Were the ballads out of which some Homer garnered his inspiration once sung along these solitary streets? Were frail Helens here, and Iphigenias with beseeching eyes, and Sapphos maddening the heart with song and beauty? Silence broods like a pall, cold, impenetrable. The gods have fled the deserted fane, the Hestia have gone from the dead ashes of forgotten homes, and the chill but not the ghastliness of the sepulchre usurps the atmosphere of a city, which is left without a name or remembrance.

"I had felt an unaccountable sensation of dread, a sense as of invisible surroundings—the awe as if hidden, unseen, mysterious influences were working a spell upon the senses, when suddenly Zalinka clung to me with terror, and hid her face in my bosom. Narita also tore the silver bodkin from her masses of hair, as was her custom when excited, and buried her little face in a corner of her mistress' robe.

"'Let us go hence,' cried Zalinka. 'Hasten away, my Teomax; the city is forsaken of the gods. The people were abhorrent, and the great powers above rained desolation and terror upon them, and they perished, one and all. Look, Teomax, at yonder sacred temple! it is cleft from crown to base with the lightnings of Heaven. Thus does the great one God speak when the priest pollutes his altar.'

"Gathering her to my side, we rushed from the city as if Pan and all the forces of earth which he commands were leagued for our destruction. The banks of the river were so densely bordered with vines and cacti, that we

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could scarcely make our way, and more than once the tiny form of the dwarf was suspended in mid air, as, attempting to leap some yawning crevasse, she was caught by her long hair. At these times she tore it away with her hands, and screamed more with rage than pain, yet no solicitations would prevail to induce her to have it braided and fastened to her small head.

"After hours of wearisome effort, we at length descended to the foot of the falls, and there, to our great delight, we found the light canoe which we had abandoned above had passed the cataract uninjured, and was safely moored in an angle of the stream, whither the foaming eddy had lodged it. We now seated ourselves in this, and submitting ourselves to the guidance of the flood, floated onward.

"'I hope you had a good rifle, for it is not uncommon to find a jaguar, or boa-constrictor, or some other varmint, snug on the branch of some tree, ready to drop down and make a dinner upon the carcass of a traveler.'

"'No, I had no arms, nor were we molested. Indeed, Zalinka assured me that all rude creatures were disarmed by the symbol upon her shoulder. Once, the loud crackling and crashing of the trees that overhung our path admonished us of the approach of some wild beast, and soon the heavy vines laden with their weight of bloom and perfume were thrust aside, and the glittering eyes of an enormous snake appeared from the shore, but Zalinka waved her hand and he laid his head upon the earth in mute submission.

"'It's a pity you couldn't have put a ball through his head, when he lay there convenient, for the next traveler wasn't likely to fare as well as you did. For my part, I always feel as if I was killing "Old Nick," when I kill a serpent. Go on.'

"Zalinka all through this journey was gay as a bird, tender and maidenly as primal woman is. Nothing could equal her rosy blush, her musical laugh startled the denizens of the wood to their wildest merriment, and timid creatures through our path, were lured by the sweetness of her presence.

"'Ah me!' interrupted Rodman, 'many a poor dog cursed with a termigant wife would envy you such a woman. I knew one such, wiser and better than the man who loved the earth she trod upon, and he grew jealous only of the angels—and they took her, they took her! Go on.'

"But I could not go on, for Cora's head lay upon my bosom, and she whispered,

"'George, do you know that when you dream you are like the strings of a wind-harp. I hear a faint breath of music; it is here, it is gone. I listen, and am tantalized with a note; I see tints of purple light around your temples, and, O George! you are not George at all, but so bright, so joyous-looking! I am sure Zalinka is a great deal more to you than poor little Cora!' and the tears were in her eyes.

"'My sweet child, if Zalinka comes to me in dreams, is it a fault of mine? If there are depths in the human soul undiscovered by and unknown to common experience, shall we contemn them, and shrink from them in terror? Rather should we not accept them with profound awe, accept them reverently as possibilities of existence, as a gleam of wider, grander probabilities; as a revelation of the deeper mysteries of being, which, when better known, will open to us the gates of eternal realities, and show to us how much more there is hidden in our creation than we have yet learned?'

"Oh George! I do not understand you, but it all sounds as beautiful as the talk of Edward Olmstead!'

"'And yet you are jealous of my dream-wife, Cora!'

"'Is she your wife in your dream, George?' asked Cora, with a startled look.

"'Yes, my own true, loving wife; she has become such in my dream.'

"Cora walked away, and leaned her pretty head upon her hand, gazing wistfully from the lattice, and then she came to me; she put her two hands upon each side of my head and read my eyes in a new way, and said slowly,

"'George, perhaps this dream-wife is an archetype of the second wife—;' her lips trembled.

"'Do not break my heart, darling,' I cried, clasping her in my arms.

"'There, dear George! if you are content I am. Somehow, I am weak and foolish, but I could die to make you happy!'

"'And I could die for thee, my beloved, but we will not die, we will live to make each other happy.'"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Freshet on the Androscoggin.

IT was one of those warm days of the early spring which sometimes visit this northern region, always the precursor of the breaking up of the ice in the upper streams, followed by freshets more or less severe in proportion to the accumulation of snow in the mountainous re-

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gions. Paul had just come home from a short voyage down the coast, preparatory to those longer adventures upon the sea, for which he so ardently longed. Sister Electa had not only favored his desire for a life upon the ocean, but had herself directed his nautical studies, and had even furnished his "sea chest" with all the comforts and conveniences pertaining to the sailor.

Paul rarely now saw Patience, whose coquetries he by no means approved, though it was evident that she filled a very large place in his thoughts if not in his heart.

"I can not spend all my time backing and filling for a woman; if she is ever tired of fooling, I will speak to her; if not, not."

His mother had set her eye on the thrifty girl, and was determined, if possible, to secure her for Paul. Accordingly she, between sunset and dark, put a decent black shawl over her head and made her way to Deacon Grant's. Avoiding the front of the house, she made her way through the rear door directly to the clean, wholesome kitchen, where she knew Patience was most likely to be found. Here indeed she was, looking as rosy as the apples which she was paring to make into pies. She colored crimson at the sight of Janet, and motioned her to a chair. After a brief silence, followed by a discussion of the weather, which was compared with that of several previous winters, and the present pronounced as comparatively mild and pleasant, Mrs. Stearns ventured upon the observation,

"Paul got home from Boston, day before yesterday."

Patience colored to the eyes, and said, "Did he? I suppose you were right glad!"

"Well, aren't you glad too, Patience? I've seen the time yo'd eenymost break your neck running after Paul!"

"That was when I was young and foolish, Mrs. Stearns."

"Drat the gal! You put on mighty smart airs. I hope you don't consider yourself any better than my Paul?"

Patience finished the apple she was paring, struck the knife into another, cut off the blossom end with a sharp cut, and proceeded to turn it round, each time showing the white fruit and a long thread of skin which curled and lengthened under the knife till she reached the stem, when she severed a round patch and dropped the apple into the tray with others before subjected to a like process. All this time she did not speak.

At length the irritable Janet ejaculated,

"So you think yourself too good for Paul, do you?"

"I do not feel bound to say what I think," returned the girl.

"Hoity, toity! what are the gals coming to! Time was when a likely young man could take his pick out of the best."

"He can now, leaving me out of the count. I'm in no hurry to be married."

"No more ain't Paul. He can wait as long as you can."

"I hope he doesn't wait for me!" answered Patience, with a suppressed smile and a vivid blush.

Janet saw that her tactics were at fault, and she changed her tone, and said in a wheedling voice,

"Nobody could help loving Paul, Patience. Even the bigbugs of the college make of him; and Miss Electa treats him more like a brother than a stranger; and it ain't the thing for him to be put upon by a—a—a good-for-nothing hussy like you!" She could not help winding up her sentence in her usual manner.

"Oh, never you worry about me, ma'am. I am not the one to harm a hair of his head," and Patience carried a long, unbroken apple-paring, the two ends terminating in a round piece from the two poles of the fruit, three times round her head and cast it over her shoulders, when it fell upon the floor in a coil that certainly looked like a P, whereat Janet rubbed her dry hands together and exclaimed,

"It's a P, Patience, plain as day!"

"It's more like an S, to my eyes," answered Patience, and then, seeing the inference to be drawn from her inadvertence, she added, "they always make the letter S!"

"Well, now, whether it is P or S, it is all the same—Paul Stearns! I wish, Patience, you wouldn't be so offish with Paul; men need encouragement; they're pesky shy, and kind o' ought to be led on. Half the time they don't know what's good for 'em. Women ought to fall into their ways, and take 'em like; it's better for both on 'em."

Patience struck her knife into a fresh apple with a vim, and bridled her curly head with scorn, as she replied,

"Paul may wait till the longest day he lives before he finds me making up to him. When I want him I'll call for him, ma'am, and you may tell him so."

Janet rose to her feet, and her hands tingled to give the girl a box on her ear, but that not daring to do, she contented herself with exclaiming,

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"You good-for-nothing, self-conceited jade! You're not worthy that my son should wipe his feet on you. You think you're a beauty, and may turn up your nose at the men, but mark my words for it, you'll go through the woods and pick up a broken stick at the last," and she went out, slamming the door behind her, muttering, "I'd like to a said, *jist as I did!* I'm glad I didn't say so, for John was a good creetur, a good creetur!"

No sooner had Janet left the house than Mrs. Grant, who had seen her enter by the back door, and who had her own reasons for wishing to know the purport of the visit, and had therefore endangered an attack of the earache (which is a prevalent disease to those exposed to the draft of a key-hole) by placing herself in close connection therewith, opened the door, and looking about as if in quest of somebody, exclaimed,

"I'm sure I thought I saw the Widow Stearns coming in! Where is she? and what is wanting, Patience?"

Now the girl perfectly understood the habits of the Deaconess, and more than that, she had so sat that she could plainly see the eclipse of the key-hole, and she replied, demurely, "Doors have ears, ma'am. I suppose they've told you all," and she proceeded to "core" the apples with quiet impudence. Mrs. Grant was too wise to contend, and she contented herself with examining the tray of fruit, and picked out here and there one with a worm-hole, cautioning Patience to greater care, and then replied, casually, "That young man, Paul, is a pompous bag of wind, that'll not be likely to come to any good. I advise you to keep out of his way, Patience, if you know when you are well off."

Patience's eyes flashed, and she answered, warmly, "If the truth is to be told, Paul Stearns is a right down honest-minded, warm-hearted fellow, and I'll hear no one abuse him. I don't know why every body talks to me about him, but they shall hear the truth when they do it," and she took up the tray of apples and proceeded to chop them with great vigor.

As the day was warm and the sunshine clear from cloud, Patience, who, although she parried all feminine attacks with a proud spirit, was ill at ease in her mind, no sooner finished her baking and ranged the pies to cool, than she ventured forth down the river bank to enjoy the softened sky and air, no less than to have, as she said mentally, "a good cry, where nobody would be the wiser for it."

Descending the bank, there was a small cove formed by a point of rocks jutting to the south of it into the stream, and here the ice, descending from above, and forced irresistibly against the rock, had worn by the aid also of impending currents a hollow recess or grotto, where in her childhood she had often stole away to enjoy for a brief space the sympathy and kindness of her young admirer, Paul.

Taking her hood from her head, and gathering her arms in her plaid shawl, she sat long, gazing wistfully out upon the river, the ice of which was growing dark and sodden under the warm atmosphere. The wind was southerly, fresh and strong, but she was sheltered from its force by the overhanging rocks, save that now and then a gust caused her curls to glitter in the light, as if some invisible hand had parted the threads to show their golden beauty.

Patience knew she was capricious and self-willed, but she scorned to be one of those who feel themselves honored by the preference of the other sex. Indeed, she strove to give a reason where no reason existed, for her imperviousness was in her blood, and not the result of a system of thought. While she sat thus brooding without end or aim, the tears streaming from her eyes, a slight sound upon the slip of pebbly beach, and Paul Stearns stood before her. She half rose from her rocky seat, brushing back her hair, and drying her eye with one and the same motion, when Paul asked, in a low voice,

"Can we not be friends, Patience?"

"As you will," she answered, coldly.

Paul was proud, and accustomed to find the girls in general far from being averse to his society, and this had rendered him perhaps a little vain and exacting; and, Patience instinctively aware of the prerogatives of her sex to command at least *before marriage*, whatever they might do afterward, was not disposed to yield to his assumptions; accordingly, when he half turned away with an angry flush, she said with some asperity,

"Paul Stearns, you and I do nothing but quarrel, and I think of late we have learned to hate each other."

Paul was very pale, and he answered, "If you think so, Patience, I will trouble you no more; good bye," and, springing upon a raft of logs half imbedded in ice and water, he ascended the stream without once turning to look upon the proud girl whom he left pale and trembling. She tried to speak, but her tongue refused its office, and she sank back with a sickness of the heart she had never before known, although she had known much of coldness and cruelty in the few years she had lived in the world.

Patience had been nurtured amid the idiotic,

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weak, poor, and miserable waifs of the "poor-house." She might or she might not have good blood in her veins—she was never to know, for the poor mother that bore her come whence no one knew; foot-sore and sick, she had sank down by the gate, into which she was taken, and in a few hours she went forth again upon the long, unknown but much frequented road over which all must travel soon or late. Ere she started on her lonely road, she pressed pale, cold lips upon an unconscious babe and murmured, "Patience, patience!" as if she had long tried to school her heart to this aching, hopeless virtue.

The poor, trembling heart and hope-forsaken crones who took the child from her dead arms, had called it Patience because of this, and it proving a strong and handsome babe, requiring little care, it soon became the one cheery object of the establishment, and there was a kindly strife for her smiles and favors. But it soon became apparent that she "carried too many guns" for an institution whose highest claims were in behalf of squalor and imbecility. The self-willed, observant child, not comprehending the propriety of heaping hard words, abuse, and even blows, as a just penalty for the improprieties of age, poverty and sickness, loudly remonstrated against this salutary discipline. The foolish, unreasonable child stole bread and meat, and gave it to those whose poor old stomachs were not satisfied with the prescribed amount provided.

For this she had been beat, and shut into dark cellars, but she was no sooner let out than she might be seen scraping up chips and gathering bits of old boxes and wood to warm the room of some bed-ridden wretch, who persisted in heaving his wheezy breath, when he had ceased to be of any use in the world. Then she found a little skillet and made him porridge, to warm his old bones, all the time humming some gay tune which she had learned, nobody knew how.

There was one woman there, born and bred a lady, but she had lived so long that her relations had forgotten her. They had managed her property for her till it was all gone, and having moved to another part of the country, she was found, one cold winter day, without fire or food, and was then taken to the "poor-house." Perhaps she did not grow humble and cringing, as old people are expected to grow, for it is well known that poor relations must be willing to "eat humble pie," or they are not to be endured, and so Mrs. Dana in her old age contrived to smother her pride under the pauper's shawl as best she might.

This woman had taught Patience to read and write, and gave her the first moral ideas she ever received. She instructed her to be frank, and honest, and proud; yes, the pauper, Mrs. Dana, again and again said to her, "Be proud, child! be proud; it is all that will save you!"

One morning her teacher was found seated in her low rocking-chair, bolt upright, stiff and dead. Patience, contrary to what was expected of her, was not violent nor noisy in her grief. She stood with her arms around the dead neck, only whispering, "She loved me, she loved me!" Patience had seen too many put into their pine coffins, and laid away in the ground without a single mourner, to be surprised at the death of her only friend, and she was the only one that dropped a tear over the dust of the once proud and handsome woman. She would steal away in the dusk to weep her silent tears, and wonder if the outside world was like the circumscribed world of the poor-house.

At length Mrs. Grant, needing a girl-of-all-work came to the house for help, and seeing Patience—a bright, wholesome girl, without a spot or blemish of pauperism in her looks, she had her bound to her till the age of eighteen, and took her to her cold, well-to-do mansion. Here she grew, as we have seen, proud, self-reliant, capable, and handsome.

Patience had dropped her head upon her knees after Paul left her, and all the wearisome memories of her early life crowded upon her mind, and she murmured to herself,

"One, mother-kiss! oh for only one! Mrs. Dana used to hold me close to her side, and that was all the tenderness I have ever known: and now Paul is rough and hard, and I wish I was dead!"

As if to gratify the wish, a heavy wave dashed far above her head, and at the same moment she uttered a loud cry, and groped at the fissures of the rocks and the dwarf shrubs that were deeply rooted therein, to prevent being carried away by the current of water that seemed to mount to the skies. She had an indistinct impression of seeing the mill rise high in the air, and shake and tremble like a living creature, and then she knew no more.

Absorbed in her own thoughts she had not observed a deep, threatening roar, that rose far above the sound of the falls, like the underswell of the ocean, more ominous than the break of the sea over the rocks. She had not noted how the ice began to whirl and creak, and rise block above block, glittering in the light, grinding like the teeth of a marine monster, and bearing the water about her feet. She had not seen the

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logs imbedded in the ice rise on end, writhing, convolved, darting here and there, like a multitude of snakes, and then dashing headlong down the current, to be followed by others broken and torn into shreds, and plunging madly below.

It was a grand sight, the breaking up of the ice in the river; but so great had been the accumulation of snow and ice, so sudden and violent the fall of rain under the southerly wind, that the streams had overflown, and the ice disruptured, piled in huge masses above the falls, had formed a dam, which for awhile arrested its fury. The people far and wide saw the danger, knew the portent of that heavy roar, surging like a thunder-voice, the "voice of many waters;" venturous men, with pick and axe, sought to create a channel for the accumulating flood, but in vain.

The river was lined with anxious faces, some white with dread, some rising above the sense of danger, exulting in the sublime spectacle before them. The river was rapidly rising, and all fancied that the jam of ice would soon give way. There was a breathless silence, except the sound of deep calling unto deep, when the shriek of Patience rose upon the air, and at the same moment the people surged backward with loud cries, as the ice, precipitated a hundred feet in the air, hung a diamond mass for an instant above, and then dashing downward bore a wild, multitudinous wave of ice and lumber, and roaring waters, lifting from its pathway the great mills, as if they had been a child's cob-house, and bearing them onward so violently hugged in their relentless arms, that they shrank in, timber by timber, and were lost in the whirlpool below.

Paul stood upon the bank watching the hardy millmen as they, with long poles, aided the downward flow of the grinding ice, when the shriek of Patience struck upon his ear, and he instantly divined that she had not yet left the grotto where he had last seen her. He rushed madly down the bank and the horrified spectators saw with dismay the billows were surging wildly beneath him. With almost superhuman strength he gathered her in his arms, but the current of ice jammed them both against the rocks, and relief seemed hopeless. Onward came the masses of ice, hurling themselves upward, and heaving onward the drifts of logs and riven timbers from the mill.

The human voice was lost in the turmoil, but the mill-men plied their hooks without ceasing, and Paul did not lose his presence of mind. The pressure of water drove them into the grotto, and a curve in the rocks prevented them from being forced outward. The danger now was no less from suffocation than from the crash of ice and lumber. Firmly the mill-men pressed the *debris* outward with their long hooks, and shouted to them that the danger would soon be over. The great mass of ice which had been jammed above had rushed past them, and the flood fell momentarily, waiting for the mass now gathering its might for another plunge. Instantly a dozen men rushed forward to the rescue, and stout arms beat back a huge block of ice, which had barred the way and, like a door, shielded them from the driving wreck, and the lovers were then borne forth to the bank above.

Paul was scarcely the worse for the hazard he had run, but Patience gave no signs of animation, and a melancholy group bore her to the cottage of the Widow Stearns. The Professor's family, like the others, had come forth to witness "the breaking up of the ice in the river," and Sister Electa was one of the first to take the nearly frantic Paul by the hand and with words of kindly wisdom beseech him to wait in hope of the result. She it was who stood over the lifeless form, and by all gentle care applied the best remedies for her restoration. At length a faint fluttering of the heart announced the approach of life, and her lips murmured,

"Perfect peace! Send me not away, dear heart! send me not away. I am sick of the cold, cold world."

"Patience, dear Patience! do not leave me," and Paul threw himself upon his knees, and with more words of tenderness than had ever blessed the ears of the poor girl. Her head fell upon his shoulder, and again the fluttering pulse ceased to beat. The women now forced Paul from the room, and there was a perfect avalanche of heated blankets, and floods of vinegar and camphor administered, which in due time brought back the glow to the cheeks of Patience, and a languid smile to her lips.

She was a strong, healthy girl, and soon became embarrassed under the unwonted petting, and more than once she lifted her head to declare she was quite as good as new, when a swoon would follow. At length she fell into a profound sleep, and awoke perfectly restored. Sister Electa retired as she opened her eyes, and Paul ventured to whisper, softly,

"Are we friends now, Patience?"

She pressed the hand that held hers, and the old saucy smile again gave promise of trouble.

"No, Patience; I love you, and shall always love you; but from this time forth, you and I

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must understand each other. Do you love me, Patience?"

Paul may have been over-hasty, for Patience whispered, "You know I always *have* loved you," and then she burst into a violent fit of crying, and this was followed by such a fit of laughing, that the women all came rushing in, crying, "Dear me!" "La suz!" "My soul!" and "My conscience!" and deluged her with camphor, slapped her hands, and burnt feathers under her nose, with other such gentle and genial appliances as are usually resorted to on such occasions.

Paul was pronounced a monster, for every body believed he had got up a quarrel just when he was a brute for doing it; only Janet looked half glad, and muttered that "Patience deserved the hardest things that Paul could say. She was too mighty topping for a gal out of the poor-house."

At this point Paul rushed out of the house, not being willing to retort upon his mother; as he did so Sister Electa took his hand in hers; she even drew the proud head down, and kissed his cheek, and said,

"Paul, I have never known the care of parent or relative. I will call thee brother. Be very gentle with the girl; she is brave and good, and loves thee. I will do a sister's office for her."

Not long after this event, a little mahogany box in the vestibule of the meeting-house contained "the imtentions of marriage" on the part of Patience Grant and Paul Stearns. On the first day of this announcement, Seth Wyman was observed to stand for a long time reading it over and over, as if very difficult of comprehension. One and another of the old admirers of Patience did the same, each one consoling himself with the exclamation, "All right! if Paul Stearns hasn't caught a tartar, I miss my guess!"

We have thus brought the loves of Patience and Paul Stearns to a marriage-day, anticipating somewhat the period of our story of the Professor. Electa grew very fond of the girl, and by her wise counsel did much to allay the irritable, proud feelings of one whose early experience had not been very harmonious, and whose earliest lesson had been "Be proud, Patience; it is all that will save you!"

Janet quarreled with her, as was her nature, but the irresistible buoyancy and sunshine in the heart of Patience, finally warmed every cranny of the old heart, and the widow loved her as it was not thought possible for such a dry, wrinkled, perverse, old thing to love. When, in the course of years, sons and daughters appeared in the cottage, Janet fairly pined and mourned in soul for John Stearns, who had never known any peace as her husband.

"Oh! he'd a been so proud and so happy; he was a good creetur! a good creetur! and if he could 'ave only seen little John, 'twould a done him good! Miss Electa, I never 've got quite reconciled to the buryin' up of that little box; it seems a loss and a waste, and I've eenymost addled my brain tryin' to study out his mother, and that lock of hair; but I suppose it's all the same; he was a good creetur! a good creetur!" Whereat Electa bade her to be more considerate of the friends left her, and let the dead past bury its dead.

A Vast Grogshop.—Bear me witness if I exaggerate when I say, that the country is rapidly becoming one vast grogshop, to which half a million of its youth are yearly introduced and over whose threshold sixty thousand are annually carted to a drunkard's grave. The streets of our cities echo to the shouts and oaths of drunken revellers, from whom society seeks protection through police regulations and within hovel and mansion alike, not entirely smothered either by physical fear or social pride is heard the sound of insane violence and wailing. What river is there along our coasts, what harbor upon whose shores a city stands, whose waters have not closed over the bodies of those who, victims to this traffic, were flung by violent hands from pier or bridge, or madly sought beneath their silent surface forgetfulness of woes or wretchedness too pregnant to be borne. Within the darkness of dungeons and along our highways, may be seen wrecks of former beauty and manhood wrought by this traffic, and now and then one, as by a miracle, after long years of misery and debasement, rescued therefrom, lifts up his voice in public, and makes men aghast with the recital of his woes and degradation.—*W. H. Murray.*

Goodness better than Greatness.—We all naturally desire "great things" for our children. But too often we forget how much better goodness is than greatness. "Water will always finds its level," so of the numbers which go to make up our communities. Lay a substantial foundation for the character in noble, manly, generous principles, and your boy will not fail to succeed in life. Guide and counsel him wisely, but do not attempt to force him into a calling for which his taste and talents totally unfit him.—*Working Farmer.*

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Reminiscences of Sir James Y. Simpson.

BY DR. LYDIA F. FOWLER.

AS a mountain torrent by its own weight overleaps every artificial obstacle in its pathway, and carries every thing before it, so genius laughs at poverty, lowliness of birth, inferiority of position, and ultimately triumphs over rank and station, till the whole world lies at its feet. In confirmation of this, we might cite the lives of many individuals who have become illustrious through their own merits, and have risen to lofty positions. We can specially apply it to the illustrious physician, whose recent death has sent a thrill of sadness throughout the entire medical world; for he was one of the brightest stars in the medical firmament, and has left a vacancy that in many respects can never be filled, any more than that left by Shakspeare in the literary world, or by Beethoven in the musical. Though born in the little town of Bathgate, Linlithgowshire, Scotland, in 1811, yet he was truly a cosmopolitan in his sympathies, and belonged to the whole world. Well may the world be appalled to learn that he who had numbered his patients by thousands and even tens of thousands, at last has been struck down by the Death-angel, at the early age of fifty-eight.

Those who saw a little baker's boy, forty years ago, modestly pursuing his humble calling, might have exclaimed, "For what can this boy want to gain a knowledge of the classics? He is the son of a poor man, in an humble station in life, and he will only be a poor tradesman, though probably an honest one; but what business has he to have aspirations or an ambition to study those things that only the sons of wealthy gentlemen should study."

If there is the germ of the lordly oak in the seed, it will grow to a stately tree, if the seed have the opportunity for development. The same is true with the human soul. While this little boy was occupied at his daily work, he improved all his spare moments, and spent his evenings in close study, actuated apparently by no other motive than the uncontrollable love of study and his insatiate desire to gain information. Genius is innate, and generally crops out early in life in some form or other, making some visible sign of its latent power, even before its possessor is fully aware of its existence. There may be exceptional cases of some who have in their youth given no promise of greatness, while they have risen to fame in subsequent life; but nearly all earth's gifted ones, those who have filled a high niche in the altar of fame, have early thirsted after the rich treasures of thought and knowledge stored away in books, in libraries, and in galleries of art. Circumstances sometimes crush these aspirations or suffer them to lie buried for years; but as a kernel of wheat that has been concealed for 3,000 years beneath the Egyptian soil or hid away in a mummy-case will expand and grow as soon as it feels the penetrating and fructifying influences of the sun, so will genius that has been held in bondage for a time spring forth in a new life when the bands are removed. This little miller's boy was assisted by a lady, who sent him to school and subsequently to college, where he studied diligently, gaining all the prizes and attracting the attention of his teachers. He graduated at the Medical University in Edinburgh, and was employed as an assistant by Prof. Thomson, who was skilled in Pathology. The young physician earnestly sought to obtain a small medical position as a parochial medical officer in Inverkip on the Clyde; but Destiny had decreed for him another and a higher sphere than to hide his talents in a small town, and he failed to secure the appointment. He was advised to turn his attention to obstetrical science, and he eked out his small means by teaching in the academical school. Prof. Hamilton died in 1840, and the chair of Midwifery was vacant. For this chair there was a fierce contention. Many of the candidates had friends, position, reputation, and wealth, while this poor, young medical practitioner had scarcely a—y thing but *brains*. I have been told that he owed for his horse and carriage at this time, so few patients had he been able to gain. He had one or two personal friends among the council, the deciding body, and was known as a very clever student. He obtained the professorship, it is said, by a majority of one vote. This was the beginning of the key-stone of the triumphal arch of his subsequent successful career. It gave him position, it legitimatized every thing he did, it was for him the status that made his diagnosis of a disease considered of value and weight. Wealth, position, and talent are three important levers by which society in Edinburgh can be moved.

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The first is a very important one; the second equally so; if an individual have the third in a preëminent degree, he may accomplish much; but, if the last be conjoined to the other two, particularly to the second, success is sure to follow. Had Prof. Simpson been satisfied with a routine life, in other words, had he not been endowed with genius, he would have pursued the even tenor of his way as his predecessors had done, have gained a lucrative practice, acquired wealth, and perhaps local renown. But the zeal and enthusiasm of his youth had not at all abated. With energy and tireless industry he applied his mind to every collateral branch of the science of medicine, and, *con amore*, he "trimmed the midnight lamp" to make himself master of the profession he had chosen. Though some of the jealous professors said of him, in derision, at the time he contended for the professorship, "He is not a man of letters," this was an unjust accusation, for he really possessed much literary knowledge, had paid special attention to the subject of archæology, and had written many interesting papers on the subject, as well as many theses on his own special branch. Not long after ether was used as an anæsthetic agent in the United States, Prof. Simpson's attention was turned to the subject, and with the help of a Liverpool chemist, he arrived at the important conclusion in 1847, that chloroform was a legitimate agent which could be used to assuage the pain of the sufferer in surgical operations, etc. He made many experiments on himself and his assistant physicians before he announced the result of his observations; but at length he was hailed as the discoverer of this great anæsthetic agent. At the time, he modestly disclaimed being an inventor, saying, he "only claimed to restore what was already known to the ancients." In an article on the subject, he writes, "that the whole past history of anæthesia is a remarkable illustration of the fact that science has sometimes for a long season altogether lost sight of great practical thoughts, man being unprovided with proper means and instruments for carrying those thoughts into practice; hence, it ever and anon occurs that supposed medical discoveries are only the re-discoveries of principles already sufficiently known to other ages or remote nations of men." He also referred to a tragedy published in 1657, "in which it is thought proper to imitate the pities of old surgeons who cast their patients asleep before commencing the operation;" also gave many curious accounts of different modes that have been practiced to relieve pain. We can, in one sense, easily say there is no new thing under the sun; for investigations prove that the art of Printing was practiced by the Chinese 500 years before it was re-discovered by Guttenberg or Faust, that the mariner's compass was known to the Chinese more than a thousand years before the Christian era, more than two thousand before Marco Palo re-discovered it in 1260, and Homer in the Odyssey introduces Helen at the court of Menelaus, in the act of administering a wonderful Egyptian drug which caused wounded and afflicted men to forget their pain, which must have been some anæsthetic drug. But Prof. Simpson by his experiments demonstrated the feasibility of using chloroform, and made it a practical agent to alleviate human suffering, and on this account he has rendered incalculable benefit to his race.

Prof. Simpson has also suggested a mode to prevent hemorrhage from cut arteries in surgical operations, called "acupressure." This has been abused by some and commended by others. As soon as the world began to recognize Prof. Simpson's discovery of chloroform, honors came to him, till they almost oppressed him by their weight. A person has only to take a few steps up the ladder of fame, when he finds he can reach the pinnacle much easier than he was able to mount the first round. In 1852, the Professor was elected President of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh; then the President of the Medico-Chirurgical Society the following year. In 1853, he was made Foreign Associate of the French Academy of Medicine, and received the Montyon prize of 2,000 francs, as a recognition of his genius and philanthropy in suggesting a way to alleviate human suffering. He was chosen Physician-Accoucheur to the Queen for Scotland, and a Baronetcy was conferred on him by the Queen in 1866. Oxford gave him her degree of D. C. L., and every medical society of any note throughout the entire world conferred honor on itself, by conferring on him the highest honors it had power to give; and quite recently the freedom of Edinburgh was conferred on him, which he considered the highest honor he had received. Thus was he the favored one in every circle of the land, and had an *entree* into every dwelling, from that of the peasant to the palace of the Queen.

An individual who has large veneration often worships in youth many idols and heroes. As years roll on, the disenchantment too often comes by a personal acquaintanceship with some of these cherished heroes. Alas, how many of my cherished idols have been shattered by a nearer view of those whom I worshiped in my

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early days! Personal acquaintanceship is a fearful Iconoclast. Long ago, I began to feel that it was better to commune with the world's gifted ones through their printed thoughts, if I did not wish some of them to be shaken from the pedestal to which I had raised them. There was no statesman I so longed to see and hear on my arrival in England, as Lord Brougham; but alas! when I did have the opportunity I had craved, I found that the Lord Brougham I had worshiped from childhood had been dead for many years, though he still moved about in the flesh, bodily, corporeally. His soul was dead!

The one I most desired to see, belonging to the medical world, this side of France, was Prof. Simpson. I feared, however, that I should find that he was human also—or rather, that if I did see him, the hero would vanish. Summoning all the courage I could muster, I called at his residence one day, several years since. His carriage was at the door, and he was about to go to visit a patient. I showed to him several certificates I had brought from Paris and London from professors with whom I had studied, and said to him, "I am going out of town for a few weeks, and then I shall return to spend a month in Edinburgh, and if you can spare ten or fifteen minutes to talk to me about the use of chloroform after I return, I should prize it very much." He looked at the papers, "Ah," he said, "I know that French professor by reputation. So you have been in a hospital in London, and are a medical student? Well, so am I. I can not stop to talk with you this morning, for I must go immediately; but when you return to Edinburgh come at 2 o'clock on some day to see me, and send me your card. Good morning." I saw at one glance the secret of his wonderful power; what it was that had made his house in Queen Street the "Mecca" for sick pilgrims from all quarters of the civilized world. I will refer to it anon.

On my return to Edinburgh, I called at the Professor's residence, and sent in my card to him. I was ushered into an ante-room, and it seemed to me I waited for an hour, though I suppose it was not more than fifteen minutes. I began to repent of my temerity or audacity in wishing to take even a fragment of that precious time that had so many legitimate calls upon it, and to fancy that he had perhaps forgotten what he said in a moment when his sympathies were predominant, that he would see me again. At length the butler came and said I "was to go with him into the dining-room." On entering the room, I thought he must have been certainly mistaken; for the table was full of strangers, and there was only one seat vacant, next to the Professor. I involuntarily drew back, abashed, wishing that I was somewhere, any where else than in that room; and I mentally resolved that I would never again seek an interview with a noted individual like the Professor. He, however, quickly said, in a tone of voice that would have reassured even a timid child, "Come, and sit here by me." Then, turning to the company, the majority of whom were physicians from neighboring towns, the two or three others being favorite lady patients, he said, "We have another doctor to add to our company to-day. You know the Americans are ahead of us in these things." Tormented by the influences of this organ of veneration to which I have referred, my cheeks began to tingle with the diffidence and bashfulness of my childhood, and I then heartily wished I was away. But this feeling lasted only for a moment. As soon as I was seated, the Professor began to converse with a blandness and suavity I have never seen surpassed, having conversational powers that would have been considered equal to those Johnson possessed, had there been a Boswell to note down the coruscations of wit and humor that fell from his lips like a shower of diamond-dust. His wit seemed to be the embodiment of a lively imagination and an active perception of the fitness and incongruity of things, and sparkled with merriment as if running from an overflowing fountain. It lighted up his whole countenance and infused itself into the hearts of all about him, till all felt as much at home as though they had always been acquainted with their host. He had left all his professional, sanctimonious etiquette in the lecture-room, or in his consulting-room, and brought to that table only his warm, genial, sunny nature that contagiously permeated every soul present, as though all had been under the influence of a sunbeam. I can not tell what we had to eat at that luncheon, and I really do not know whether I eat any thing. I think there were only thin slices of bread buttered on the table, besides tea and coffee. It was not for the temporal feast, but for "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," that his friends had gathered. I could have wished this interview had been prolonged indefinitely, had it been possible. As memory reverts to it now, after the lapse of several years, it is fraught with delightful remembrances.

In about an hour the Professor arose from the table, without ceremony or apology, and started to go to his consulting-room up stairs. It was

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understood by all that the business of his profession would occupy his attention for the rest of the afternoon, and that the company could disperse, informally, as they liked. Before leaving the room, the Professor said to me, "Come here when and as often as you like, and learn all you can while you are in town." He then introduced me to a doctor, from out of town, who was present, remarking, "This doctor has a '*crochet*' in obstetrics, and perhaps he will explain to you what it is."

The doctor with the "crochet" told me, "that he believed 'labor' could be shortened in the majority of cases, if the physician turned the child in every case of 'head presentation,' to make it a 'foot presentation,' when it could be delivered speedily by the accoucheur." The next day I asked Prof. Simpson what he thought of the doctor's "crochet." He smiled, as he quaintly replied, "He has not *turned me* yet, when he does, I shall be able to give an opinion on the subject."

I met, at this 2 o'clock lunch, on different occasions, distinguished artists, doctors, divines, and literary people, who were pleased to congregate around the Professor who was a magnet to draw all who had in any way become noted. They were almost sure to find him at home at this time, and could enjoy a brief social intercourse with him. It was not like a formal dinner, but more as a rallying-point for a friendly, social, literary, and scientific gathering.

The Professor occupied a large double house, or one comprising two ordinary dwellings. One long saloon in the second story was the waiting-room for his patients, and this was generally full at 2 o'clock. They usually received numbered tickets from a basket, and had an audience with the Professsor in his consultlng-room opposite to the saloon, in the order of their tickets, so that frequently those who came first had to wait till 7 o'clock before they could see him, and sometimes when there was an unusual number of patients, had to call again on another day before they could consult him. Frequently his patients would be scattered in six or seven rooms of the house, while his nephew, Dr. Alexander Simpson, a very clever physician, on whom the Professor's mantle ought to fall, attended to poor patients at certain hours in a consulting-room on the first floor. The Professor's house was literally thronged with patients, from the highest to the lowest grade in society from all parts of the world, from 2 o'clock *till* 7 in the afternoon, while his mornings and evenings were usually spent in visiting patients in the town, those who were too ill to come to his residence. He frequently rode all night, and though he had many assistants, still in all important cases he was obliged to give his personal attendance, as every one preferred the Professor when they could have him, and would even wait for his convenience. He was sent for to go to all parts of the country to consult other pnysicians in special cases, and he had to do the work of three ordinary physicians, simply because he could not delegate his skill to others, or transfer the confidence his patients reposed in him to his coadjutors.

I gained more insight into the diagnosis of the special diseases he treated, at his house, than by any previous study; for by one-half hour's conversation, I frequently obtained his concentrated experience on the subject, and he so freely imparted it, so generously gave me hints and information that it had taken him years to collect, that I prize the opportunity I had more than I can express. I saw many of his operations, both in the infirmary and at his own house. This was all the more generous, because frequently a lady patient would say to me, in his presence, she wished I were "settled in Edinburgh, when she would come to me, because I was a woman." My invariable reply was, "That, though I believed that women should be educated to treat the diseases of women, yet I would make an exception of the Professor, who seemed to have both the feminine and the masculine elements so blended, that he had the softness and sympathy of the woman and the strength and fortitude of the man." One day, the Professor was speaking of his early efforts to introduce chloroform. They had decided to try it on a man who was to have a surgical operation performed. The Professor was to administer the chloroform, and this was the *first* time it was to be used for this purpose in Edinburgh. Every thing was ready for the operation, but the Professor, who had been called to visit another patient, was necessarily absent. The doctors waited and waited, still the Professor did not make his appearance. They did not dare to use the chloroform without him, yet it was necessary to make the operation that day. They resolved to proceed with the operation and to make it *without* the chloroform, as the Professor had been detained. They accordingly did so, and the man *died during the operation*. "If I had been there," said the Professor, "I should have certainly administered chloroform, and then it would have gone forth to the world that the man died under the influence of it, and public opinion would have condemned its use *in toto*, but, providentially, this was not to be the

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case." In his earliest endeavors to extend the use of chloroform, some over-scrupulous calvinistic objectors labored with him on the subject, and said, "that to check the sensation of pain in connection with 'visitations of God,' was to contravene the decrees of an all-wise Creator." The Professor heard their arguments very patiently and good naturedly, and then very quaintly replied, "I am not the first to employ such an expedient, for it is written in the Good Book that, in order to extract the rib from the first man, 'God threw Adam into a deep sleep.'" His objectors found it was useless to argue with a man so well posted not only on his subject, but on almost all other collateral branches of learning.

I shall never forget his kind words when I went to bid him good bye, and to thank him for all the information he had given me. He replied, "You have deserved it all, and will, I know, make good use of it." "God helping me, I will labor for others," was all that I could say. A remembrance of his kindness manifested in so many different ways quite overcame me. Though it would seem as if his life had been crowned with honors, yet it was also shadowed by the loss of a favorite daughter, and a son who had graduated as a physician and had already given promise of great cleverness, about four years since. Bowed down with sorrow he went abroad for a season, and at Geneva, he wrote three years since, the following touching lines, so expressive of his grief and also of his bright faith in an Arm stronger than his own:

"'Mid this world's ceaseless strife,
When flesh and spirit fail me,
I stop and think of another life
Where ills can ne'er assail me;
Where my wearied arm shall cease its fight,
My heart shall cease its sorrow,
And this dark night, change for the light
Of an everlasting morrow.

Then shall be mine, through grace divine,
A rest that knows no ending,
Which my soul's eye would fain descry,
Though still with clay 'tis blending.
Ah, Savior dear, while I tarry here
Where a Father's love has found me,
Oh let me feel, through woe and weal,
Thy guardian arm around me."

A man who had risen to the highest pinnacle of fame, had his pathway beset with many who would have pulled him down to their own level; but he lived down all opposition, and was more universally beloved and respected than any other individual in Edinburgh. No wonder he was followed to the grave by a vast concourse of the mourning citizens—1700 gentlemen on foot, 70 carriages, and all the different societies of the town; and that when his last remains had been covered by the turf, loving hands deposited on his grave wreaths of snowy-white lilies, emblematical of his pure life and their affection for him.

It is well to ponder for a time on the elements of his remarkable success. In the first place, he had a large brain and a comprehensive mind. The weight of his brain, including the cerebellum, after death, was 54 ounces, while the male brain ranges chiefly between 46 and 53 ounces, the average being 49½ ounces. The convolutions were remarkably numerous, twisting and twining around each other as if they could not find room in the head, according to the opinion of one present at the *post-mortem* examination. His was truly a "Leonine" head, which gave him mental grasp and power. Secondly, his brain was particularly developed in the central part of the forehead, which gave him great powers of Observation, and a remarkably tenacious memory of all he saw or learned by study. He not only gathered facts, but he treasured them in his storehouse ready for use when they were needed. Thirdly, his Comparison was specially large, and he had great powers of analysis and discrimination which enabled him to test every thing, to try all experiments, and also to diagnose disease with wonderful accuracy. Fourthly, he had strong Aspirations which would never allow him to be satisfied with present attainments. He was constantly striving for more knowledge. Fifthly, he had great Industry and never wasted a fragment of time. He met his friends at his table, thus eating and visiting at the same time, and frequently, while his patients were talking and detailing their symptoms over and over again to him, as some garrulous patients will do, he comprehended their condition at a glance; but, with good nature, would allow them to free their minds in his consulting-room, and while they were talking, he would sit at his writing-desk and write letters that required answers, or parts of essays that might never have been written, if he had not improved his odd minutes. Sixthly, he had great powers of Concentration, and could apply his mind to a difficult case till he thoroughly comprehended it. Though he had such a variety of patients to see, yet he could give his attention for the time being to each one, as though it were the only

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one in which he was interested. Seventhly, he had great Perseverance. He would not admit the word *fail* as long as there was the least hope. He had to contend for every step he took in Edinburgh, not only to make his way, but to keep it. The outside world was more kind than were his professional brethren at home. If he had not had Firmness, he could not have overcome all the obstacles that were thrown in his way. Eighthly, an undying love for his profession. It was his life, and he sacrificed every thing—ease, comfort, and even life itself, for it. Ninthly, his unbending Will. His patients must do as he said. If they wished to consult other physicians he was willing, and he frequently called half a dozen when it was a responsible case. Said a lady to him, "Don't you think it would be a benefit if I should go into some Hydropathic institution?" He quickly replied, "Go, by all means," and even selected one for her. He saw that she wanted to have a change of physicians or a change of treatment, and that he could do her no good unless she had implicit confidence in him. But a majority of patients have a vacillating will, and they prefer to have a doctor who can say, "do this and do that," especially when they confide in him. Tenthly, he had great Philanthropy. His benevolence was not obstrusive. The rich had to pay him large fees which they did willingly, besides giving him valuable presents; but the poor were treated gratuitously, and many of the middle classes who could not afford to pay his highest prices received the attention of his assistants. Eleventhly, he had strong social qualities. He made his patients his friends, and they worked for him by advertising him wherever they went. Twelfthly, he had good conversational powers, both in private and in debate. He was an excellent lecturer, an efficient speaker on politics, and when argument failed, he had an efficient weapon by the use of wit and mirth, mingled with some sarcasm, to accomplish his ends. Thirteenthly, there was an unaffected simplicity of character, great gentleness, suavity, and mildness, and pliability of disposition that inspired the confidence of the timid, and enabled him to adapt himself to different associations and to a diversity of minds. Having so much of the vital temperament, he could infuse the magnetic, life-giving elements into his patients, and in this way succeeded when others would have failed. Fourteenthly, he possessed as the crowning quality, a thorough Christian spirit, which permeated his whole life and enabled him to lead a true life of principle, so that he was unmoved by the greatest flattery that could be heaped upon an individual; and was able to repeat only a short time before his death with emphasis, "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish." Such were the principal characteristics of the great man who has so recently passed away. His personal appearance was striking. He was rather short in stature, and his head looked at times heavy for his shoulders. His mouth had a very expressive smile when he was pleased, which I have never seen correctly photographed; and his eye was full of brightness, so that, although the features were not particularly finely chiseled, there was a radiance about them, when his face was lit up, as though a sunbeam from his glowing soul had flashed upon them.

It is sad to think that his career was finished so early, so prematurely. Edinburgh has lost many of her bright and shining lights before they had fairly attained the maximum of their powers. Her cemeteries contain the precious dust of many who have blessed the world by their labors of love, but who have found premature graves. Prof. Forbes, a very promising member of the University, died early. Prof. Miller, a great philanthropist, and Prof. Goodsir, died early. Prof. Lyme has given up active labor. Dr. Guthrie has long ago ceased from his preaching. Some of our American writers, who have not studied statistics and are not personally acquainted with Great Britain, love to reiterate that Americans die prematurely, while the people in Great Britain live to a green old age and then die, like a shock of corn fully ripe. I have studied the peculiarities of the people in both countries, as well as statistics, and have come to this conclusion—that whenever people break physiological laws they suffer, it matters not what the nationality may be. Lewis Cass, Thomas Benton, Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay, as statesmen, any day would compare with Gladstone and Bright in stamina of constitution. Gladstone was obliged to rest last summer from his labors on account of overwork, and Mr. Bright has had to have absolute rest during this winter for the same reason. Washington Irving and Bryant will compare well with Robert Burns and Henry Kirke White in physical vigor. England has just lost one of her cleverest artists, Macclise, prematurely, the cause was overwork; and Mr. Phillips, a very clever Scotch artist, died a few years ago, prematurely, from the same cause. Cobden, one of England's greatest statesmen, might have been living now, but he was overworked, and the result was premature death. There

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are two causes in Edinburgh that have a tendency to shorten life. One is a peculiar bleak wind that sweeps down through the town from the hills, and is particularly keen and trying to those with a pulmonary weakness or with cardiac affections. The other is the close proximity of the old town, in which almost every sanitary law is disobeyed. I only wonder that the new town is not besieged with pestilence every year, that it does not stalk abroad and depopulate the beautiful city, which in many respects is one of the finest in Great Britain. I have had ample opportunities to know, for I spent a week at one time with a city missionary among the closets, cellars, and houses, seven and eight stories high, till I was sick at the thought that human beings could be huddled into such quarters. Of course, in the summer season the effluvia arising from such dwellings must breed disease and malaria. Besides these causes that may have had some influence, Prof. Simpson lived *three lives in one!* He had an enormous practice and so many appeals to his sympathies, that he had hardly any time for rest or sleep. He was besieged at all times and at all places by patients, till at last his wiry, vital, but not muscular constitution, succumbed. There is nothing half so exhausting as the exercise of a sympathetic nature, and when he had an anxiety with regard to some special patient, he would steal quietly into the house at 12 o'clock at night and then again at 7 in the morning, as I have known of his doing in many instances. He died with the harness on. His last work was one of love. He exerted himself to give his testimony in the case of Lady Mordaunt as to her puerperal mania. At last, the oil burned out of the lamp, when he went quietly to rest, reposing sweetly as a child when lying on its mother's breast. Though they have laid him away to sleep his last sleep, yet he will ever be remembered as one who beneficently contributed his energies and his genius to alleviate human misery, and one who left the world better than he found it. His eldest son takes the title his father earned, and is studying medicine in the University. He may be very clever, but he has commenced his life very differently from his father, and consequently we can not expect he will accomplish as much, should his life be spared for the active labors of life.

AN OLD MAXIM.—It is better to be an honor to the hod than a disgrace to the crown; better to be an accomplished mechanic, than a contemptible king.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.—There are some who say the temperance movement is a sentimental affair, and that the reform will not go on. *The Reform will go on.* Point me to a reform which ever stopped. Why, reform is motion, and motion ceaselessly acted upon by the impulse of acceleration. So is it with the Temperance movement. It has been terribly blundered in the past. It may be as terribly blundered in the future. It has been stoutly opposed and will ever be. But neither the blunders of its friends nor the opposition of its foes can turn it back. From whatever standpoint you look at it, it is seen to be in exact harmony with the age; nay, it is part of the age itself. The great civil revolution is to be supplemented with a great social revolution. God has so written it down. He has blest the efforts of its friends, until it has already taken a strong hold on the popular heart. Its champions are not fanatic, they are not sentimentalists; only terribly in earnest. Back of them are memories which will not let them pause. Broken circles and ruined altars, and fallen roof-trees, and the cold, sodden ashes of once genial fires, urge them on. No fear such men and women will falter, until you can take out of the human mind painful recollections; until you can make the children forget the follies and vices of the parents, over which they mounted usefulness and honor; until the memory will surrender from its custody the oaths of drunken blasphemy and the pains of brutal violence; until you can do these things, no man, no combination of men can stop this reform. Its cause lies deep as human feeling itself. It draws its current from sources embedded in the very fastnesses of man's nature. The Reform then will *go on.* It will go on because its principles are correct and the progress beneficent. The wave which has been gathering force and for these fifty years will continue to roll, because the hand of the Lord is under and back of it, and the denunciations of its opponents, and the bribed eloquence of the unprincipled can not check, no, nor retard the onward movement of its flow. Upon the white crest of it, thousands will be lifted to virtue and honor, and thousands more who put themselves in front of it, will be submerged and swept away. The crisis through which this reform is passing in this State will do good. It will make known its friends and unmask its foes. The concussions above and around us will purify the atmosphere, and when the clouds have parted and melted away, we shall breathe purer air and behold summer skies. —*W. H. Murray.*

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Sent to Bed.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

I WAS N'T a particle sleepy,
And yet here I lie, all the same,
Sent straight off to bed when the clock struck nine;
I think it's a terrible shame!

Mamma is unfair in her treatment—
There is n't a doubt of that truth;
Ruth Jones can sit up quite as late as she wants.
Oh dear! how I do envy Ruth!

They all were so gay in the parlor;
Aunt Gertrude was singing a song,
And Uncle Joe just was commencing to tell
That story he 's promised so long!

And Brother Will, home for vacation,
Was full of such capers and fun!
Mamma might have altered that hard rule of hers
For one night, if *only* for one.

But no; as the clock began striking
I happened to catch mamma's eye.
She first looked at me, then she looked at the clock;
'Twas easy to understand why.

And now I lie here, in the darkness
And silence, so solemn and deep,
And—well, I am drowsy, the least little bit;
There 's nothing to *do* except sleep!

An Unbounded Stomach.

BY REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

THIS Shakesperian phrase may be variously interpreted, but its literal significance is quite as often illustrated as its metaphorical. The physical appetite as frequently passes its proper bound as the spiritual appetite. Inordinate cramming of the stomach is more common than inordinate ambition, and the London Alderman is the type of a larger class than the great Cardinal Wolsey. There is overwork of the foot, the hand, and the brain, but no organ of the body, on the whole, is so much overworked as the stomach; of no organ are the powers and capacities so severely tried. When the hand and foot and brain are idlest, the stomach is often kept to the top of its force. The most industrious of epicures are usually the most indolent of men, and they find no time for other duties than those of appetite and digestion. Their social and personal work is all concentrated at the trencher, and the "groan-

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ing board" is their workshop. A hard life indeed is the life of one who toils with the stomach, who lives at a first-class hotel, and keeps, as Jack Downing use to say of Doolittle's Tavern, "a Thanksgiving every day." We met some years ago at Fabyan's Hotel in the White Mountains (a comfortable though not luxurious inn) one of the old residents at the Boston Tremont House, a well-known bachelor and epicure, who had never for twenty years from the opening of that sumptuous hotel failed to do his part promptly at its table. He had not, as he said, come up to the White Mountains for any such foolish and tiresome climbing and sight-seeing as that of the ordinary tourists, but only to "rest his stomach," worn by long and excessive toil—to get a short respite in this digestive service.

The stomach is an organ of the body that we do not like to say much about, an organ which we should not think of classing with the features of the face, or with the cunning hand or the persevering foot in dignity and grace. The thought of it to a healthy mind is almost disgusting. Dyspeptics get accustomed to talk about digestion and its instruments, and entertain you with the full details of their gastric and iliac experiences. But healthy men have no taste for this discussion of abdominal sensations, and reject all such talk as morbid and tiresome. In polite society you may discuss the characteristics of the face, the eye, and the mouth, even the contour of the frame, but you must not touch that process upon which all the health and beauty of the body so constantly depend. For the stomach really rules the body and orders all the lines of its grace and strength. It may be as coarse and vulgar and disgusting in its color and habits as the Sultan of Turkey, but it is none the less a despot whose sway is absolute and omnipresent. The stomach is the lord of the brain, and the nerves, and the muscles, regulates the seeing eye, and the hearing ear, and the eloquent tongue, and the nimble fingers. Upon the stomach and its related organs depend the color of the skin, the vigor of the sinews, and the whole physical and spiritual work of the man. It makes by far the larger half of all the soul's heaven or hell here on earth, and no small part of its anticipation of heaven or hell hereafter. The consciousness of sin is measured most accurately by the state of digestion.

The philosopher who fixed the soul in the "pit of the stomach" was not far from the truth, when he considered how much of the spirit's power and the spirit's joy comes from the stomach's efficiency. More of the wretchedness in the world is caused by digestive troubles than by any other cause, we might almost say than by all other causes together. Four-fifths of all the headaches come from disorder in the stomach and bowels. This fills the air before the eye with those obstinate motes which flit and float so provokingly, and will not be brushed away. This makes that ringing in the ear, which no will can silence. This brings that redness to the nose, so fatal to all beauty of expression. This darkens the ivory of the teeth, and furs the tongue, and swells the lips, and makes the breath an offence. The stomach is responsible when the joints of the fingers thicken, and when gout cramps and agonizes the feet. When looseness seizes the digestive organs, how suddenly the whole man seems to fall in collapse—will, courage, and hope, all to sink before the attack! When there is constriction, how uneasy in every limb, in what misery from head to foot, is the noblest of God's creations! The dignity of human nature is adjourned in the gripings of a bilious colic, and the wretched man, praying to be delivered from the body of this death, envies his dog, who sleeps so comfortably. There is no contradiction more positive to the Unitarian doctrine of man than a deck-load of sea-sick passengers on a pleasure excursion in a channel steamer. Misery and worthlessness find their highest expression in these woe-begone countenances, so full of helpless despair.

The brisk dispute which has gone on in these last years between faith and science, has a fair counterpart in the equally important question of faith and digestion. The stomach is the arbiter of the quality of faith, if not of its quantity. Cheerful piety is not to be expected where the gastric juice does not act freely, and the sincere milk of the word will not be freely taken up when the lacteal vessels of the body are fouled and clogged. We are not to expect any "bowels of compassion," when the peristaltic harmonies are too swift or too slow. Dyspepsia stands in the way of a bright gospel, but predisposes to a faith that finds joy in the terrors of the law. Paul was a radical preacher in telling his young brother to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, more radical than if he had condemned Timothy for his self-distrust. For he knew that many of his own spiritual fears and fightings had come from gastric pangs. Those who would reserve piety in the dark ways, and create that process of self-reproach and wretchedness which must usher in the bliss of redemption by vicarious blood, favor the

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methods which break regular digestion and make the body sick along with the soul. A stomach that is made to offend will bring more ready and more pungent convictions of sin, and send the soul to cry out more passionately for speedy salvation. From the inward parts the cry for deliverance comes; and it may be that Jonah's prayer from the fish was an allegory of a soul suffering from the misery of *enteritis*.

An organ which is the arbiter of health, of comfort and of faith, is certainly a very important organ, in spite of the low position which it seems to occupy and the shame which we have in speaking about it. It is an abused organ, but not neglected. For this is not only the field in which the epicure works in his daily delights, but in which experiments of every kind are made by wise men and ignorant men. Think of the substances, solid and liquid, on which this patient organ is compelled to try its powers—the doses, gaseous, metallic, fiery, and nauseous—the drugs and powders and hateful draughts, that must pass through this never satiated receptacle. A good definition of the stomach makes it an instrument to test the qualities, the virtue, or the poison of all that is in air, or earth, or water. Hot and cold, laxative and astringent, oil and bark—what infinite variety of substance must this inner physician try upon himself! In the use and "exhibition" of *materia medica* the despised stomach has distinguished consideration, and the first place. Ipecac and laudanum and quinine are for its sole and exclusive use; and the heroic medical theory is to give the stomach all it can hold, and try it to the extent of its power before the patient dies. Many a doctor has been vexed by the untimely demise of the patient, who has not waited for the full and proper stomach test of the appropriate remedies. A patient with decent respect for his stomach would live until this has exhausted the appliances of the pharmacopœia.

In our time, the old medical notion that the stomach had no rights which a practitioner is bound to respect has given way in some degree, and there are those who believe that a kind treatment of this organ will give it peace and leisure, and that the experiments of imprudent diet and dissipation are bad enough, without the additional harshness of irritants and bitters. The best medical advice now is advice which tells what not to take, what to avoid in ordinary food and drink, instead of the prescription of more nostrums. Quack medicines, indeed, are still in favor, and the poor stomach can never find rest, so long as fresh pills are invented and placarded, and Drake's S. T. X. Plantation Bitters, offer on rocks and walls their cheering invitation. The stomach for some time to come will continue to be a martyr, and to multiply the miseries which medicine brings upon disease. Civilization only adds to the gastric burdens of men. Those who dwell in high-ceiled houses to-day, have more cause to envy the "hard bowels of the reapers," than the satiric poet of Rome; for the means of indigestion are more numerous than ever. Lucullus had his lampreys, but not his ices. The Romans ate bread from fine wheat flour, but did not, that we know, try their stomachs by muffins or mince pies. Dyspepsia will not die out as a disease for want of material to bring it on. All the lectures of dietetic reformers have not simplified the bill of fare of a finished dinner.

It is an encouraging sign, however, that diet and regimen have become so important in modern medical practice, and that doctors are willing to regulate the digestive organs instead of tormenting them, that the previous question of what to eat and drink is allowed to come in before the question of what medicine to take. Too much heed of the stomach is not wise, but the discoveries concerning it are not to be quite neglected. We know much more of the process of digestion than they knew in the former ages, and it is well to make use of our knowledge. We know how related are sound digestion and sound thinking and feeling, and how important it is to keep the alimentary canal in good condition. That hole in the body of the wounded Frenchman, through which the changes of food in the stomach were marked and examined, has let in light not only upon the science of physiology, but upon the practical care of health. If the theory that the body can be made transparent by some lotion shall be proved, still more shall we find of the effect of substances upon the stomach, and so become wise unto physical salvation. It is impossible even by the best care to avoid aches and ills of the stomach and bowels. With the simplest diet, they will come in atmospheric changes, in extremes of heat or cold, in the vapors of the sky, or the exhalations from the ground. No one is wise enough to tell how colic comes or how it can be surely kept off.

Rules for the care of the stomach are very abundant in these latter times, and are very rigidly drawn out and carefully laid down by dietetic reformers. In the multitudes of theories it is hard to choose. Some systems are at once comprehensive and concise, and embrace

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all that is necessary in a single prescription. Dr. Brandreth concludes all advice in the injunction to take his pills, so many dozen in the week, so many boxes in the month and year. These pills will keep the stomach right and the bowels free; no cancer or colic will vex the entrails of those who use Brandreth's pills. Another has his draught, "sovereign and transforming," that renews day by day the powers of the stomach and strengthens it for its work. A nostrum which does all the work makes other rules unnecessary. But as we have no such nostrum to offer, or any practical knowledge of any thing of the kind and are bewildered in the multitude, we prefer to give some general rules independent of medical experience, rules based upon antecedent prejudice concerning the delicate organs so harshly treated. The finest harmonics of the viol are drawn out upon the stretched entrails of the least musical of nocturnal prowlers. And to a sensitive soul, the rhythm of the digestive movement has a cadence as delicate as the flow of sap in the trees, or the silent circuit of the waters.

The stomach is an organ which can only be reached through the material which is put into it. There is no way of purifying it through any direct action upon its coats or upon the acid which it secretes. You can not treat the living subject as a tripe-maker treats the stomachs of his slaughtered brutes, or put any substitute in the bag for the juice which flows into it upon the food. All rules, therefore, about the care of the stomach must have to do with the ways and substances of eating and drinking. And of these rules some will be negative, telling rather what to avoid than what to use.

1. The first reasonable advice is *to eat food enough to give the stomach work to do.* Many men and women eat too much, as we all know. But there are those also who eat too little, and not a few of them, either. College students, boarding themselves, housekeepers in straitened circumstances, dyspeptics, dreading the pains that follow digestion, often starve themselves. Taking the community through, men and women, old and young, it is probable that quite as many suffer from insufficient food, from the cravings of unsatisfied digestion, as from repletion. While some laborers go to rest "crammed with distressful bread," many who work hard with the brain or the needle, feel, when they lie down the gnawings of wretched hunger. Plenty of food is a first requisite for a healthy stomach.

2. On the other hand, an equally important advice is *not to cram the stomach*, not to overload it and give it too much work to do. It should not be forced too far. And occasional cramming is hardly better than habitual cramming. A Thanksgiving dinner is nothing more than penance, if it leave after it the sense of plethora. There ought always to be in the stomach some room, some chance of greater distention. To stretch it to its full limit not only destroys its elasticity, but brings torment to the whole frame. No richness of viand, no temptation of companionship, should ever draw one on to eat or drink any more than the stomach can hold without inconvenience, or can deal with in the ordinary process of digestion. The bound of easy decomposition of food should be respected in caring for the stomach, and not the bound of its possibility as a sack or a storehouse. It should be treated as a machine with nice adjustments, and not merely as a receptacle for the waste material of the satisfied palate.

3. Of course, we must add to this the rule, *not to put into the stomach any thing that does not belong there, or any thing that will not assist digestion.* Opinions differ, indeed, as to what belongs there, and when we speak of food and drink in the clashing of theories, this rule is of the vaguest kind. But there are some things which all will agree to be unfit for the stomach. *Stones* ought not to be dropped into it, however light it may be. It is not a proper place for mineral deposits, whether the chalk and slate of female boarding-schools, or the clay which some tribes of Indians eat. A few may swallow the stones when they swallow the cherries, and not find inconvenience, but that habit is dangerous. All indigestible substances that irritate the stomach or are likely to impede the farther process of excretion, are to be shunned. The contents of the stomach should never be piled up within it or below like a "fenced wall." Gentle excitements are better in that organ.

4. And this suggests another advice, *to avoid stimulants* as far as possible, all that urges the stomach to work beyond its strength, or will leave a reaction of weakness. A little wine may be taken for the stomach's sake, but alcohol in any form, is one of the worst enemies of the stomach, as of the brain and the soul. Spices and condiments, too, are to be introduced with great caution, and their character carefully inquired into, before they are allowed hospitality. An influence which rouses the stomach to passion, or heats it with untimely rage, is a bad influence. The stomach is properly conservative in its method, prizes the "ordinary means of grace," and does not thrive in "revi-

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vals." Its heat should be steady and gentle not the heat of irritation or fever.

5. *Regular habits, times, and seasons* are another most important rule for this organ. Its caprices ought to be checked, and its times appointed. It ought not to be allowed to work fitfully, but to know when its work is to be done, at morning, noon, or evening. The stomach ought not to be turned out of its regular ways, because it has such large capacity, or to be compelled to begin a new task before that which it has in hand is finished. Let it rest awhile from its present duty before you put upon it another of the same kind. The order of an ocean steamer, where the stomach has no rest, in the succession of collations, meals, and lunches, from dawn to midnight, is not the proper order of any wise household.

6. The health of the stomach, as of all other bodily organs, is promoted by vigorous and judicious exercise of the muscles. But it is still necessary to counsel *moderation in exercise when the stomach is full, or when it is entirely empty.* One ought not to run a race after a hearty dinner, and a walk of ten miles before breakfast is a fanaticism which the prudent will shun. Exercise ought to be timed and bounded so as to aid the stomach in its operations. The after-nap may be of doubtful utility, but the habits of other animals, who rest when they have eaten, are an indication of what is wise for the lord of creation.

We might add to these rules several more, especially that important rule which would have the conduits of the stomach clear, and a passage kept open always for its waste and refuse. There are rules for the bowels, on the observance of which very much of the comfort of human life depends. But this would open a large subject, suited perhaps to another more medical style of essay. The bowels, the liver, the kidneys, even that mysterious organ, the pancreas, all are to be heeded in a complete survey of digestive duty and function. We refer for the consideration of these to the works of physiology and hygiene, so complete and admirable, which these last years have multiplied.

Growth and Development.—IX.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE OXFORD GYMNASIUM.

THE TRAINING OF PRUSSIAN AND FRENCH SOLDIERS.

THE Prussian soldier's period of service is so short (three years) that every agent to hasten his efficiency must be seized; and it has been found necessary to provide means, in the shape of large buildings resembling riding-schools, in which drill may be carried on throughout the year. And as this gymnastic system is viewed but as drill, aims but in being drill, it is, in winter, carried on in these buildings, the few articles of apparatus employed, for the sake of the advantages which they specially offer to the soldier, being erected in a corner of them. And this continuity of practice increases manifold whatever good it can yield; and thus, meager and inadequate as it is, its fruits are valuable. It is found that no other form of drill* so rapidly converts the recruit into the trained soldier, and the greatest importance is attached to its extension throughout the army.

There is a general impression that this system forms the basis of the French. It would be difficult to make a greater mistake; for not only have they, either in principle or practice, nothing in common, but in many respects they are the very antithesis of each other. So far from the boasted "simplicity" of the Prussian system, and the desire to limit it to "a few exercises to be executed with great precision," being adopted by the French, they have elaborated their system to such an extent that it is difficult to say where it begins or where it ends, or to tell what it does, but what it does not embrace. For quite apart, and in addition to, an extended range of exercises with and without apparatus, it embraces all defensive exercises, with bayonet and sword, stick, foil, fist, and foot, swimming, dancing, and singing, reading, writing, and arithmetic, if not the use of the globes. The soldier is taught to throw bullets and bars of iron; he is taught to walk on stilts and on pegs of wood driven into the ground; he is taught to push, to pull, and to wrestle; and although the boxing which he is taught will never enable

*See August article.

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him to hit an adversary, he is taught manfully to hit himself, first on the right breast, then on the left, and then on both together, with both hands at once; and last, but not least, he is taught to kick himself behind, of which performance I have seen Monsieur as proud as if he were ignominiously expelling an invader from the *sol sacré* of La Belle France. Now I know no particular reason why a soldier should not be taught all these acquirements, and I know many important reasons why he should be taught some of them; but it would be difficult to assign any reason, either important or particular, why they should be called Gymnastics, or be included in a system of bodily training.

The fundamental idea of the French system is sound, for it embodies that of preparation and application; it is primarily divided into two parts—*Exercices Élémentaires*, and *Exercices d'Application*. The first of these, designed to be a preparation and prelude to the instruction and practice on the fixed apparatus, begin with a long series of exercises of movement and position, *propres à l'assouplissement*. What is this all-important process of *assouplissement*—this idea, shared at home as well as abroad, by civilian as well as soldier, of the necessity of suppling a man before strengthening him? What is it to supple a man? What parts of him are affected by the process and what change do they undergo? It would be very desirable to have these questions answered, because want of suppleness is a common subject of complaint, and though often caused by apparently different processes has really but one origin.

To ascertain the full meaning of a word or phrase, it is sometimes useful first to ascertain its opposite or antithesis; and the opposite of to be *supple* is, I think, to be *stiff*. If any one is in doubt as to what that means, let him take a day's ride on a hired hack along a country road, or, for the space of a working day, perch himself upon an office-stool, and the results will be identical and indubitable—stiffness in the column of the body and in the lower limbs. And why? Because each and every part so affected has been employed in a manner out of accordance with its natural laws. The joints, which are made for motion, which retain their power of motion only by frequent motion, have been held motionless. The muscles, which move the joints by the contraction and relaxation of their fibers, have been subjected to an unvaried preservation of the one state or the other—the muscles of the trunk in unremitting contraction, those of the limbs in effortless relaxation. Now, one of the most important of the laws which govern muscular action is, that it shall be exerted but for a limited continuous space, and that, unless the relaxation of the muscles shortly follows upon their contraction, fatigue will arise as readily, and to as great an extent, from want of this necessary interruption to contraction as from extent of effort. And, strictly speaking, this stiffness both in trunk and limbs, although arising from two opposite states of muscular employment, results from the same cause, *i. e.* exhaustion; each has had one only of the two essential conditions of muscular action, that one being therefore in excess. The stiffness in the trunk of the body is caused by the ceaseless contraction of the muscles, and this state is not conducive to the rapid local circulation indispensable to the reproduction of the force expended. The opposite phase of stiffness, arising from continuous muscular relaxation, is the immediate result of causes which may be called negative—the non-requirement of nervous stimulus, the non-employment of muscular effort, entailing subdued local circulation.

The second cause of this stiffness in the trunk of the body and limbs is, that the joints have been held motionless. Viewing the joints in the familiar light of hinges, we know that when these are left unused and unoiled for any length of time, they grate and creak and move stiffly; and the hinges of the human body do just the same thing, and from the same cause; and they not only require frequent oiling to enable them to move easily, but they *are* oiled every time they are put in motion, and when they are put in motion only; the membrane which secretes this oil, and pours it forth over the opposing surfaces of the bones and the overlying ligaments, is stimulated to activity only by the motion of the joint itself.

But, it may be argued, stiffness may arise from extreme physical exertion, which has embraced both conditions of muscular action, with frequent motion of the joints, stiffness such as a man may experience after a day of unwonted exercise. The stiffness in this case, also, is simply temporary local exhaustion of power from extreme effort; the demand suddenly made has been greater than the power to supply—the waste greater than the renewal.

Stiffness, therefore, appears to be, first, a want of contractile power in the muscles which move the joints; and secondly, a want of power in the joints to be moved. It may be temporary stiffness, arising from exhaustion of the parts by extreme or unnatural action, as in the illustrations just given; or it may be permanent stiffness, arising from weakness of the parts, caused by

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insufficient or unsuitable exercise; but the nature of both is identical. It is lack of functional ability in the parts affected.

To supple a man therefore is, first, to increase the contractile power of his muscles; and secondly, to increase the mobility of his joints. And as the latter are moved by the former—can only be moved by the former—all application for this purpose is made through them.

Now, even although mere movements and positions were altogether adequate materially to develop the muscular system—materially to add to its contractile power, there is a still greater drawback than mere insufficiency in their effect upon the joints; and that is, in the danger of straining, and otherwise weakening the inelastic ligamentary bindings. For every effort of mere position has the simple and sole effect of stretching that which, from its organic structure, object, and place in the human body, is not stretchable—is not intended to yield. To recapitulate: all exercises of mere position act directly on the joints, instead of acting on them through the muscles. Such exercise is, therefore, addressed to the wrong part of the body; it is addressed to the joint, when it should be addressed to that which moves the joint. It is the old and exploded treatment of disease revived for the treatment of an abnormal physical condition—subduing the symptoms instead of waging war with the cause.

The other exercises in this first division of the French system—even if they were valuable, even if they were capable of being classified under any distinct head, or arranged in any progressive order, or admitted of graduated instruction and practice—are entirely out of place here, because from their nature they court and incite to inordinate effort. It needs no argument to prove the inconsistency of directing that men, sitting or standing, hand to hand, or foot to foot, singly or in batches, shall strain and strive against men, lift cannon-shot and hold them out at arm's length "as long as possible," or sling them to their feet to cast them to a distance "as far as possible," before they are allowed to put hand or foot on an ordinary ladder inclined against a wall, or to walk along a plank raised a foot or two from the ground. It needs no argument to show that this is reversing the order of exercise when measured by the amount of effort required for its performance.

The second division of the system, consisting of applied or practical exercises (*Exercices d'Application*), embraces a very extended series, to be executed on a wide range of apparatus; and it may be broadly stated that all these exercises are valuable in either an elementary or a practical aspect—that is, either as they are calculated to cultivate the physical resources of the man, or as they may be applied to the professional duties of the soldier. I repeat, that the exercises of this division of the system are intrinsically valuable in one or other of these aspects; but it must ever be viewed as a grave error, that, so far from the special aspect of each being designated, so far from their being separated and grouped, each under its proper head, they are all retained under one head, under the single designation of "Practical Gymnastics."

The evil which naturally and inevitably springs from this want of arrangement is the undue importance which it gives to all exercises of a merely practically useful character, above those whose object is the training and strengthening of the body. This is emphatically the case in the earlier stages of the practice, where the whole attention of the instructor should be devoted to the giving, and the whole effort of the learner should be devoted to the acquiring of bodily power. Increase the physical resources first, and the useful application will follow as a matter of course. A pair of strong limbs will walk north as well as south, up hill as well as down dale—the point is to get the strong limbs.

Let not this principle of classification be undervalued. The question of "What's the good of it when I've done it?" is one not unheard in the gymnasium, and one not always easy to answer; and even could you be at all times ready with a physiological explanation of motive, process, and result, your questioner is not always a man who could understand it, and the difficulty is increased manyfold when the exercise questioned has place among others of the practical value of which there can be no question. But such classification gives at once the answer: "It is of no use at all as a thing acquired; but if you should never do it or see it done again in all your life to come, it has served its purpose; for *you* are altered, *you* are improved, *you* are strengthened, by the act and effort of learning it."

But men so intelligent as those who are intrusted with the administration of the French system, have perceived the propriety of a special application of the exercises practiced at the close of the course of instruction. And, therefore, to the *bona fide* exercises of the system are added certain practices in which the men are employed in "storming works," and in undergoing an examination of their general proficiency.

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The Therapeutics of Flogging.

BY E. P. EVANS.

THAT the rod is highly conducive to moral and spiritual edification, is accepted by very many as one of the clearest and most unquestionable of truths, corroborated at once by human experience and divine revelation. Solomon's maxims in reference to chastisement have been held in honor in all ages, especially by pedagogues, who have taken good heed that the children committed to their charge should not be spoiled, if a fundamental application of straps, or birches, or palms (of the hand) possessed any preservative power. There is a tradition that even Homer was flogged by a schoolmaster named Toilus; Horace tells us what severity was practiced by his teacher Orbilius Pussillus, and the poet Martial, who lived near a schoolhouse, complains that the quiet of his morning hours was seriously disturbed by verberations and reverberations in the most literal meaning of these words. Quintilian, however, denounces this severe discipline on account of its degrading effect upon the youth; and Plutarch, in his treatise on Education, declares it to be his opinion that exhortations and discourses are better impulses to the pursuit of liberal studies than blows and stripes. "For the latter," he says, "are methods of incitement far more suitable to slaves than to the free, on whom they can produce no other effect than to induce torpor of mind and disgust for exertion, from a recollection of the pain and insult of the inflictions endured." It is related of one ancient philosopher that he was so firmly convinced of the necessity of thorough whipping to rapid progress in knowledge, that while pursuing his studies he inflicted upon himself, periodically, the severest castigations; and readers of French comedy will remember how M. Jourdain, in his ardent desire to be "a gentleman and a scholar," exclaims to Madame Jourdain, "Would to God that I were whipped this very moment before all the world, and knew what is learned at college."

A statistical pedagogue of Suabia, in a retrospect of his fifty-one years of active life as superintendent of a large school, records with complacency that he had administered during that period 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 dark-room incarcerations, 136,000 strokes with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 forced tasks. Incidentally, too, he had made 700 boys stand with peas in their shoes, 6,000 kneel on the sharp edge of a stick, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod in token of disgrace. Here we have

"A schoolmaster of the good old school,
Unto whose ears no sound such music seems,
As when a bold, big boy for mercy screams."

Indeed, the scourge was considered so essential to scholarship, that it was necessary to punish princes vicariously, by providing so-called "whipping-boys," on whose persons the offences of the young and tender scions of royalty were unsparingly visited. Thus William Murray was whipping-boy to Charles I., and Sir David Lindsey sustained the same delicate relation to James the Fourth of Scotland. In a play published in the first part of the seventeenth century, the following dialogue occurs between a prince and his whipping-boy named Browne:

Prince—"Why, how now, Browne; what's the matter?"

Browne—"Your grace loiters, and will not ply the book, and your tutors have whipped me for it."

Prince—"Alas, poor Ned! I am sorry for it. I'll take the more pains and entreat my tutors for thee."

A good story is told of Richard Mulcaster, who several centuries ago was in the habit of *indorsing* the precepts of the wise king upon the ingenuous youth of England. One day as he was about to inflict punishment upon a pupil he paused awhile, and there, according to the chronicler, "a merry conceit taking him," he said: "I ask the banns of matrimony between this boy on the one side and Lady Birch on the other side; and if any of you know lawful cause or impediment why they should not be joined together let him speak, for this is the last time of asking." Thereupon a good sturdy boy and of quick wit stood up and said: "Master, I forbid the banns?" "Yea, sirrah, and why so?" exclaimed the master. "Because both parties are not agreed," was the answer. The old pedagogue, who enjoyed the joke, admitted the validity of the objection, and pardoned the fault of the one pupil and the presumption of the other. Perhaps in no country in the civilized world is the rod so freely and so

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vigorously used for the purposes of scholastic and domestic discipline as in England. Even a man so refined and progressive as Dr. Arnold wrote a "Dissertation on Flogging," in which he eloquently and enthusiastically favored the practice. The French Commissioners expressed their surprise to find prevalent in English schools a kind of punishment which in France is confined to children in the nursery, and came to the conclusion that "the rod is one of those ancient English traditions which survive because they have survived. A foreigner can hardly conceive the perseverance with which English teachers cling to this old and degrading custom. . . . . One is astonished at seeing English masters remove a garment which the prudery of their language hesitates to name." A master in the High School of Edinburgh, named Nicol, used to whip his pupils by the dozen or score. When he had a full list made out and all things were ready, he would send a polite invitation to his friends to "come and hear his *organ*." After the arrival of the persons invited, he would go up and down the row and by a succession of rapid strokes, call forth a variety of tones from his victims. These flagellations were given not always for corrective or therapeutic porposes, but often as a preventive or prophylactic, to inspire a respect for authority and to stimulate the faculties. The memory has been commonly supposed to be especially susceptible of being strengthened in this manner. It was the custom in France to whip up the children on the morning of Innocents' Day, in order "that the memory of Herod's murder of the innocents might stick the closer;" and difficult problems were thought to be more firmly and permanently impressed on the mind by having the solution written in legible characters on the body. It was usual also, in many countries in Europe, for the nurses or "bairnswomen" to slap the limbs and especially the hips of their youthful charges, affirming that the practice was wholesome for the little ones, inasmuch as it tended to develop and harden the flesh and invigorate the skin.

A recent English writer speaks of the use of the rod in Russian baths. The bath consists of a large but rather low room, provided with an immense oven, several rows of benches at different stages of elevation, and a large tub of water. When the oven is glowing hot, water is thrown on it from time to time, until the apartment is densely filled with vapor. Among the essential requisites of the bath are bunches of birch twigs, which are cut in the spring season and tied together with the leaves on so as to form bathing whisks. Before being used they are made soft and flexible by being dipped into water. With this bunch of twigs the body of the bather is well flogged all over, after being scalded and rubbed. Mr. Stephens, in his "Incidents of Travel," thus narrates his own personal experiences: "At Moscow, riding out to the suburbs, the drosky-boy stopped at a large wooden building, pouring forth steam at every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half-naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and an apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath, but the worst I had known was like the breath of the gentle south wind compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator placed me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucketful of water which sent forth volumes of steam like a thick fog into every part of the room, and then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop dipped in soap and hot water from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing was possible, to make a Blackamoor white, then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was as hot as an oven when he laid me down on the bench; the vapor, which almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and finding no avenue of escape, gathered round my devoted body, fairly blistering and scalding me; and when I removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile." The writer then describes at some length how, although burning, scorching, and consuming, he made determined efforts to hold out to the end. Finally, in his extreme of agony, he cried out to let up, but unfortunately his tormentor did not understand a word he said, and seemed resolved not to release him until he had done his whole duty by him, and so kept on thrashing him harder and harder with the bunch of twigs, until in utter desperation, Mr. Stephens sprang off the bench, knocked his tormentor down and made a rush for the door. But even under such disadvantages, the faithful Slavonian, fully bent upon doing the whole task as prescribed, hurried after his fugitive and dashed over him a tub of cold water which seemed to hiss as it came in contact with

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his hot body. "At that moment," concludes Mr. Stephens, "I could imagine the high satisfaction and perfect safety in which the Russian in midwinter rushes from his hot bath and rolls himself in the snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change which came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man." In a volume just issued by John Camden Hotten, in London, many strange things are related touching the medical virtues of the rod; some physicians recommending it in special cases, as a means of reanimating the torpid condition of the capillary or cutaneous vessels, increasing muscular energy and endurance, promoting absorption, and giving a healthful activity to the secretions; while others regard it as a universal specific which neutralizes all morbid elements in the animal system by stirring up the stagnating juices, dissolving the precipitating salts, purifying the coagulating humors of the body, clearing the brain, purging the belly, circulating the blood, and bracing the nerves.* Asclepiades, a physician, who acquired great popularity at Rome about a century before the Christian Era, and first divided diseases into acute and chronic, maintained as corollaries to his philosophic doctrine of atoms and pores, that all morbid states are due to an obstruction of the pores, or a disarrangement and irregular distribution of the atoms; as a means of opening the former or readjusting the latter, he prescribed judicious and systematic flagellations. It is also significant, as a proof of his shrewdness and discretion, that he denounced the use of powerful medicaments and drugs, and relied upon dietetic and gymnastic remedies and the healing power of nature (*vis medicatrix naturæ*) to cure the patient. Of course he was tabooed by the regular practitioners of orthodox medicine, but even the much-prejudiced Pliny confessed that he was greatly loved by those who employed him, and performed some remarkable cures. A modern doctor of the old school admits, too, that he "possessed a considerable share of acuteness and discernment." More than a century later the distinguished Aurelianus strongly recommended flogging as a cure for madness; accordingly he ordered maniacs to be disciplined with rods, partly to counteract certain constrictions or relaxations in their bodies, and partly (to use his own not very clear language) "that their understandings, being, as it were, quite banished, they may come again to their senses." In modern times, also, the same treatment was for a long time applied to the insane, before the efforts of enlightened and humane persons succeeded in abolishing it. There are, however, many cases on record in which "bodily exercise" of this kind has been found to be the most speedy and efficient means of appealing to the better judgment of the patient. An instance of this sort was the hypochondriac, who could not be argued out of the notion that his legs were made of straw, until an impatient maid-servant struck him with the broom-stick across the shins, an abrupt and rather perfunctory method of arguing the question, but more persuasive in bringing the man to a sense of his erroneous impression than the most subtle logic of the doctors had been. Dr. Millingen, who had charge of a military lunatic asylum, was once obliged to resort to corporal punishment in the case of an inmate who had repeatedly attempted to take his life, and "who fully remembered every circumstance in the remissions of his malady." The cure was found to be very effective; and we would be heartily glad to see it vigorously applied to those wretches who drive their wives to despair by persistent brutality, and then go mad just long enough to murder any one who through accident or sympathy chances to step between them and their victims. We believe that, as a general rule, the poorest use that one can put a man to is to hang him; but in cases like the one just mentioned, the sharp and wholesome remedy of flagellation, followed by confinement in a strait-jacket, would be by no means out of place, and would prevent the too frequent recurrence of such frenzies. The feigning of diseases, especially epileptic fits, to which cowardly soldiers are sometimes subject on the eve of a battle, has been radically cured by the discipline of the lash. The same treatment has been found valuable as a remedy for constitutional laziness. A country doctor in Iceland, is said to have prescribed for a mechanic who suffered from a species of indolence, which was chronic in quality and acute in quantity, the following heroic dose: "Let the patient be sewn up in a sack stuffed with wool and then be dragged about, rolled down hill, thumped, kicked, and jumped upon by his friends and acquaintances; when he has emerged from the sack, let him take a draught to open the pores and then go to bed." But to be effectual, the prescription must be thoroughly administered; for, as a quaint old author says, "To stir up the humor, and not to

* See Rev. W. M. Cooper's work, Chapter XXII, on "The Reputed Curative and Medicinal Powers of the Rod," to which we are indebted for many facts collated from the most various and recondite sources.

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purge it, doth often more harm than good." Galen, whose authority is second only to that of Hippocrates, "the father of medicine," commends the liberal use of the rod as tending to promote fatness and *embonpoint*, and cites the case of a slave-dealer, who fattened a boy in a short time by adding to his usual rations of food a moderate daily castigation. Antonius Musa succeeded by a lively application of twigs to the part affected, in curing the Emperor Augustus of rheumatism in the hip, after he had suffered many things from other physicians; as a reward for his skill, he received a gold ring and a large sum of money from the Emperor, and had a statue erected to him by public subscription. One of the most original thinkers of the seventeenth century, Thomas Campanella, alludes to the admirable cathartic effect of flagellation upon the abdomen, and mentions instances in which it was successful when all potions of "your drugging doctors" (as Ben Jonson characterizes them) failed to bring relief. At one time urtication or whipping with nettles was in high favor, and was practiced in eruptive diseases for the purpose of helping the full development of them. In paralysis it is thought to be better than any other kind of stimulating friction, and a recent writer regrets that it has fallen into disuse. Its effects are less deep and permanent, but more generally diffused than those of blistering. Baron Corvisart-Desmarets, physician to Napoleon I, employed it with success in a case of obstinate lethargy. The patient during the urtication "would open his eyes and laugh," but would relapse into profound sleep as soon as the action of the stimulus ceased. In three weeks, however, he was perfectly restored. Of the suggestions of medical writers in reference to flogging as antidote for love we shall not speak here, since it would lead us too far into the subject of flagellation as a subduer of passions, and open the broad field of monkish disciplines and religious castigations. Besides, if we are to be chastised for this amiable infirmity, "who shall 'scape whipping?" The cure of lockjaw and choking by blows on the face or back, can not, strictly speaking, be called therapeutic, since it is a purely mechanical agency; not so, however, the treatment of fevers by flagellation, which is mentioned by ancient writers, and the cure attributed to a dissolution and dissipation of the viscid bilious humors by the warmth and motion thus excited. The question as to what portion of "the human form divine" it is safest and most expedient from a physiological point of view to inflict punishment upon, we may not discuss in the present paper, but will only remark that the weight of opinion is favorable to what is called "the lower discipline" or *deorsum disciplina*, in distinction from "the upper discipline" or *sursum disciplina*, which consists in bestowing the blows on the back and shoulders. The facts which have been adduced and which might be indefinitely multiplied, suffice to show that among all nations and in all ages there has been not exactly "an indistinctive yearning of the human heart" after the rod, but rather a profound and widely prevalent confidence in the therapeutic virtues of flogging. Whimsical and absurd as have been many of the special forms and phases which this belief assumed, they were all vague indications and dim foreshadowings of the modern Movement-cure. The physicians of antiquity observed the same curative effects of slapping, percussion, etc., that are now seen every day in the operations of the Movement-cure; but they went on in random experimentation, hitting or missing with their blows as the case might be, and neglected to sift and systematize the phenomena and derive from them some general principles. The result was that what they knew remained without form and void, a mere mass of mingled facts and fictions; for it is only by getting itself organized that *knowledge* becomes *science*. Thus the vagaries of alchemy preceded the science of chemistry; astrology with its extravagant pretensions tyrannized over the imaginations of men for centuries before it sobered down into sedate, mathematical astronomy. The same preliminary vagueness and vagabondage have marked the progress of philology, social science, and political economy. The two last mentioned sciences are still in a state of crude and erratic transition, if we may judge from the incoherent and contradictory theories of prominent publicists. In like manner, the efforts so long and perseveringly put forth to heal the ills of the flesh, and to minister to minds diseased by the practice of periodical flagellations, are to be regarded as obscure and uncertain gropings after the great principles of therapeutics embodied in Kinesipathy and the Movement-cure.

"For myself," said the great Spinoza, "I am certain that the good of human life can not lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's."

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Things, Not Thoughts.

BY F. B. PERKINS.

IN the year 1870, and in the United States of America, the most hopeful pursuits to choose are those that deal with *things*. Thoughts, if they come; thoughts afterward; thoughts, if they prove valuable; but things first, for they are the ground, and basis, and support, and reality of thoughts. Deal with thoughts, therefore, when you can, if you can, as much as you can, as well as you can; but work at things first, last, and all the time.

I am far from meaning by this, the advice that a certain well-known person always administers to applicants. Mr. Greeley's social Brandreth's Pill is, "Go dig." It would really be a beautiful experiment to take absolutely away his own means of living to-day, and plant him, with "what he knows about farming" in the country, without one cent, and with neither future nor hope, except such as he could rend out of the earth or off its surface, with hoe, axe, plow, and scythe. Probably he would argue that he is too old, that his life has unfitted him for such work, and so forth. No doubt, and the same is true of a large share of those he doses. Such quackery is likely to help a few, and sure to harm a good many. Mr. Greeley's advice omits entirely to consider that "people differ."

Yet, as in all errors of importance, there is a seed of truth in this unwise advice. It is, that there is more demand here, and now, for handling Things, than Thoughts. People often inquire, "How is it that English writers and scholars are more thorough, finished, cultivated and effective than American?" The reason is plain. Leisure, accumulated wealth, accumulated learning, ancient institutions, a country comparatively finished and filled in material respects make it possible to be a better scholar, a more cultivated writer, in England than in America. We have not finished and furnished America yet. When our estate is all under cultivation, and when our house is built, we will finish and furnish it—not by comparison with any other, but in a style beyond any comparison.

Meanwhile, what are the forces that stand outside of a young man's mind and call to him, "Enlist with us?" They are Earth, Water, Forests. Not the thin, dry voices of the study and the court, nor the hard, sharp voice of retail trade. The great Forces of the Universe--deep and rich, inexhaustible, infinite, splendid beyond all romance, stronger than any thing except God who made them—those are the voices whose invitations are to-day loudest and most hopeful to young Americans.

I know of more than one instance where, fifty or seventy years ago, persons of a strong natural gift for some mechanical pursuit, cut the throat of their only proper future, and suicided themselves into ministers or lawyers, because these callings were so *respectable*. There's very little such nonsense as that at present, however.

"But this is all generalizing. What is a good business for me to follow?"

My dear sir, I don't know who you are. There is no difficulty, however, in explaining more particularly what I mean. Whether you have the requisite gifts, is another question. The pursuits I mean are: Civil Engineering, Mining Engineering, Mechanics, particularly the machinist's business, and, in a somewhat less degree, Architecture, Applied Chemistry.

For the two former occupations there are good preparatory schools, and so there are for the last. A mechanic or machinist must, however, learn his trade by working at it—a very costly and wasteful method for any one who means to be any thing better than a journeyman. And to be an architect, one must serve a sort of apprenticeship with some other architect.

The ignorant and moneyless foreigners who pour into this country from Europe on one side and Asia on the other (showing plainly enough, by the way, where the middle of the world is), may be left to obey Mr. Greeley. They will, for dig is all they can do. They are the proper persons to use spade, pickaxe, and drill, hoe and scythe, and axe and cradle; to lift and haul and carry. Not that I would have them remain such. If our American civilization can maintain itself, they will not. Our schools and freedom will lift their children into a higher grade of life. Such drudging is a curse. No wonder that active brains hate it, and intelligent minds desert it.

There is every year a greater demand for men who know how to use economy, certitude, skill and speed in building good railroads, in opening and conducting mines, in erecting

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houses to live in, and factories and mills to work in; in constructing machinery to plow, to sow, to mow, to reap, to thresh, to carry. There is a like steadily increasing demand for men who can make acids and colors, salts and alkalis; who can smelt ores and work the metals that come from them.

Such pursuits have about them a quality of even poetic and ideal greatness and splendor, never yet clothed in poetic forms, and possibly never to be so. But to rule men as a successful superintendent must do; still more, to lay hold of the immeasurable forces of the elements, and, by quiet, wise handling, tame and form them into the means of life and comfort and happiness, are vocations to fill an ambition as lofty and as broad as any vocation whatever.

I do not despise dirt and agriculture, however. No dirt, no victuals. No dirt, therefore, no life. Agriculture is the very base, the indispensable underpinning, not only of life itself, but of all that makes it beautiful and desirable, leisurely and free, cultivated and thoughtful and happy. No dirt, no cleanliness even. For it is the wise agricultural development of the productions of diet, that brings to pass, among all the rest of civilization, bath-rooms, towels, and physical purity. I am far from despising agriculture. But I want all of the drudgery of it done by beasts and machinery as soon as possible; and until then, by that part of human beings who would otherwise be doing something worse. I don't want to cut blocks with a razor.

Trade and commerce, again, are not intrinsically, and as compared with the productive callings, of noble tendency. Whatever the trader or the merchant makes, is not so much earned by himself as sliced off from the earnings of the two others—the producer and the consumer. He stands between, he takes from the one and hands to the other, and for the convenience he takes all he can get. If the factories in England do the work for the customers in Wisconsin, Wisconsin must pay for the goods, for their shipment, for the voyage three thousand miles, for an unloading, a cartage, a reloading, and another shipment of seven hundred miles. *It costs!* The more trade the less goods, because the more money is gone in handling and hauling them.

To end pretty nearly where I began: A desirable life should furnish a hopeful outlet for thought-activity. One of the least agreeable features of a farmer's life to the American, with his vivid, active brain, is the fact that when he has done justice to his farming day's work he is too tired to think. But the occupations I have been recommending, while they keep the worker close to the actual creation, and promise plenty of health and strength in mind and body, are at the same time of a nature infinitely instructive and suggestive, and by their own natural course must needs supply inexhaustible food for thought, and for thought of the most practical, powerful, beneficial kind. It would be easy, I believe, to prove that the inventor in applied science is the thinker of highest possible grade—the nearest of all thinkers to an actual creator. But that is mental philosophy.

The Phrenology of Charles Dickens.

BY PROF. L. N. FOWLER.

ABOUT thirty years ago, in the town of Worcester, Mass., I had an interview with the late Charles Dickens and examined his head, marked off the organs, and wrote out his character and published it at the time. It may be of interest to many at the present day to know what Phrenology would say of his organization. Neither his body nor brain were large in size, but medium; yet the quality of both was of the highest order. He had a compact, condensed, and concentrated organization, with a predominance of the nervous or mental and muscular temperaments, and he was characterized for activity, industry, and elevation of mind, for all the superior organs and functions of the body and brain predominated. The lower, animal, powers were only sufficiently vigorous to meet the demands of nature, without giving him any of those strong animal impulses and passions that characterize some men; hence, he was under the control of his higher powers, and was not obliged to spend much time or energy in combating passions and base desires. The vital temperament was not so well developed as the mental temperament and nervous forces. His muscular and osseous systems were favorably developed, but concentrated, like the feminine rather than the muscu-

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lar type. His brain was comparatively full in all its parts, but more prominently developed in the superior part of the frontal lobe and in Benevolence than in any other part. He had too much imagination to be a dry, abstract philosopher, and yet he had too much philosophy to be a dry, practical, scientific man, dealing only in facts in a dry way. He had large Eventuality, with large perceptive powers, but these were guided by the reasoning faculties and the sentiments, inclining him to look after the higher and more perfect works of creation, and to understand character in its endless variety of phases; for few men were more close observers of mankind than he was, and he remembered what he saw and could communicate it to others most minutely and truly to the life. He excelled in language, and had a very large organ of Language. His eye was very full in development, and the expression of it was clear and intelligent. Scarcely any one else but Shakespeare could use as many words intelligently to communicate his ideas as he could. Order was very large, as seen on the corner of the eyebrow, giving him power to arrange, systematize, and work by rule. This faculty had very much to do with his success in presenting his efforts to the world in so successful and attractive a manner, and in thus arranging his stories he was enabled to make the most of them. Causality and Comparison were both very prominently developed, giving him thoughts and opinions of his own, and disposing him to present his ideas in his own way, and enabling him to analyze, classify, describe, discriminate, compare, contrast, and fully illustrate his ideas. His head showed large Mirthfulness and Agreeableness. These faculties disposed him to take mirthful, playful, youthful, and ludicrous views of subjects; to ridicule, make fun, excite mirth, and address himself to the young, jolly, elastic, buoyant, healthful mind, giving elasticity and sprightliness to all he said and did. His Ideality and Sublimity were large, as seen in the hight and width of his head above his temples. These qualities enabled him to embellish, magnify, spin out, beautify, elaborate, and even create imagery for the occasion, and would have made him a poet, if he had devoted himself to writing poetry. Dickens excelled most writers in his power to present his ideas fully, clearly, and to the life. Benevolence was very large, as seen in the fullness and hight of the front portion of the top-head. This quality of mind mellowed his whole character, and imbued all his writings with "the milk of human kindness." His most bitter and sarcastic things amused while they stung. He lived and labored for the good and the happiness and improvement of the race. If angry, it was in a just cause. If he wounded, it was to remove a tumor. Cautiousness was large, and Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness were full. Their combined action aided to give sufficient prudence and worldly wisdom, so that he did not labor for naught, nor did he squander the result of his labors. His Veneration was not large. He cared little for ceremony, past usages, or conventionalities. Spirituality and Hope were well developed, and aided to give him sentiment, emotion, faith, power to present marvelous or spiritual views of subjects; to describe disembodied spirits or immaterial subjects, and to talk, write, hope, and plan as though there were another life and a future existence. Conscientiousness was large, as seen in the hight and width of his head above the center of the parietal bones, and on both sides of Firmness. This quality of mind gave him a consciousness of obligation, sense of duty, and stimulated him to lead a consistent life. Firmness was quite prominent, giving perseverance, though not great obstinacy and stubbornness. He could be influenced by reason or duty. Self-esteem was not large. He had only the dignity and pride that came from his intellectual and moral consciousness of his own importance. He was naturally progressive and democratic. Approbativeness was large, and rendered him sensitive, polite, affable, mindful of appearances, ambitious to excel and to do his best. His social brain was large, and had a decided influence over his character and actions. He took a social domestic view of life in all his writings. His natural appreciation of woman was great, and he had strong love and was capable of appreciating female society, but his animal impulses as a class were not predominant. His life, as a whole, was under the guidance of his moral and intellectual faculties. His writings appealed to the higher rather than the lower powers of the mind, and it seemed to be his strong desire to remove some of the absurdities and lumbering machinery of society His wit was used to ridicule evil, and his imagination to show off extravagantly the absurd notions and foolish superstitions existing among intelligent men. His sympathies were always with the poor, and it was his greatest delight to benefit the distressed and downtrodden. When Charles Dickens commenced his public career schoolmasters were tyrants, and treated their pupils as though they were guilty because they were ignorant, as if they were subjects to beat rather than to teach—subjects upon which to

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vent a domineering spirit, to hate rather than to love. He found the court-proceedings full of old fogy notions, and justice greatly impeded by useless formalities. He found the church greatly obstructed in its Christian work of saving souls, and that the doctrines and principles of Christ were lost sight of by creeds, ceremonies, superstitions, and dogmas that were only so much old rubbish and so many clogs to the wheel of progress. He found society full of etiquette. Each one stood on his dignity, and there was more formality than reality. He showed these absurdities in a ridiculous manner, and many of them are now among the things that were. Society is coming to its senses, and and a man is valued more for his real merits and what he has done himself, than for the position society or hereditary law has given. Ceremonies look hollow or like a balloon, only full of rarefied air or gas. The poor are beginning to be objects of sympathy, and are treated with some consideration. Charles Dickens was at heart a philanthropist, and one of the best humorous writers of the day. Westminster Abbey is his worthy resting-place among the rare and gifted ones that have lived in the past ages. It will be long before we shall look upon his equal again. His memory will be tenderly cherished by the whole world.

OUR STUDIES IN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY PROF. T. H. HUXLEY.

THE FUNCTION OF ALIMENTATION.

FOOD-STUFFS have been divided into heat-producers and tissue-formers—the amyloids and fats constituting the former divisions, the proteids the latter. But this is a very misleading classification, inasmuch as it implies, on the other hand, that the oxidation of the proteids does not develop heat; and, on the other, that the amyloids and fats, as they oxidize, subserve only the production of heat.

Proteids are tissue-formers, inasmuch as no tissue can be produced without them; but they are also heat-producers, not only directly, but because they are competent to give rise to amyloids by chemical metamorphosis within the body.

All food-stuffs being thus proteids, fats, amyloids, or mineral matters, pure or mixed up with other substances, the whole purpose of the alimentary apparatus is to separate these proteids, etc., from the innutritious residue, if there be any; and to reduce them into a condition either of solution or of excessively fine subdivision, in order that they may make their way through the delicate structures which form the walls of the vessels of the alimentary canal. To these ends food is taken into the mouth and masticated, is insalivated, is swallowed, undergoes gastric digestion, passes into the intestine, and is subjected to the action of the secretions of the glands attached to that viscus; and, finally, after the more or less complete extraction of the nutritive constituents, the residue mixed up with certain secretions of the intestines, leaves the body as the fæces.

When solid food is taken into the mouth, it is cut and ground by the teeth, the fragments which ooze out upon the outer side of their crowns being pushed beneath them again by the muscular contractions of the cheeks and lips; while those which escape on the inner side are thrust back by the tongue, until the whole is thoroughly rubbed down.

While mastication is proceeding, the salivary glands pour out their secretion in great abundance, and the saliva mixes with the food, which thus becomes interpenetrated not only with the salivary fluid, but with the air which is entangled in the bubbles of the saliva.

When the food is sufficiently ground it is collected, enveloped in saliva, into a mass or bolus, which rests upon the back of the tongue, and is carried backward to the aperture which leads into the pharynx. Through this it is thrust, the soft palate being lifted and its pillars being brought together, while the backward movement of the tongue at once propels the mass and causes the epiglottis to incline backward and downward over the glottis, and so to form a bridge by which the bolus can travel over the opening of the air-passage without any risk of tumbling into it. While the epiglottis directs the course of the mass of food below, and prevents it from passing into the trachea, the soft palate guides it above, keeps it out of the nasal chamber, and directs it downward and backward

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toward the lower part of the muscular pharyngeal funnel. By this the bolus is immediately seized and tightly held, and the muscular fibers contracting above it, while they are comparatively lax below, it is rapidly thrust into the œsophagus. By the muscular walls of this tube it is grasped and propelled onward, in a similar fashion, until it reaches the stomach.

Drink is taken in exactly the same way. It does not fall down the pharynx and gullet, but each gulp is grasped and passed down. Hence it is that jugglers are able to drink standing upon their heads, and that a horse or ox drinks with its throat lower than its stomach.

During these processes of mastication, insalivation, and deglutition, what happens to the food is, first, that it is reduced to a coarser or finer pulp; secondly, that any matters it carries in solution are still more diluted by the water of the saliva; thirdly, that any starch it may contain begins to be changed into sugar by the peculiar constituent (ptyalin) of the saliva.

It is easy to ascertain the properties of gastric juice experimentally, by putting a small portion of that part of the mucous membrane which contains the peptic glands into acidulated water containing small pieces of meat, hard boiled egg, or other proteids, and keeping the mixture at a temperature of about 100°. After a few hours it will be found that the white of egg has become dissolved, if not in too great quantity; while all that remains of the meat is a pulp, consisting chiefly of the connective tissue and fatty matters which it contained. This is artificial digestion, and it has been proved by experiment that precisely the same operation takes place when food undergoes natural digestion within the stomach of a living animal.

The proteid solution thus effected is called a peptone, and has pretty much the same characters, whatever the nature of the proteid which has been digested.

It takes a very long time (some days) for the dilute acid alone to dissolve the protein, and hence the solvent power of gastric juice must be chiefly attributed to the pepsin.

By continual rolling about, with constant additions of gastric juice, the food becomes reduced to the consistence of pea-soup, and is called chyme. In this state it is, in part, allowed to escape through the pylorus and to enter the duodenum; but a great deal of the fluid (consisting of peptone mixed with saliva, and any saccharine fluids resulting from the partial conversion of starch, or otherwise) is at once absorbed, making its way by imbibition through the walls of the delicate and numerous vessels of the stomach into the current of the blood, which is rushing through the gastric veins to the vena portæ.

As the chyme fills the duodenum, the pancreas comes into activity, and its secretion with the bile from the gall-bladder, flows through the common aperture, and, mixing with the chyme, converts it into what is called chyle.

Chyle differs from chyme in two respects. In the first place, the alkali of the bile neutralises the acid of the chyme; in the second place, both the bile and the pancreatic juice appear to exercise an influence over the fatty matters contained in the chyme, which facilitates the subdivision of these fats into very minute separate particles. The chyme, in fact, which results from the digestion of fatty food, is a mere mixture of watery fluid with oily matters, which are ready to separate from it and unite with one another. In the chyle, on the other hand, the fatty matters are suspended in the fluid, just as oil may be evenly diffused through water by gradually rubbing it up with white of egg into what is termed an emulsion; or as the fat (that is, the butter) of milk is naturally held suspended in the watery basis of milk.

The chyle, with these suspended particles, looks white and milky, for the same reason that milk has the same aspect—the multitude of minute suspended fatty particles reflecting a great amount of light.

The conversion of starch into sugar, which seems to be suspended wholly or partially so long as the food remains in the stomach, on account of the acidity of the chyme, is resumed as soon as the latter is neutralized, the pancreatic and intestinal juices operating powerfully in this direction.

As the chyle is thrust along the small intestines by the grasping action of the peristaltic contractions, the dissolved matter which it contains is absorbed in the ordinary way by the vessels of the villi. The minute particles of fatty matter, on the other hand, are squeezed through the soft substance of the epithelium into that of the villi; and so, in the long run, into the vessels; just as mercury may be squeezed by pressure through the pores of a wash-leather bag.

The digested matters, as they are driven along the small intestines, gradually become deprived of their peptones, fats, and soluble amyloids, and are forced through the ileo-cæcal valve into the cæcum and large intestine. Here they acquire an acid reaction and the characteristic fæcal odor and color, which become more and more marked as they approach the rectum.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1870.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

☞ THE PUBLISHERS *do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in* THE HERALD. *They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.*

☞ *Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to* THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

THE WAR.—With the suddenness with which a thunder-storm sometimes appears in an apparently clear sky, two of the great nations of Europe are to-day engaged in deadly warfare. It is with the utmost unwillingness that we accept this fact. Not that wars are always to be avoided, but because there is so little occasion for mortal combat between these powerful nations. The ostensible reasons for the war are so trivial that we can hardly read them without feelings of the deepest indignation. A half a dozen lines of ten words each are sufficient to express all the complaints of France against Prussia. Here they are:

"Firstly, the refusal by King William to pledge himself that the advent of a Prussian prince to the throne of Spain should not take place with his consent; secondly, the alleged notifications to the Cabinets of the refusal by the King to receive the Ambassador of France and to continue negotiations with him."

Compare this declaration with the immortal Declaration of Independence, and how insignificant it appears. The one comprised grievances that bore heavily on the nation and the cause of human rights. The other effects only the pride of an Emperor—a pride which at the present writing seems likely to be humbled ir the dust. To the readers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH this war has a deep significance.

1. It means war without adequate cause.

2. It means two million of men with splendid bodies and the best physical culture, having no personal animosity, standing face to face to kill each other.

3. It means the death of thousands of able-bodied men, and wounds, sores, bruises, starvation, permanent deformity and disability, and premature decay to thousands more.

4. It means deterioration of the physique of the nations engaged, by the loss of many able-bodied men.

5. It means a war debt and burdensome taxes, grinding both rich and poor for generations.

6. It means sickness, suffering, and death to thousands by famine and the spread of disease.

7. It means heart-breaking to those who lose their friends.

8. It means an increase of pauperism and crime.

9. And finally, it means great increase of passion, vengeance, lust, and perhaps the ruin of an empire.

The effects of the war on the health and physique of the nations engaged are sufficient reasons why THE HERALD OF HEALTH should

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protest against it, but with the other evils in addition, and the little absence of sufficient ground for fighting, the protestation should be as terrible as the voice of an indignant humanity can make it. England, America, and all the great nations of the world should at least protest against it.

The terrible wars that have darkened like a cloud the horizon within the last generation, show that there is still great work for reformers and philanthropists to do. It is their work to educate the nations to a higher plane of thought. There would be but few wars if the moral faculties of man were more sensitive, and the selfish propensities not so overgrown and aggressive.

If each nation was bent on only the development of its own resources and the happiness of its own people, yet with a perfect regard to the rights of all other nations, there would be few national disputes. And if these could be referred to a congress of nations chosen from the wisest and best men and women of all, the result would be no standing armies, but at least the beginning of a day for universal peace and universal brotherhood.

ANIMAL FOOD AND GREASE.—In the June number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH we published without comment the following letter from one of our subscribers: "I have lived on a fruit and vegetable diet thirty-five years. I have eaten neither meat nor grease, nor even butter; cold water has been my drink. I have not been sick during this time; the most of my old friends who ridiculed my way of living are in their graves."

We thought it a very interesting statement, little thinking there was any thing in it to stir up the feelings of any thoughtful person. The Christian Union, a most admirable paper, edited by Henry Ward Beecher, however, prints the letter with some not very well digested comments. It says:

"That some people can live on such narrow diet is unquestionable. We have, on the other hand, sad memories of those who, in spite of our arguing and advice, persisted in the same course and became insane and died in early manhood. Much depends on occupation, the use that is made of the body, and the amount of brain-work. Generally we find that people who talk in this way have not brains enough to understand a very simple proposition. In certain ways the human digestive apparatus is expressly adapted on the plan of the carnivorous animals, to masticate and digest animal food, appointments which are otherwise useless entirely. Is this a mistake on the part of the Creator or not? That is the point-blank issue which vegetarians make with actual fact. Meats of various kinds are very readily taken into the system, are more rapidly absorbed than vegetables, and give strength to those that use them. If it was not intended, in the physical economy, that this should be so, then meats are poison and would long before this have made evident their deleterious qualities by being rejected from the organs. It suits the purposes of health reformers to denounce fatty materials in food, and they take delight in calling all such things *grease*. Now it happens that one organ in the body, the pancreas, has no work that can be discovered except to produce a fluid which takes up the fatty food, and makes an emulsion of it, thereby preparing it to be taken up by the proper vessels into the blood. In many cases of consumption and debility, it is found that fatty elements of food, which supply combustion and vital heat, are wanting, and the leading physicians in the world are greatly interesting themselves in correcting this cause of disease, while their experience is justifying their efiorts. Inunction, or the rubbing of oil into the skin, proves in some cases of great benefit."

These remarks seemed to us to have little bearing on the letter commented upon, and we should not have noticed them at all, had we not observed in Mr. Beecher's admirable letter in The New York Ledger, some remarks on food which are quite different from those printed in his paper.

Mr. Beecher says in The Ledger, "And is

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there any thing that will bear changing to better advantage than the gross and meaty dinners which, even if allowed in winter, should be banished from summer! The summer table should be spread with fruits and vegetables, with a mere hint of meat, as it were a connecting link of memory with the past.

For example, to-day I shall dine upon potatoes, new beets, and green peas, lettuce for the main dishes, and mulberries and raspberries for the dessert."

Then after speaking highly in praise of green peas, and how to prepare them for the table, he adds:

"Now with a cheerful heart seat yourself at the table, and rejoice that Nature ever invented the pea, and that she gave it to the temperate zone. With such a dish, who would sigh for green-turtle steaks? Still less for the gross meat of the shambles? In hot summer days let all your meat grow on roots, not upon hoofs. Summer meat fevers the blood, fills up the system with crass fluids, obfuscates the head, and stupefies the whole man! Meat in the winter, if you will; but for summer, fruits and vegetables!"

In the present condition of knowledge on the subject of food and diet, when we know so little, and have so much to learn, let us think wisely before we condemn so thoughtlessly any new hints on diet.

WOMEN CLERKS.—In a recent number of this magazine, we devoted some space to the question of the health and longevity of dry goods clerks. The discussion, however, related to males, and not females. We have no statistics relating to the latter, but if our observation and the observation of others is of any worth, it shows that women suffer severely when engaged in this business, not so much from the amount of work done as from the close confinement, the want of more exercise, and especially from the manner of dress. The amount of muscular effort that each healthy person should take daily in fresh air would be equivalent to raising 1,000 pounds one foot high, and many should do much more than this. And this should be in addition to the usual walks and other exercises that are involved in the daily routine of life. This can only be secured by two or three hours spent in the open air. Then, again, women clerks dress badly. Of course they must dress neatly. Nobody will object to this, but taste and neatness can be secured without compression of the vital organs. The corset should be discarded entirely, and a large waist should be sought for rather than avoided. If women only knew how much handsomer they are when not compressed about the waist, they would change their mode of dressing without regard to fashion. If there is any painful sight to a physiologist, it is of a woman pinched and narrowed down to a mere wasp. Such women are never half alive. We advise women clerks to take more exercise and wear loose dresses, if they wish to live long with strong lives.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.—This distinguished naval officer has passed away, nearly three-score and ten years old. It may be said that, as a youth, he was remarkably free from excesses. His tastes were pure and his morals unexceptional. One of his remarks to those under his command regarding the use of rum, is worthy of perpetuation in letters o gold. He said: "I have been to sea a great many years, and have seen some fighting, but *I have never seen the time when I needed rum to help me to do my duty!*"

BAR-ROOMS *versus* READING-ROOMS.—Gerritt Smith has set a practical example of how to promote the cause of Temperance, by buying the only hotel in Peterboro, and turning its bar-room into a reading-room, well supplied with newspapers and periodicals. This is what we call moral prohibition of the sale of liquors. It takes away the bad, but does not leave in its place a blank to be overgrown with other evils. Mr. Smith is a practical reformer and philanthropist, and we only hope that his example will be followed in other places.

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LETTER FROM MARY SAFFORD.—The following letter from Mary Safford, a student of medicine in the medical schools of Berlin, Prussia, will be found full of interest. Miss Safford is widely known in America and abroad as a traveler and student, and we are happy to lay her letter before the thousands of readers of THE HERALD OF HEALTH.

"ALLGEMEINES KRONKENHAUS,
VIENNA, *June* 12, 1870.

"Yesterday forenoon I played truant; left lectures, clinics, and hospitals for a walk into the city at 6½ in the morning.

An Annual Teachers Association, including representatives from all Deutschland, is in session here. The city is doing the honors of host to at least two thousand medaled pedagogues. It was announced that Prof. Eckhardt, from North Germany, was to lecture upon Lessing, Gœthe, and Schiller.

We were at the door of the tasteful Art Association building as the faithful city bell struck 7. The doors were opened, the hall soon filled. And while we awaited the coming of the speaker, I took an inventory of the mental caliber of the crowd assembled. They did not impress me as being possessed of the energetic *vim* that so markedly characterizes a Yankee schoolmaster. The spectacled wisdom beamed from the eyes of the majority. Two veterans in the work sat beside me, with hair as white as snow. Was it because they were unsophisticated country masters, that they greeted me with "good morning," as they took their seats? No. It is a common custom among people in general in this Old World, to give a salute of brotherly recognition when brought in contact with each other. And then there followed a little chat upon various incidents connected with the association, and I wondered that I was not offered a pinch of snuff from the generously-filled odorous box that so often opened to a gentle tap, and that caused the frequent use of a large square, coarse (seemingly home-spun), blue and white checked pocket 'kerchief. I was very suspicious that not far from him sat a countryman of mine, for he was doing menial service' unknown almost to any European—extracting and distributing on the floor, in spasmodic jets, the juice of the weed.

The Professor gave a most eloquent *resume* of the works of the trio German poets, and he made most complimentary mention of America in connection with a broad signification of the word "freedom." If the masters could indorse his liberal ideas—religious, political, and social—it spoke well for their intelligence. I noticed a priest in the audience couldn't stand the pressure, and left.

At 9 o'clock there was a general meeting of all the teachers, and to the music hall I hastened. Unarmed with a card, as was the rule to show one, if not badged, I wedged in with the crowd, unmolested by the military regulators of peace and good order.

What a hum of noises and buzz of voices, and rattling of the little extra morning sheet containing a synopsis of the speeches of the day before and the order of to-day's exercise. We wondered, at the early morning lecture, where the schoolma'ams were; if there could be an educational soil so sterile as not to produce them, but here, throughout the assemblage, was to be seen perhaps one woman to twenty men. Of those we scanned, the majority were plainly, and practically dressed, with intelligent faces. One I observed taking notes.

The order of the morning exercises being arranged, it chanced that the more complete, thorough, practical education of women was the theme to be discussed. Dr. Mails from Lubec opened the discussion by showing how aimless and deficient the education of Germany's daughters now is; that they must be taught something thoroughly to render them self-supporting; that the injurious influences upon character of customs unworthy the present age of enlightenment, can not be too severely condemned and contended against.

It was announced that Miss Augusta Weyrowitz from Berlin, teacher, would speak upon the same subject. Never before had a woman's voice been heard in the association, and the warmth of applause that greeted her showed that the intelligence of the Old World is alive to

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our interests. Whether she had ever faced a public audience or not before, was not to be inferred from her manner. She spoke with perfect ease and to the point, insisting upon it that work that made man free, would also lead woman to taste the noblest freedom. She says, "See a family of five daughters (which is no stretch of the imagination), and what are they taught to do? To make noodle-soup, and wait till some one offers to marry them!"

She was followed by an Austrian lady who also presented an urgent plea for a higher standard of education, and the doing away with the convent instruction, so commonly inflicted upon young girls here. What an epidemic has become this desire to unfold the napkin that smothers the talent intrusted to them, and how plausable and just seems that desire, to the most intelligent and best thinkers, wherever found. Not long since, a professor from the north of Germany, who had been visiting the various clinics here, handed me his card, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said he had observed with such pleasure a woman devoting herself to scientific pursuits, that he desired to express his congratulations and approval of the same. And all along the rugged way there is much to encourage here. It is so cheering to go into a class and be measured as a student, and not insulted for being a woman. I have just had a six weeks course in operative surgery. Among fifteen students representing nearly as many nations and tongues, I answered to my name and performed all the operations common in surgery. I often wished that I could transform the skeletons fixed to the walls into those very sensitive, timid, high-toned professors, English and American, who falter for proper utterance when called upon to discuss medical subjects in the presence of women-students. Since taking the course, I have been invited by the first assistant of the surgical ward to make the evening visit with him whenever I desire, and that there would be no hindrance to my attending the clinic during operations, if I wished. And so it is everywhere. Instead of begging favors, they are proffered; there seems to be no other feeling here among professors and docters than that we have come here to learn, and shall have equal rights with others. We have now a Russian woman, the first who graduated at Zurich, and for whom the doors here were first opened. She has been in practice for a year and a half in St. Petersburg, and has done well. The struggle she had to reach the goal is so interesting that I must still add another sheet to my already long letter. At sixteen years of age she came home from boarding-school, finished in education after the usual manner of young ladies in general—knowing practically nothing! The allurements of society were to her as an apple of Sodom; but Nature was to her so full of wonder that she longed to fathom its mysteries. Her interests centered upon the heavenly bodies, and she would know something of their movements and their relations to the earth. But she was told that mathematics alone could reveal it. The reply to her request to study them was, "A girl study mathematics! how absurd!" But finally a private teacher was procured, and she went through Trigonometry. Then a desire to know Latin seized her, and after months of toil, and weeping, and sleepless nights, she was admitted into a gymnasium for boys, and went through a regular scientific course of study, and graduated. In the mean time, the pursuit after natural sciences became to her as a tinkling cymbal, for how, as a woman, could she make them useful? She had heard that a woman in America had graduated as an M. D.; there was a beacon-light for her to follow—an aim that touched the depths of humanity!

She had slipped in so quietly through the gymnasium, had gained sympathy and friends by her earnestness, and now was in the medical department, a daily attendant upon clinics. But here the depravity of the human heart, so deplorably illustrated in medical students, came to such a crisis that she was obliged to leave. Her father's patience, worn threadbare by her continual entreaties to study, gave out when she revealed to him her plan to become a doctor, and for a year there was no interchange of

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words between them. But now, worn down with a desire to do, fettered in spirit, her health gave way, and then he saw his error, and told her that henceforth his limited means were at her disposal, to achieve every aim at heart.

Not a door of the Old World open to her, her lips sealed against the English language, where could she seek and find the desired knowledge? Only in America! She began to study the language, but the thoughts of so wide a separation was as death to her parents. There came an idea to aid. Switzerland was also a Republic. Was there not generosity, justice, embodied in the very word? When she applied for the bread of knowledge, would they give her a stone? She went, and the Government was true to its name, but the permission of the professors was the next step; some said Yea, and some Nay, and during two years of unremitting study, she was under the shadow of doubt whether she should be permitted to graduate. But it was granted, and she carried away the approval of all professors, and now, where she was harrowed with doubt, fourteen women are pursuing their medical studies with men. We have here a recent graduate from there, an English woman. With her high attainments in medicine, with her holy earnestness, and her true womanliness, she will prove a living monument for the furtherance of our cause.

A woman's journal is published here weekly. It savors not a little of romance and fashion; still it will prove a hot-house for the propagation of ideas that will demand a deeper soil.

I have written you almost on the run, catching up my pen between lectures—a poor confused letter. I wanted to say something that might be gleaned and concentrated, if you had any one to do it, into a little greeting for THE HERALD OF HEALTH.

In the midst of summer, almost a year since I came. I am weary; my brain at times addled, and yet I can not break away from the charm of work. I shall try to go to some quiet nook near here for August, and then back to work yet another year, and then home to try the realities of practice, always with the aim of a hospital of my own. I keep my fingers on the pulse of the woman's cause, and rejoice when it beats healthfully."

BOYS AND SMOKE.—The French people carry the practice of smoking to a degree of perfection which constitutes it almost a fine art. The men smoke, the women smoke, and the boys smoke, whether the girls and babies smoke or not we do not know, but they have so few of them that it does not perhaps make much difference whether they do or not. The effect of smoking on boys, is said by an able medical writer, who has been investigating the subject, to be most favorable to the development, not of a manly, noble, healthy character, but of pallor, anemia, palpitation of the heart, a diminution of the normal number of red globules, dyspepsia, want of intelligence, and a liking more or less decided for strong drink. This information must be decidedly gratifying to the *savans* of science, who have so often proved tobacco to be so wholesome a narcotic. Added to former evidence, it will make an argument so strong that even that enthusiast laborer against its use, George Trask, will perhaps see the folly of doing any more, and give up his work of distributing tracts broadcast to induce the boys to let tobacco alone. Of course, they will not let it alone. Its effect on French boys are incontestable. What better evidence do they want that they can use it. And then again, this same authority has noticed a very strong objection to breaking off. He says, "Those who abandon the practice before any organic lesions are produced perfectly recover their health." This is unfortunate. Why should boys wish to be so unlike other people as to be healthy. If they are sickly they can be petted and pampered, escape work, and die, and go out of this naughty world early. But seriously, Why do boys ever smoke? Because the example is set them by their elders. They are the most perfect imitators in the world. They like to try their hand at whatever they see others doing. Set them a good example and they will follow it. Set them a bad one and they will follow that, too.

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ENTIRE WHEAT FLOUR FOR CHILDREN.—"Should a mother who has not quite nourishment enough for her child drink nourishing drinks, as cocoa, and milk, or would you advise nothing but water? Will not eggs, or milk, or articles of diet make her weak?"

Wheat-meal or oat-meal gruel, made with milk, will be found excellent in such cases as are referred to by our correspondent. They will furnish more nourishment and of better quality than tea and coffee, or beer. When the child is three months old, if necessary, it can have oat-meal or wheat-meal gruel, made thin and slightly sweetened. Avoid giving children starchy preparations. It is a little strange that leading English physicians are now recommending for children preparations ground fine, but made from the entire wheat, as will be seen from the following extracts:

The fine ground flour of Entire Wheat is proved to be altogether the most desirable for general consumption, and we hope it will take the place of the purely starchy compounds now in use, both in the case of children and of adults. —*London Lancet*, 1870.

The richness of Entire Wheat Flour in gluten or flesh forming material, and earthy phosphates or bone and teeth-forming substance, show it to be a very valuable food, especially for children. It is incomparably superior to arrow-root, corn flour, and other forms of starch which contribute but little to the formation of bone or muscle.—*Prof. Attfield, F. C. S., Great Britain.*

The flour of the Entire Wheat is a specially valuable nutriment to all persons, whether in health or disease, and of whatever age or country.—*Sir J. Ronald Martin, C. B., Inspector-General of Hospitals, India.*

I have given the Entire Wheat Flour an extended trial, and with results which have completely convinced me of its extreme dietetic value for invalids, children, and many of the wasting diseases to which the latter are liable. I was not unprepared for this, having regard to its richness in the plastic elements of nutrition, as well as in the mineral constituents which enter into the bony framework of the body. I have found it invaluable in rickets, struma, and developmental diseases of various kinds. It should, in my judgment, take the place of the starches, which, under various names, are so largely and imprudently relied on as food. I feel that I may be doing a public good by thus furnishing you with an opinion carefully formed, after a very large experience of its use. —*J. Langdon Dowd, M. D., F. R. C. P., Physician to the London Hospital.*

We have advocated this preparation in THE HERALD for years, still there are thousands who will never learn its value till the last moment. Persons who always do as their neighbors do, may be benefited by the above.

WATER-DRINKING IN HOT WEATHER.—A subscriber who has injured himself by drinking too much water on a hot day, while engaged in the harvest-field, asks us if it would not be better to use some other drink, as tea or coffee. We think that there are more persons injured by drinking artificial drinks in the hay-field than by drinking water. It is true that drinking large quantities of cold water, when one is heated and thirsty, is injurious, and should not be allowed. But if people would use a little sense and less salt, butter, meat, fish, cake, and greasy food, they would not suffer so much with thirst, and there would be little occasion to complain of the water producing injury. Fruit, and the fresh unfermented juices of fruits, too, if more freely used in hot weather, would release the system from the need of so much water and promote health. We speak from knowledge on this subject, having observed the experiments with all sorts of drinks. Coffee is a favorite drink in the hay-field for many, but it destroys the appetite and corrupts the blood, in the end producing fever and weakness, and should not be used.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Betsy Maguire, aged 76," we doubt not, is a most worthy and conscientious person, but has rather fallen behind the times. What might be in ac-

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cordance with Betsy's mind, might be far from satisfying the thousands and thousands of readers of our magazine. Our old copy-book used o say, "Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds," and an editor must do his best to bring something that shall awaken interest, or present ideas to all these various minds. We have understandings, imaginations, and promises to be guided and instructed, as well as bodies to be cared for in the wisest manner, and it is our object to present a journal that shall bring not only health to the body, but freshness, beauty, and life to the mind.

Music for Invalids.—An exchange says: "It was the celebrated German physician Hofeland who first fully recognized the curative power of music. Frequently the life of a dying man might be saved by gentle music not too near his bedside. It is often only to catch his attention and hold it with something that impart pleasurable feelings, in order to sustain him beyond that moment of supreme exhaustion which marks the crisis of disease. Usually, however, the ears of the dying are regaled with no music sweeter than the sighs and sniffles of their sorrowing friends. Of course they are troubled, depressed, and when the critical breath comes fail to catch it, and so die. There is much in this theory."

Music as an agent for promoting health is of high value. If invalids would devote an hour or two daily to practicing vocal music, it would often restore them to health. Persons with weak lungs may thus ward off fatal lung disease. The effect on both body and mind are excellent.

Sewing Machines and Health.—The ordinary sewing machine is often productive of ill-health, from the cramped and unequal action it gives to the muscles of the body. Persons who use them should take care to restore the balance to the circulation before it becomes fixed and chronic, otherwise much harm will result. We hope that some bright inventor will try to invent a cheap electrical engine to run sewing machines. They would be a great blessing to women. It is said that a treadle has recently been invented that does not hurt the operator, but we have not yet had the pleasure of seeing it.

Gold and Suicide.—Dr. Emmet Hall recently read a paper before the Homœopathic Medical Society of Cleveland, in which he argued that from Homœopathic provings it might be inferred that the gold filling of decayed teeth would produce a state of mind inciting to self-destruction. This is, with due respect to Dr. Hall, very funny. No doubt too little gold in the pocket sometimes, unfortunately, leads to self-destruction. There are thousands of poor, starving persons on this globe that would love life more deeply if their pockets were lined with gold. Indeed, it is one of the Hygienic agents which have so high a value in maintaining health. Not that we countenance the insane worship of pelf, but that money means a home, comfort, good books, good clothes, good social surroundings, travel, education, and the comforts of life. Blessed be the man and woman who has gold, and knows how to use it to the best advantage for human advancement.

A Vile Slander.—If any of our readers have happened to see the vile slander published in a third-rate paper called The Sun, against one of our gifted and valued contributors, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, they need hardly be assured from us that the charges there brought are false, and action for libel will soon be brought against the parties publishing them. There are people whose greatest delight is to blacken the fair name of gifted and noble souls, and words will hardly express the contempt we should all feel for such. Let us all with one accord frown down those who can do no higher work in the world than to make as black as themselves the fame and name of the pure and the good.

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How to Treat the Sick.

FAT AND THIN PEOPLE.—The following is a chapter from the advance sheets of Dr. Dio Lewis's "Talks About People's Stomachs," soon to be published:

HOW FAT PEOPLE MAY GET THEMSELVES INTO SHIP-SHAPE.

"Even in New England there are a great many uncomfortably fat people. I say even in New England, because it is supposed that Yankees are a gaunt, ghostly folk. But in an audience of five hundred, almost anywhere in New England, you may see a dozen uncomfortably fat people—waddling wheezy, anti-go-up-stairs sort of people. Down in Pennsylvania, in an audience of the same size, especially if you are in a country district, the proportion of fat ones is very large. Let me give you a case—a funny case. An immensely fat, panting, red-faced woman came to me with a fat word in her mouth, 'obesity,' and, standing before me, exclaimed:

'Doctor, just look at me! Ain't I a sight to behold? This is the torment of my life. I shouldn't weigh more than one hundred and thirty pounds, but I do weigh two hundred and twenty. Now just think of my carrying that extra ninety pounds whenever I move. What can be done for me? All summer long I pant and perspire, and wish myself in Greenland. When I walk the street, my sister says I look just like a Berkshire pig. When I go up stairs in a hurry, I just lose my breath altogether, and plump myself down into a chair, and gasp it back again. Now what can be done for me, Doctor?'

'Has your husband a horse?' [I already knew he had several.]

'Oh, yes; why, you know he keeps a stable full.'

'Do they ever get fat?'

'Oh, yes; you know my husband keeps fast horses. I hear about nothing else the year round, but "2.40, 2.31¾," and that "they are too fat," and that "they are out of condition," and all the rest of it; you know the phrases.'

'When your husband's horses get too fat, can he reduce them?'

'Oh, yes; very easily.'

'How does he do it?'

'Why, he reduces their food, and gives them more exercise.'

'Madam, all I have to say is, "Go thou and do likewise."'

'What! starve? Why, I have tried that for months together. What I have eaten wouldn't keep a mosquito alive; and I have grown fatter and fatter all the time.'

'Madam, you must excuse me, but what you are saying lacks accuracy. You eat and drink too much, or you would not be in this condition.'

'Well, how little should I eat.'

'I can not tell you that; but I can say that you should reduce the quantity which you are now eating, and you should live with very little drink. This will help you much.

'To be particular, let me say, go on with just such food as you like. If you are fond of meat, all the better; increase the proportion of that article a little. Masticate the food very thoroughly, so that you will not need much drink to swallow it. When you have a desire for drink, content yourself with a single mouthful. In a week or two you will be surprised to find how the wish for water has disappeared. If you can learn to get on with one tumblerful of water, or other drink, per day, this fat, shaky condition will at once begin to disappear.

But to speak of your food again, reduce the quantity you now eat one-quarter, and after, say two months, reduce another quarter. This reduction will probably be sufficient, if you rigidly observe what I have said about drinks.

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'If, in addition to this, you exercise yourself into a profuse perspiration once or twice a day, you will be astonished to find how soon your clothes will be growing loose. Why, madam, there is not a fat person udder fifty years of age in the country, who might not get himself or herself into comfortable proportions in less than half a year.'

'Doctor, what do you think of Banting's system?'

'I think just this. If people have no control over their appetites, that system is a good thing, although sure to produce an abnormal condition of the tissues. We can not use meat above a certain percentage in our food without deranging the general health. A feverish, hard pulse, and a certain condition of the stomach and liver which will show itself in a darkening of the complexion—these and other symptoms will show, when we eat more meat than we should, that the vital processes are not going on well; and besides, this expedient, which Banting advises, of living on meat is entirely unnecessary. It is infinitely better to keep up about the usual proportions of meat and vegetable food, and simply reduce the quantity.'

'But, Doctor, if I go into this thing as you advise, it seems to me that I shall hardly be able to keep on my feet, I shall be so weak.'

'Madam, you are entirely mistaken. Any person when too fat will only experience a sense of lightness and increasing strength, when making a judicious reduction in the amount of food and drink. He will breathe better, move quicker, and feel that a great load is being removed.

'For example, a man weighs, say two hundred and fifty pounds, and should weigh, to be active and healthy, one hundred and seventy-five pounds. This man is carrying about an extra seventy-five pounds, interfering with his respiration and activity; in other words, cutting short the two great conditions of health, viz., respiration and exercise. Yet that man goes on puffing and blowing until he dies, and dies prematurely, too, for excessive fat is inimical to longevity.

'Another word or two about drinks. All fat people are large drinkers, and when we remember that about three-fourths of the human body are water (if you put a human body into an oven and make it perfectly dry, it will go down from one hundred and fifty pounds to about forty pounds), you see what an intimate relation with this fat condition the large use of drinks may have. And it is not difficult to learn to get on with but little water. Most people drink many times more than they really need. A man weighing two hundred and fifty, has sixty or seventy pounds more of water in his system than it needs. So he must drink but little water and he will soon get on comfortably, not only without suffering, but with improving health.

'Madam, before you leave, I want to say one other thing; you must not sleep too much. Long sleep fattens. Don't go to bed very early, but get up early in the morning. Seven hours in the twenty-four, or say six hours for awhile, will do for you. In other words, madam, my prescription for you is, *keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.*'

HOW SHALL THIN PEOPLE BECOME PLUMP.

But for one fat person there are, especially in New England, a dozen lean ones.

Here comes a young woman of twenty-five, who looks as though she were thirty-five, and the prematurely old look comes from this clinging of the skin to the bones. See how hollow her temples and cheeks are. Casting her eyes about the office to see that nobody overhears, she says:

'Doctor, what can be done for these dry bones? Why, I can hardly make a shadow; and while I ought to be plump at twenty (which she desires me to understand is her age), here I am looking like an old grandmother. Can any thing be done for these crow's-feet about my eyes, and these scrawny collar-bones?'

'Well, this is curious; a woman in just the opposite condition has this moment left here. She is carrying ninety pounds too much flesh. That makes her miserable. I have prescribed

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for her, and if she follows the prescription, in six months she will lose her extra pounds. If you have no disease, but simply a lack of fat, I am sure I shall be able to prescribe for you, so that the desired twenty-five pounds or more will come in about the same length of time.'

'I am perfectly well, and I am strong, too, only I am such a skeleton.'

'Let me question you a little. What time do you go to bed?'

'Generally about 11, or 11½.'

'This must be changed. Instead of going to bed at 11 or 11½, if you are really in earnest about getting a plump, youthful appearance, you must go to bed at 8½ or 9 o'clock. With a fresh, plump, youthful *personnel*, a single hour in any company will gratify you and your friends more than a dozen nights with this fagged and old look. So go to bed at 8½ or 9 o'clock, and don't be in a hurry about getting up in the morning. On going to bed and on getting up in the morning, drink as much cold water as you can swallow. Soon you will learn to drink two tumblers; and some persons may learn to drink still more. Drink all that your stomach will bear. Spend a good deal of time in the open air, without hard exercise, but exposed to the sun and fresh air. If practicable, ride in a carriage some hours every day. Remain out enough to give you a good appetite, but don't work hard enough to produce excessive perspiration. Eat a great deal of oat-meal porridge, cracked wheat, graham mush, baked sweet apples, roasted and broiled beef, though the vegetable part is more fattening than the animal part. Lie down an hour in the middle of the day, just before you take your dinner, to rest, and, if possible, take a little nap. Cultivate jolly people. "Laugh and grow fat" rests upon a sound physiological basis. A pleasant flow of the social spirit is a great promoter of digestion. There, now go home, keep your skin clean, sleep in a room where the sun shines, keep every thing sweet, and clean, and fresh about your bed, sleep nine, if possible ten hours in the twenty-four, eat as I have told you, cultivate the jolly spirit, and in six months you will be as plump as even your lover could wish you to be.'

My prescription for the fat lady was, *keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.*

My prescription for you is, *keep your eyes shut and your mouth open.*'"

STIMULATING THE SICK.—We do not much believe in stimulating sick folks, unless it is by air, sunlight, rest, proper food, and a healthy, mental state. Many a person sick with fever or slow, lingering disease, is stimulated out of the world by beef tea, brandy, champagne, ammonia, and other nostrums, when he might have lived by good nursing and nutritious food. They die of starvation. The blood soon becomes impoverished when wholesome food is withheld, and, if in addition, it is loaded with noxious drugs, its character is greatly changed, and it becomes quite unfit to yield nourishment to the tissues through which it circulates.

SUNSTROKE.—From the excessive and long-continued heat of the present summer have resulted many cases of sunstroke. In almost every case, the patient has been addicted to the the use of alcoholic stimulants, the sun being only the exciting and not the remote cause of the disease. The most effectual treatment is to place the patient in a tepid or hot half bath, and apply friction to the legs, arms, and back. Cold compresses to the head are useful in this disease.

HYDROPATHY IN TYPHOID FEVER.—In German hospitals Hydropathic treatment of typhoid fever is now very popular. From October 1, 1868, to June 1, 1869, 126 cases were treated by cold water, only ten of whom died or a little less than nine per cent. Previous to the adoption of this method, the deaths were about fifteen per cent. The recoveries were much more rapid, and the pleasure manifested by the patients in the baths were quite wonderful.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY A. L. WOOD, M. D.

Fainting Fits, and How to Treat Them.—Fainting or syncope is a partial or complete cessation of the action of the heart, a loss of consciousness, and a diminished or suspended respiration. The treatment should be :

1. Place the person in a horizontal position upon the back. Do not bolster up the head, but leave it on a level with or a little below the body.

2. Secure fresh air for him at once, and, if possible, let it blow across his face, but if not, fan him. If he is in a close, crowded room, remove him immediately, but keep him in the horizontal position while doing so.

3 Loosen all clothing about the throat, chest, waist, and abdomen.

4. Dismiss every person from the room, except such as can render the necessary assistance.

5. Sprinkle cold water upon the head and face. If that does not effect the desired result, pour a stream of cold water from a hight of several feet upon the head. When the patient can swallow, a drink of cold water should be given.

6. Rub briskly and slap sharply the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, and, in obstinate cases, do the same to the whole surface of the body.

In most cases the horizontal position and pure air are sufficient to restore the patient. When caused by drinking a large quantity of cold water, a liberal amount of hot water should be given immediately. When a person feels the premonitory symptoms of fainting, as many do, he should at once place himself flat on his back. This alone will usually prevent the fit.

Bad Breath, Cause and Remedy.—A bad breath is an indication of imperfect digestion of the food, and whatever tends to derange the digestive organs, is a producing cause of a disagreeable breath. Among these causes are eating at irregular hours, too often and too fast, eating too large a quantity and an undue proportion of carbonaceous food, as fat meats, grease, butter, sugar, candies, cakes, pastry, starch, fine flour, etc., the use of tobacco and alcoholic liquors, inattention to cleanliness, and lack of sufficient exercise. All that is necessary to effect a cure, is to see that the causes cease to operate and Nature will do the rest. A bad breath is sometimes caused by decayed teeth, but these in turn are usually intimately affected by the condition of the stomach. The teeth must be kept scrupulously clean, and where decay has taken place they should be filled with gold, if they can be saved, if not, extracted at once.

Tight Lacing and Torpidity of the Liver.—"Has tight lacing any thing to do with torpidity of the liver and constipation of the bowels, except in an indirect manner, by contracting the lungs, diminishing respiration, and thus weakening the entire system?"

Tight lacing has a great deal to answer for in the production of these, as well as other diseases. Its injurious effects are produced in two ways : first, by the direct pressure upon the liver, confining it to a smaller space, compressing it, and thus directly preventing its proper action. Lace up an arm or a leg in the same way, and notice how soon the circulation will diminish, the limb decrease in size, and its strength waste away. The effect of continued pressure upon any organ or part of the body is the same. The second way in which it produces injury is, by preventing the right mode of breathing. In natural respiration, the diaphragm contracts at every inspiration and forces the liver, stomach, and bowels downward and outward, while at each expiration the diaphragm relaxes and the abdominal muscles contract, forcing these organs back to their former position, thus keeping them in constant motion. This motion of respiration is necessary to good digestion, and the healthful action of the liver and bowels. With tight lacing this natural mode of breathing is impossible, and the stomach, liver, and bowels being deprived of the needed motion, become torpid and inactive. From inactivity of these organs many of our most dangerous diseases arise.

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Hair Tonics and Cosmetics.—The following is an extract from the report of Prof. C. F. Chandler, Ph. D., Chemist to the Metropolitan Board of Health, and contains the results of an examination of some of the articles in general use. If people will use such poisonous preparations they should at least know what they are doing, and then they need not be surprised when their legitimate effects are made manifest, as they surely will be.

I. Hair Tonics, Washes, and Restoratives.

Grains of Lead in One Fluid Ounce.

Clark's Distilled Restorative for Hair, -	0.11
Chevalier's Life for the Hair, - - -	1.02
Circassian Hair Rejuvenator, - - -	2.71
Ayer's Hair Vigor, - - - - - - -	2.89
Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative, - - -	3.08
Dr. O'Brien's Hair Restorer America, -	3.28
Gray's Celebrated Hair Restorative, -	3.89
Phalon's Vitalia, - - - - - - - -	4.69
Ring's Vegetable Ambrosia, - - - -	5.00
Mrs. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, -	5.57
L. Knittel's Indian Hair Tonique, -	6.29
Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer,	7.13
Dr. Tebbet's Physiological Hair Regenerator, - - - - - - - - -	7.44
Martha Washington Hair Restorative, -	9.80
Singer's Hair Restorative. - - - -	16.39

II. Lotions or Washes for the Complexion.

Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.

Mercury in solution, - - -	2.67 grains.
Zinc in solution, - - - - -	0.99 grains.
Equivalent to	
Corrosive Sublimate, - - - -	6.31 grains.
Sulphate of Zinc, - - - - -	4.25 grains.

The sediment contains mercury, lead, and bismuth.

III. Enamels for the Skin.

Grains of Lead in One Fluid Ounce after Shaking.

Eugenie's Favorite, - - -	108.94 grains.
Phalon's Snow-white Enamel,	146.28 grains.
Phalon's Snow-white Oriental Cream, - - - - - -	190.99 grains.

Conclusion.—It appears from the foregoing:

1. The Hair Tonics, Washes, and Restoratives contain lead in considerable quantities, that they owe their action to this metal, and that they are consequently highly dangerous to the health of persons using them.

2. With a single exception, Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, the lotions for the skin are free from lead and other injurious metals.

3. That the Enamels are composed of either carbonate of lime, oxide of zinc, or carbonate of lead, suspended in water. The first two classes of enamels are comparatively harmless, as harmless as any other white dirt when plastered over the skin to close the pores and prevent its healthy action. On the other hand, the enamels composed of carbonate of lead are highly dangerous, and their use is very certain to produce disastrous results to those who patronize them.

4. The white powders for the skin are harmless, except in so far as their application may interfere with the healthy action of the skin.

Canned Fruit.—Fruit is not only the most delicious but the most healthful food we have, and every family should be supplied with it the year through. In order to have a supply during the winter and spring, preparations must be made now. The best mode of preserving is by canning. The old style of preserving—a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit—is worse than none. Glass jars with glass covers are the best. These jars with proper care, will keep any kind of fruit without sugar, and will last for a generation. Not only peaches, pears, grapes, tomatoes, and the small fruits, but green beans, peas, corn, and other vegetables, should be canned in large quantities, so that they may appear upon the table not only every day, but at every meal, until fruits and vegetables come around again. "But the expense!" some will exclaim. It is not so expensive as meat, and far more healthful as well as palatable. Try it, and save your doctor's bills.

Exercise before Breakfast.—"Is it better to breakfast soon after rising, or should some physical exercise intervene?"

At least an hour should elapse after rising before breakfast. It is better to take some light exercise. The appetite will be better, and the food will digest easier and be more easily assimilated.

Laugh More and be Sick Less.

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NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY. The True Story of Manhattan Well. New York: Published by Carleton. 1870.

"'Tis pleasant sure, to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

So says Byron, and this must be the feeling of many an author in the present day. Guilty or Not Guilty throws no new light upon the tragic mystery of seventy years ago, and the motive consigned to Levi, the supposed murderer of the unfortunate girl, is altogether inadequate to the cruel, bungling catastrophe. The work is very unequal, and might have been concocted by more than one person; the school-girl life by one, and the *denouement* by another, but there is a general feebleness and inconsequentiality that forbids the suspicion that two persons could work to so little purpose. The only exception to the general weakness is the character of Mary Ann, which is sharply drawn, and presents the glow of life and originality. Here, if anywhere, the author has a vein of truth and force which may stand him in good stead.

SLEEP AND ITS DERANGEMENTS. By William A. Hammond, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippencott & Co.

This work, despite its defects, contains much that is new and valuable. There are twelve chapters, which go over the ground in nearly all its phases. The remedies for wakefulness are, however, hardly up to the latest discoveries of the profession, and in this respect the work is very unsatisfactory.

ELM ISLAND STORIES. THE YOUNG SHIPBUILDERS. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shephard. 1870.

Every head of a family has experienced the difficulty of procuring interesting and wholesome reading for boys. There is so much afloat, which, if not pernicious, can not by any means be esteemed good, that we are heartily glad to find a work which we can indorse as of salutary import. The Young Shipbuilders is written with simplicity, and freshness attractive to the mature reader, while at the same time it is sufficiently practical to convey ideas of utility to the boy-mind. Elm Island being quite outside of the pale of artificial life, its residents are thrown upon their own resources, and present us with pure and refreshing pictures of home life. We have the delineation of women truthful and affectionate with spirit, and country-bred ways and talk; hardy sailors and fishermen, with their perils and triumphs—boys inured to toil, brave, honest, and full of endeavor. Under these quaint pictures breathes many a moral and religious incitement, springing naturally from the development of the characteristic incidents of the story. In interest, and thorough truthfulness to nature, it is worthy to rank with that most moral of books, De Foe's Robinson Crusoe.

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS; Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well. By Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M. D. New York: Wood & Holbrook, Publishers, No. 15 Laight Street. 1870.

Of medical books, says The National Standard, there is no lack; but for such as these, hygienic and practical, the world waits and suffers. Many a young girl graduates from our schools and colleges, versed in classical knowledge, who is yet lamentably ignorant of the marvelous mechanism of her own body and the divine laws which regulate its harmonious development. Mothers too often fail to supply the wise counsel and instruction which is of such vital interest to their children, and so the most sacred functions of life are ignorantly trifled with, while through untold sufferings the penalties of violated law are revealed. Mrs. Gleason's book supplies just the want which this deficiency creates. It should be welcomed as a companion and guide in every household. Its style is unobjectionable; so frank in its confidential tone; so delicately searching in its counsels. We can not speak too warmly in its praise, or recommend it too heartily to a wide circulation. It is indicative of the better general physiological instruction we may hope for when women physicians multiply in numbers.

EXCELSIOR COOK BOOK AND HOUSEKEEPER'S AID, ETC., ETC. By Laura Trowbridge. New York: Oakly, Mason & Co.

Of the making of cook books there seems to be no end. Perhaps it is well that this is so, for then we may hope that in the end we shall have one at least worthy of high praise. The book before us contains much that is valuable, much that is worthless, and some that may be termed pernicious.

THE PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Contributors to this Number.

MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH,
DR. LYDIA F. FOWLER,
EDGAR FAWCETT,
REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM,
ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, of Oxford, Eng.,
E. P. EVANS,
F. B. PERKINS,
PROF. L. N. FOWLER,
PROF. HUXLEY,
DR. A. L. WOOD, and
THE EDITOR.

Wanted.—Will our readers please send us brief items of news and experience referring to Health and Physical Culture topics. Make them pointed and practical, and we will publish them for the benefit of others. Do not mix them up with business or personal matters, but on separate sheets of paper and in readiness for the Printer.

Our Premiums.—We shall be careful to send out as Premiums nothing which is not all that we claim for it in value. No cheap, second-hand, or indifferent article will be used.

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Facts for the Ladies.—I purchased my Wheeler and Wilson machine July 10, 1857, and for the first six years used it constantly from morning until late in the evening on heavy cloth and Marseilles work, and the remainder of the time I have used it for family sewing without repairs, and the machine is in so good condition that I would not exchange it for your latest number. It will wear a dozen years more without repairing. I have used one needle nearly three years, and have some of the dozen needles that I received with the machine. MRS. T. EDMONDSON.

JERSEY CITY.

A Good Sewing Machine is given free for a club of 35 subscribers and $70. This premium is very popular. If there is a poor, deserving family in your neighborhood help it to get a good sewing machine by subscribing at once. Perhaps your minister's wife wants one. If so, help her to get it, by helping her to get up a club. The Empire is one of the best sewing machines in use, and we are sure that it will give you good satisfaction.

The Address Label.—By this method our subscribers can keep their own accounts as to when their terms of subscription close; for instance, if the printed slip has "De70," or "Je71" added to the name, it signifies that the subscriber's term of subscription expires with the December number of 1870, or the June number of 1871, and so on *et seq.*

Talks to My Patients.—Mrs. Gleason's book, advertised and noticed elsewhere, is meeting with a good sale. We can supply it to subscribers and agents in any quantity. A good many ladies are selling it with success. We should like to have in every town a good Lady Agent. For particulars of agency, write to the Publishers.

Books C. O. D.—Parties who order books will find it cheaper to send the money with the order, than to order C. O. D., as in this case the cost of collection will be added to the bill. This is considerable, when the money has to be returned from a distant point. Those who order C. O. D., should send one-fourth the value of the order in advance to insure prompt attention.

Caution.—Our friends in writing to us will please be very particular and give Postoffice, County and State with every letter, and not depend on us to remember where they live, though they may have told us a hundred times. Those who think we can turn to our books and find their names and address without trouble, are quite mistaken.

How to Send Money.—In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Postoffice Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but in a Registered letter.* The present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Clubs of Twenty-five.—Any person who will send us at one time twenty-five new subscribers to this monthly, shall have them for Twenty-five Dollars. Remember they mus be new subscribers, and all be sent at one time.

Notice to Our Correspondents.—The following hints to correspondents should be observed in writing to us:

1. ALWAYS attach name, Post Office, County, and State to your letter.
2. SEND MONEY by Check on New York, or by Postoffice Money Order. If this is impossible, inclose Bills and register Letter.
3. CANADA AND NEW YORK CITY SUBSCRIBERS should send 12 *cents extra*, with which to prepay postage on subscriptions to THE HERALD OF HEALTH.
4. REMEMBER, if you are entitled to a Premium, to order it when you send the Club, and inform us how it is to be sent.
5. REMEMBER THAT WE NOW GIVE the *Empire Sewing Machine* as a premium. It is guaranteed to give good satisfaction.
6. REMEMBER TO SEND in Clubs early.
7. REMEMBER TO LOOK at our Premium List and Book List, and see exactly what we give and have for sale.
8. REMEMBER that for the names and addresses of 25 persons, either invalids or friends of Temperance and Health Reform, we give Prof. Wilson's book on the Turkish Bath. It contains 72 pages.
9. STAMPS should be sent to prepay postage on letters that require an answer.
10. Those who want a good *Spirometer*, *Parlor Gymnasium*, or *Filter* for making their water clean, will find the prices in another column.
11. INVALIDS from all parts of the country are invited to write to us for our circular, and full particulars as to Treatment or Board in the Hygienic Institution, See advertisement elsewhere.
12. See List of Books elsewhere.

Job Printing.—We are prepared to execute in neat, substantial styles, various kinds of JOB PRINTING: such as Pamphlets, Circulars, Envelopes, Billheads, Letter-heads, Cards, Labels, Small Handbills, etc., at the same rates as in all first-class New York printing establishments. Stereotype work done to order.

☞ Our friends in the country who wish neat and accurate printing, can rely on first-class work, by sending plainly written and well-prepared manuscripts. For terms, send sample or copy of work, state quality of printing material to be used, and the number of copies wanted, inclosing stamp for reply.

Home Treatment.—Invalids wishing prescriptions for home treatment can have them for Five Dollars. They should send full particulars of their cases. Any person sending five new subscribers to THE HERALD OF HEALTH and Ten Dollars, will, if he does not choose other premiums, be entitled to a prescription for treatment free.

The Picture of Humboldt.—We are now sending out the picture promised to our single subscribers for 1870, who send directly to the publishers $2. Lest there be a misunderstanding on the part of some, we state distinctly that those who take THE HERALD at club rates will not be entitled to it. The way to secure the picture is to send your money direct to the Publishers.

Notices of the Press.—We call special attention to the notices of Mrs. Gleason's book which we have received from persons who have read it, and from the newspaper and magazine press. It is rarely that a work of this character has been so well received.

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WHAT THE DOCTORS, THE PEOPLE, AND PRESS SAY

ABOUT MRS. DR. GLEASON'S

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS.

From P. H. HAYES, M. D., *of Watkins, Mass.*

I have just laid down Mrs. Dr. Gleason's new work, and I am impatient to take up my pen in praise of it. The book is true to its title, and full of strong points and good counsels. But its chiefest charm for me is that the writer so well understands the so frequent connection of a troubled spirit with broken health, and that from the fountain of her own warm Christian heart, and from her experience as physician, wife, and mother, she knows so well how to

> "Minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, and
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart."

From Mrs. SARAH R. A. DOLLEY, M. D., *Rochester, N. Y.*

The title, "Talks to My Patients," might indicate to some that the interest of this pleasant and instructive volume was confined to the patients of its author; but while the needs of these may have suggested the "Talks" which come to make the book, no physician will read it without thinking of scores who would be benefited by its perusal; and no mother will read it who will not thereafter be better prepared to lovingly and understandingly guard and care for the physical and moral well-being of her children. I have set it circulating among my patients.

From Mrs. Dr. WINSLOW, *Washington, D. C.*

Never was a book more truly named. In reading it, I see the author before me and hear her voice. It does me good, and it will do every one good for whom it was written. What a happy thought it was for the author to diffuse herself in such a quiet, modest way over the hearts and lives of those she had previously blessed!

From Mrs. Dr. SALES, *Elmira, N. Y.*

I am glad Mrs. Gleason has written "Talks to My Patients." It is a worthy offspring, and will go forth and a blessed work where her voice can never be heard. I would rather have written that book than been queen of the greatest empire on this small globe of ours!

From Rev. JOSEPH SMITH, *Grand Rapids, Mich.*

It is a book admirable for its brevity and sense. It is the best on such subjects that has ever met my eye. I believe it will do very much good. We are glad to see the author's hand and soul on every page, and to feel that she has written, in Christian love, on a theme which is really sacred, but is made so much a medium of quackery.

From Mrs. STANLEY, *of the Female College, Elmira, N. Y.*

I believe it to be the book above all others to put into the hands of young mothers and maidens, to help and to guide them in regard to those topics and functions peculiar to woman. I hope and believe the book may find a large sale, for it is worthy of an extensive circulation, and I shall hope to bear a small part from year to year in recommending it to my friends.

It is a compend of motherly and womanly hints, which should be accessible to all of the female sex, whether maidens or matrons.—*Boston Cultivator.*

A book that contains much new and valuable information; no nonsense in it.—*San Francisco Alta California.*

A book we can safely recommend.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

From ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, *the well-known Authoress*

I would gladly see this work in the hands of every young mother in the land; it would serve to give her confidence in herself and in the divine provisions of Nature. She would be saved from that weak and senseless fear which embitters the life of the young wife and mother, and leads her to adopt courses destructive to her peace of mind and detrimental to her health.

The full, gracious womanhood of the author is apparent throughout, not unmixed with a cheerful humor quite refreshing upon such subjects. She is evidently familiar with the pen, and uses it with ease. She is sufficiently scientific, but not technically so, and her book may be cited as proof that women never undertake any thing they are unable to accomplish. I am proud to say that such women honor the profession; they are fast driving from its ranks those unprincipled charlatans who cater to the weakness and wickedness of woman, and render marriage a barren and dishonored relation.

From The Evening Mail, New York City.

We know of no book which, in its way, deserves heartier commendation. This is said to be the first medical work issued in America from the pen of a woman; may all that follow be as good! Modest in its assumptions, it does not pretend that physicians are unnecessary, but it teaches what are the causes of many diseases, and how they and the physicians may be avoided. It so avoids the two extremes of mock delicacy and pandersome detail with such good sense, that we could wish it put into the hands of every American girl and woman.

From The Liberal Christian, New York City.

After reading the whole of this book, we pronounce it the most admirable and excellent that we have ever seen of its class. It is written for women. The style is pleasant and readable, and it is full of wise counsels and suggestions regarding the very things in which so many people most need assistance. It is a safe book for young people to read, for any body, indeed, and this can be said of very few books devoted to such subjects. There is not a sentense in it that can be perverted, or misused, so as to do any harm. We wish the book could be read in every household in our country.

From Harper's Magazine, New York City.

Mrs. Gleason is able to say something to wives and to mothers which no man could say. There can be no difference of opinion about the value of the practical suggestions she affords, which are characterized by sound philosophy and clear, good, sterling common sense. We wish the chapter, "Confidential to Mothers," might be published as a tract and sent to every mother in the land.

This book is like the familiar conversation of some wise, experienced friend, who has gathered young girls, young wives, and young mothers to her side, and is telling them all about the grave mystery of their organization and how to care for themselves.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

This book treats in a thorough yet delicate manner of all the troubles, cares, and diseases of women. We do not hesitate to say it is the best book of its class we have yet seen.—*Gody's Lady's Book.*

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Advertisements.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS of an appropriate character will be inserted at the following rates: Short advertisements, 25 cents per line; thirteen lines, for three or more insertions without change, 20 per cent. discount; one-half column, $12; one column, $22; one page, $40. All advertisements must be received at this office by the 5th of the month preceding that on which they are to appear.

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NEW & RARE FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES.

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From the New York Independent.—Our Schoolday Visitor is a periodical that we can heartily commend as worthy of patronage. The number for January presents an attractive appearance and has a tempting variety of matter.

From the National Baptist, Philadelphia.—Our Schoolday Visitor is one of the best and handsomest, and cheapest Magazines for Boys and Girls published.

From the Pastoral Visitor.—This is the most beautiful monthly we have ever seen.

From the S. S. Journal, N. Y.—Our Schoolday Visitor is the handsomest and best edited of all the monthly Magazines for Boys and Girls that come under our notice.

From the New York Tribune.—Our Schoolday Visitor is a most valuable aid in juvenile education.

From the Southern Opinion, Richmond, Va.—We can, after a pleased perusal, recommend it to our young friends everywhere.

From the Israelite, Cincinnati, O.—We feel confident in saying that Our Schoolday Visitor is not equaled by any other School or Young People's Magazine published in this country.

From the Rural New Yorker.—It has no equal to our knowledge.

From the Kansas Educational Journal.—Our Schoolday Visitor is one of the very best and cheapest Boys' and Girls' Magazines in the world.

From the Pennsylvania School Journal.—Our Schoolday Visitor is decidedly one of the best magazines for young folks. Its contents are of the highest tone of morality and literature.

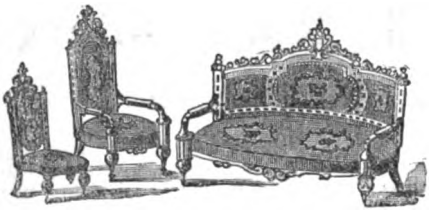
From Demorest's Monthly, N. Y.—Our Schoolday Visitor is a bright and sparkling juvenile magazine full of good illustrations and entertaining stories.

From the Independent, Forest City, Mo.—Our Schoolday Visitor is one of the finest publications of the kind that we ever saw, and we have no hesitancy in recommending it to every family and school. s-2t

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As a Health-reform and Temperance paper, Mrs. Dr. Mary York Heald writes: "It is one of the best I ever saw. Cheapest in the State, $1 50 per year.

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MORAL,
Intellectual, and Physical Culture;
OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRUE LIVING.

BY PROF. F. G. WELCH, Superintendent of Physical Culture in Yale College.

Letter from Dr. Dio Lewis, Boston, Mass.

Messrs. Wood & Holbrook: Gentlemen—This book, full of Prof. Welch's singular purity and earnestness, is not only an admirable guide in Physical Culture, but most fruitful of suggestion in the mental and moral spheres.

Prof. Welch is playing an important part in America's attempt to give place and dignity to physical education. He deserves well of his countrymen, and has already secured recognition as an active force in the great revolution now in progress.

I watch his labors with the liveliest interest, and shall continue to rejoice that we have in the van a leader so wise, just, and enthusiastic. Yours truly, DIO LEWIS.

From the State Temperance Journal of Commerce.

In these days of so much trashy literature, it is refreshing to see a book that teaches something of practical importance. The one before us promises to be of much usefulness, as it abounds in matter that will put the reader to thinking concerning those things which are of the utmost importance to all. It treats, first: Of all that pertains to the subject of Physical Culture, Secondly: All that is necessary to know concerning the House we live in. Thirdly, The Culture of the Mental and Moral. It contains beside, the complete Dio Lewis System of Musical or Parlor Gymnastics, with many suggestions, additions and improvements. Here are four volumes in one. Its subjects, too little heeded, too long neglected, are of vital importance, and needful to all. It contains many valuable hints of health, the means of guarding against sickness, the proper articles of food, all about our physical structure, and the care of the body; in a word, "True Living." It is noble in its purpose and counsel. None can read it without becoming higher, nobler and better. It is therefore worthy a place in every family. It occupies a new field, and will have an extensive circulation. The College Courant says of it, "There is sufficient useful and acceptable information in Parts III and IV to stock a new department in any newspaper or magazine, for months."

It has received the highest encomiums from the Press generally throughout the country, and many letters commendatory from several presidents and professors of colleges and many leading educational men.

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INSTITUTE DEPARTMENT.

☞ In this Department we purpose giving, from month to month, a description of the various agencies we employ in the treatment of disease, the reasons why we use them, their effects in different diseases, occasional reports of cases, and various items of interest in regard to the institution.

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Poisons Never Cure Disease!

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2. To furnish a pleasant, genial Home to friends of Hygiene throughout the world, whenever they visit this city.

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Thousands of invalids have been successfully treated at this institution during the past twenty years, and its fame extends wherever the English language is spoken. Its appliances for the treatment of disease without the use of poisonous drugs are the most extensive and complete of any institute in America. They comprise the celebrated

Turkish Baths, Electric Baths, Vapor Baths, Swedish Movement Cure,

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NINTH SHIPMENT.

"*RECEIVED*, Cleveland, Ohio, August 30, 1869, of S. S. Wood, payment in full for *forty-two* Wilson Shuttle Stitch Sewing Machines forwarded this day as Premiums for procuring Subscribers to "Wood's Household Magazine," this being the Ninth Shipment from February 9, 1869. THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO."

TENTH SHIPMENT.

"*RECEIVED*, Cleveland, Ohio, September 28, 1869, of S. S. Wood, payment in full for *thirty* Wilson Shuttle Stitch Sewing Machines, forwarded this day as Premiums for procuring Subscribers to "Wood's Household Magazine," this being the Tenth Shipment from February 9, 1869. THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO."

THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH SHIPMENTS.

"*THIS IS TO CERTIFY* that we have this day received from S. S. Wood a draft for *sixty* Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machines, to be shipped as Premiums for Subscribers to Wood's Household Magazine, this being Mr. Wood's Fourteenth Premium Shipment of machines since February 9, 1869. The Thirteenth Shipment numbered *thirty-nine* machines. WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Cleveland, Ohio, January 31, 1870."

NINETEENTH SHIPMENT.

"*THIS IS TO CERTIFY* that we have this day received an order from S. S. Wood for *sixty-two* Wilson Sewing Machines which we shall ship to the accompanying addresses as Premiums for obtaining Subscribers to Wood's Household Magazine, this being Mr. Wood's Nineteenth Shipment of machines since February 9, 1869. These machines are warranted to be equal in durability, beauty, and execution to any first-class machines in the market.

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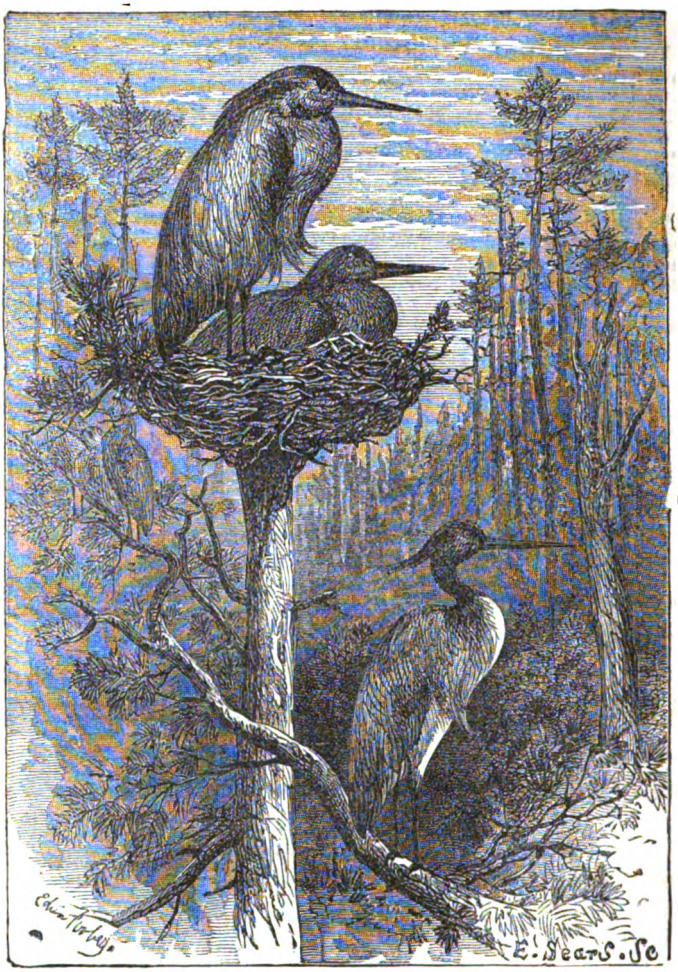
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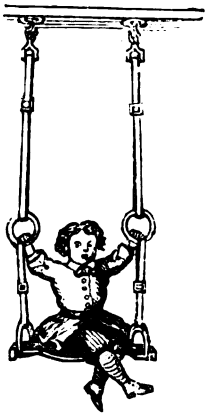
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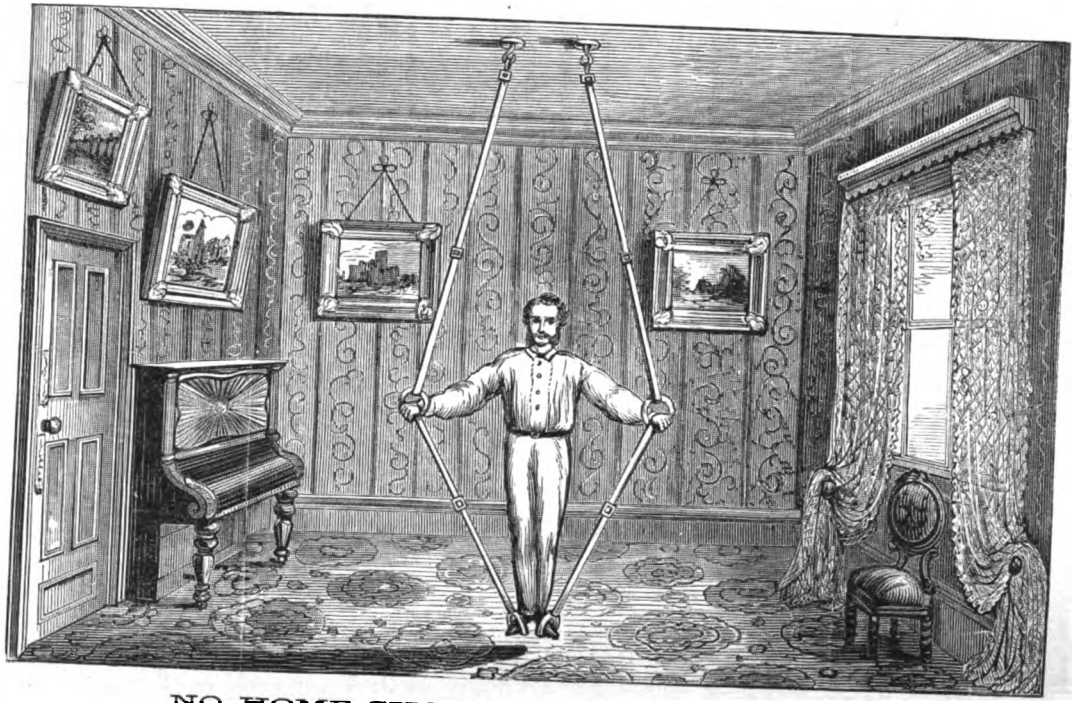
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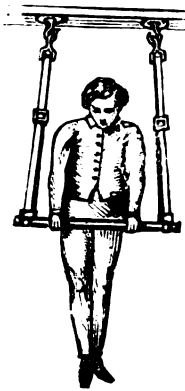


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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

GENERAL ARTICLES: Page

The Two Wives—*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith*..145
A Good Name—*Henry Ward Beecher*...151
Growth and Development—*Archibald McLaren*.....153
Infant Mortality in France—*E. P. Evans*.156
In the Ante-Chamber (A Poem)—*Helen L. Bostwick*.....161
Influence of Athletic Sports on Health—*Robert Farquharson, M. D.*.....162
Muscle for Woman—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford*.167
Open the Door for the Children (A Poem)—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder*.....169
Fathers and Children—*H. C. Birdsall*..170
Our Studies in Physiology—*Prof. T. H. Huxley*.....174

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT:

Some Thoughts on Success.....177
Kindergartens.....179
The Two Wives—Poisoned.....180
Do Insects Suffer?—Difference of Wants.181
The Health Habits of Young Men.....182
Chinese Medicines, Stupid Editors—Ship Ventilation.....184
Important Announcement—Subscription Idi[illegible]n.185

HOW TO TREAT THE SICK:

Treatment of Ministers' Sore Throat...186
The Mind Cure—What it Costs to have the Headache—Progress Abroad....187

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

The Staff of Life.....188
How to Rest—Decrease of Drug Medication—Feather Beds—Consumption of Tobacco.....189

NEW PUBLICATIONS.....190

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THE TWO WIVES.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DOUBTS.

THE Professor, often interrupted by professional and family avocations, noted his visions in his journal from time to time as he had opportunity. He was conscious of some embarrassment, as his dreams brought him in nearer relation to Zalinka, and he often resolved to lay the whole matter before Cora. From this he was deterred by knowing the relation would cause her discomfort, and by the reflection that this experience, if experience it were, was one transpiring far back in the ages, and had no accordance with his present life and modes of thinking.

Pure in thought, and pure in action, this far-gone life, with its vast Pagan surroundings, was very other than the simple Christian life of a sensitive student retired from the world and beyond the suspicions of evil doing.

He buried himself in all the metaphysic subtleties of the school-men, but found nothing answerable to his own experience. He searched the record of dreams, but found nothing accordant with the coherence and wonderful vividness of his own brief visions, which commanded so much of time, so much of human thought, life, action, and yet were so momentary upon the dial.

Sometimes he half feared his mind might be quivering on the darkened steeps of madness, and he again and again was conscious of even unwonted clearness of memory, and ability to follow the severest sequences of logic, and the most abstruse and difficult mathematical questions.

Waking, he began to recall his dream-life with something like dread, not knowing where the next vision might land him; but he continued to note all in his journal with religious honesty, as mental phenomena, not to be concealed and lost because they might open the gates to dangerous speculation. He was a man desiring truth in the innermost soul, and this unwonted experience already had opened his eyes to perceive how fearfully and wonderfully we are made, and how little the ordinary modes

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of thought fathomed the grand, sublime capabilities of the human mind.

He saw that even to man, no less than to the infinite and eternal Creator, a thousand years might be as one day and a thousand days as one year. He reviewed the chronologies of nations, once ruling and preëminent, now dwindled to insignificance, and saw how modern limitations of thought retarded the spiritual progress of the race. The Mosaic days became periods of evolution, ages of material forces working the way for intelligent mastery. The scales of prejudice fell from his eyes, and the possibilities of the race grew into resplendent certainties. Earth became indeed but the footstool of the undeveloped man, who would lay aside the cumbersome impediments of the material body, to rise into a higher, nobler, and more beautiful existence.

A thousand lives embraced in one—untold affinities linking him to all times; habits of thought by which the living present is coeval with the eternal past—affections, passions, hopes neutralizing space and ignorant of time.

Plunged in endless speculations, yet always enlarging his sphere of thought, the Professor was still sorely vexed in mind when he opened his eyes to the reality of his every-day existence in this era of the nineteenth century. He could not disguise the fact that he, the timid, conscientious Professor, living up to all the requirements of society about him, society at once critical and exacting; a simple-minded man, doatingly fond of the lovely Cora, subscribing to all the abstruse doctrines of an austere sect, no sooner closed his eyes than he was a rollicking young hunter, held in check by a companion of more years and better manhood than himself, and madly in love with a sensuous but beautiful Pagan, who openly worshiped the symbolic sign of Paganism.

How was he to reconcile the austere morals of to-day with the license of by-gone ages? How account for the gorgeousness of imagination that seized upon and filled out forgotten and dead splendors of decayed civilization in the mind of one whose exact and severe modes of thought precluded all rioting in the regions of fancy!

Sorely perplexed became the good Professor; he now no longer delighted in his visions. The soft eyes of Cora seemed to reproach him for his admiration for the lustrous orbs of Zalinka. Was the spirit pervading the fair and willful girl of to-day finer than the instinctive tenderness, and unquestioning faith, and devoted passion of the sex in the years past and forgotten? What had he, the husband of Cora, to do with questions like these? What had he, the plain, simple Professor, slightly bald upon the head, with no great chivalry, and no gallantry of character, to do with a gorgeous creation like the resplendent Zalinka?

Where was the propriety of the law, where the safety of society, if it could not protect a man from closing his eyes and violating all its prohibitions and setting at naught all its decorums? If progress is only the piling up of vast and obliterated experiences in the human soul, where is the great cry for a perfect and understandable moral code?

The Professor walked the room sorely perplexed in mind and heart. Sometimes came the exulting glow arising from the vivid memory of his dream-wife, and all the splendors of their tropical dwelling, amid flowering acacias and overhanging palms, jasmine and honeysuckle, aloe and rose and lily, and the rich voice of Zalinka, unmarred by one tone of discord, and her lovely face lifted to his, beaming with smiles and devoted tenderness.

Then he reproached himself with falsehood to Cora, and while he thus thought she entered the room and arranged her curls at the steel mirror, or took a ring from her finger and playfully hung it on the Professor's nose; and then Mrs. Pyncham's voice was heard without in sharp reprimands of Bridget; and a dusty mat was hurled past the window, and Cora was called away to see the cobwebs on the ceiling and the dust in the corners, as if there was any pleasure in looking upon them, and as if they could not be removed in quietness.

"I'm ashamed that a child of mine should keep such a dirty house! It's a sin and disgrace; and how any body can bear to see cornering furniture I don't know! Not a chair set straight in the house! and Miss Electa born and bred a Shaker, where every thing is straight as a poker and clean as a pin, to take no notice of such doings! Dear! dear me!" This from Mrs. Pyncham.

Hearing this Cora reddened, and went out and begged her mother to come out and look at the lately-fledged canaries; three worm-looking creatures with enormous mouths, over which the parents kept a storm of anxiety and care, and this diversion of interest greatly mollified the asperities of Mrs. Pyncham, who adjusted her "front" and resumed her mittens, leaving Bridget mistress of "Saturday's cleaning."

The Professor writes, "I could not but rejoice that in all my dream-life, I had no memory of a cleaning or a washing day. There was no

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dust, no petty discord, nothing that defiled, nothing like shame, nothing like discontent. Surely, this Pagan life must have had its charms."

"Now that Paul Stearns has taken Patience Grant to wife," he writes, "and indeed it is well, for the beauty of the girl was very great, and attracted very much attention to her, and it was better that she should be cared for by a resolute and really fine fellow like Paul, than run the risk of doing worse. Sister Electa designs to 'start upon her travels,' to quote her own playful words. She has an irresistible desire to visit the great natural wonders of the country, and at some time, the places hallowed by great men and women and noble achievements.

I do not know what better she can do, for she will have a noble thought or wise word for every one who may come within the sphere of her observation, and yet my mind is not clear in regard to hers and similar cases, if similar can be, and the sex holds many of so lovely, so high, so serene a nature. To me it seems as if she ought to marry and command a household. I do not find it easy to regard a woman in any other light than as wife and mother in our country, for as yet my ideas are retrospective, and I see little more than by the 'stern-lights of the ship' experience. Still, sure am I that in this stage of existence there is no relation higher or more beautiful than that of the family, and that within it are sown the seeds of human perfection and national greatness."

Thus wrote the pure, simple-minded Professor, and it will be seen that modern ideas are shooting forth in directions quite divergent from that tranquil intelligence and divine tenderness, no less than authoritative wisdom, which seemed to him not the ideal of sex, but that of humanity.

Again he writes, "I have several times of late been startled to find myself so inclining to the structure of verse, that my mind pours itself in rythm, with wonderful force, expressing itself in that way in a manner which I had thought foreign to my character, with a fervor and eloquence quite beyond myself. I perceive too a vision within a vision, which wears the aspect of prophecy. It would be strange indeed should my dream-life cease to be retrospective.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Dream-life Ended.

"To the wish expressed by Rodman that I had put a ball through the head of the serpent, I replied,

"'I must own frankly to you, old friend, that so far from desiring to kill the creature, I felt a delight in reading the language of his skin, and the wonderful head with the mystic and awful word thereon inscribed, filled me with a devout sense of the untold and hidden majesty of Him who ruleth in the universe.'

"Days succeeded nights, and still we floated onward, Zalinka and I. The simple fruits of the earth supplied our wants, and the honey of the wild bee gave delicious sweetness to cates made by Narita from the roots of the agave. The softness of the air, the solemn beauty of the stars, the ever-varying scenes of lofty hill and pleasant valley, the loveliness of the flowers, and the lofty grandeur of the trees, filled our whole souls with soft, almost divine emotions.

"'I have traveled down them rivers,' interrupted Rodman, 'and can understand purty well how it was with you, so suppose you drop the highfalutin, for I kind of want to know how you and the gal come out. Go on.'

"As I said before, day after day passed without weariness, and every day Zalinka endeared herself more and more to my affections. Solitary as seemed our lives, she so filled it with her lively fancies, her never exhausted graces of mind and person, that it seemed to me that I should be contented to float on and on, till our bark of life should float adown the river of time and be lost in the vortex of the eternal sea. Zalinka sang her hymns to the gods with a fervor that added new charms to the perfection of her wondrous beauty.

"At length our boat floated into a clear lake, an enlargement of the main stream, and into this poured several tributaries from the mountainous regions that hemmed it in, while the river itself flowed onward to the sea. Hardly had our bark touched the strand, when we were surrounded by a multitude of people who gazed on us with admiring wonder. The men and women were of fine stature, with regular and handsome features, girt with robes made of the silky texture of a plant native to the soil. The children were entirely naked, and of exquisite beauty.

"They surrounded us in silence, and at length all prostrated themselves at our feet. Rising, they beckoned us to follow them to their village, where were the principal personages of the tribe. We complied, and found a group of huts constructed of poles, and in the center a mound not many feet high, upon the top of which basked a large serpent. Seeing this, Zalinka quickly approached and knelt, lifting her eyes to the sky above us.

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"The people were now wild with delight, and it soon appeared that their dialect was known to Narita, and partially so to Zalinka, before whom they knelt as to a superior being.

"Immediately they set to work and built us a dwelling far superior to any they had built for themselves, and brought hither the choicest possessions of the people.

"'You don't mean to tell me that you staid there, George!' cried Rodman, casting his pipe on the ground. 'You don't mean to say you staid among them heathen, and took to a heathen life, George?'

"'It is true, Rodman; I did not leave them until a very great sorrow compelled me to depart.'

"'I've always noticed that when people are bent on their own destruction, they're sort of driven out of their bad quarters. I expected to hear you at least convarted the gal to Rible notions, and then took her home and married her with your mother's blessing, and all that sort of thing. Go on.'

"'To tell the truth, Rodman, I just staid there and married Zalinka after the usages of her own people, and I may as well own up, I never cared to go back to society at that time. When the morning came, all the people were at our cabin, and we went forth to meet them, Zalinka spreading out her arms in adoration of the great luminary, which so well symbolized the all-giving God.

"When at night he sank behind the mountains, the people again came to listen to her song to the great God, a worship far beyond what they had ever before known. Seeing that the inhabitants often robbed and deceived each other, Zalinka taught them sublime lessons of justice. In this, I am glad to say, I also did my part, urging them to kindness, mercy, and strict justice.

"Zalinka taught the women many arts before unknown to them, conducive to health, purity, and comfort, while I taught the men how to cultivate the soil, and how to improve their habitations. The people were gentle, simple, and teachable, and soon a great improvement was wrought by our means. Our lives glide onward so tranquilly, so full of simple content, that I confess to you, Rodman, all my past life seemed forgotten in the supreme felicity of the present.

"'Well, well,' retorted Rodman, 'I suppose it is in the power of a woman to change the whole natur of a man, they can do any thing they once set their hearts on, more's the pity! Go on!' While Rodman said this he picked up his pipe and smoked away mechanically, without any enjoyment of the act.

"It is not necessary to further describe this my golden era of love and happiness. The soft salubrious climate, the simplicity of the people, the tenderness of Zalinka, all that could soothe the nerves to tranquillity, all that could content the heart, much to stimulate thought, and elevate and refine the mind, all combining to render even existence one long summer day of ease and refined enjoyment. How long it lasted I have no means to determine; it was a state in which setting suns, the changes of the seasons, the planting of seeds or gathering in of harvests had no part. We existed; we were blessed. If shadows intervened we saw them not; if pain or suffering had an existence we were not cognizant thereof. The daily prayers, the simple song and dance, the contemplation of nature filled up the bright days, and where happiness was on every side the rule, and pain the exception, we scarcely noted its presence. Song, blessed days full of content, soft, smiling, peaceful.

"'Yes, yes,' interrupted Rodman; 'I see the and is coming; you kind o' like to think over the pleasant time before you tell how trouble come. I suppose such things must come to an end; it's nat'ral. Well; tell it in short, old boy.'

"'Yes, Rodman, the end came. How, or why, my beautiful Zalinka should die, I know not. I only know she had neither grief nor pain, nor fear nor doubt. She smiled, and kissed me, and said,

"'Come soon, my beloved; I shall await thee at the golden gate!'

"And then she breathed no more!

"I heard the snowy bell-bird toll her requium, and saw the people scatter the earth with flowers, and Zalinka was covered with white robes and placed in a cradle of leaves and flowers, supported by a canopy of net, and the pretty receptacle swung from the branches of a giant palm, and there the night birds sang all through the hours of night, and the bell-bird and the dove built their nests at her feet.

"'A purty way to be buried,' said Rodman; 'I've seen that way often. I suppose they sort o' dry up and blow away at last.'

"Zalinka had left me; but a little one, bearing on its tiny shoulder the mother's mark, lay in my arms. A creature strangely beautiful and wondrous premature it seemed, for, fixing its large, lustrous eyes upon mine, it would smile, and seem to understand me, and read my thoughts.

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"'How it was, Rodman, I know not, but I was not over sorrowful—it seemed a natural change, a peaceful transit, and I went forth, for methought the night had come, and while the people slept, I descended the great river in our little boat, and three miles below I found thee, my friend.'

"'I must say you took it easy, George; but it was an onnat'ral thing from the first, what I should call a relapse into heathendom. I'm glad, though, you did the gal no wrong; but lived up to her lights, for a man who is a man, has a pesky hard load to carry inside, who feels that he has wronged any critter that trusted him.'

"'I do not call myself a saint, Rodman, but I am no hypocrit. I never knowingly, that is, designedly, wronged a human creature, and where I have made any mistake I have not failed to amend it; but it takes a pretty good character to get through this world.

"That is true, George, and the better we are, the less able are people to understand us, and they always think that what is beyond their understanding must be bad.'

"'You did not tell what became of the baby; howsomever, we will defer that for another talk, for I'm thinking, George, it's time for us to pull up stakes and back to the settlements. I shall hunt the buffalo out west awhile, but I think it's time for you, who can do some honest, human work in the world, to go back and do it. You're a dear good fellow, George, weakish, but that's easy accounted for by living too much in houses, with carpets and cooks, and other weaknesses.'

"I flushed, as was natural, at this unceremonious handling, and we both shouldered a pack and trudged on."

CONCLUSION.

The Professor rasely wrote out his dream at a single sitting. The journal was intermingled with household details, incidents in the way of his profession, tender thoughts of Cora, and her gentle, playful, girlish womanhood; records of Sister Electa, whom he called Sibylline in character; commendations of Patience and Paul Stearns, and even half querrulous complaints of the crossness of Mrs. Pyncham. This awfully pious woman seemed to sandwich herself between the Saturday's cleanings of the Professor's house, the Monday washings, Tuesday ironings, and every-day miscellanies of cook-stove and scrubbing-brush, all conducted with an immense vigor, noise, and scolding, and the monthly concert of prayer, the conference meeting, the lecture and prayer meeting, so that the shadows of evening relieved the family of much tumult, as the worthy Widow wended her way to some one or other of these methods of grim recreation, several times in a week. She passed most of her days with Cora now, keeping her old quiet dwelling as a dignified appendage to her widowed state, in which old chairs, tables and china, though of no great value in a pecuniary point of view, were of immense importance as proof and records of gentility. Hence the rooms were duly ventilated, the chintz coverings duly washed, starched and ironed, and several times in the year sundry elderly ladies and infirm gentlemen were hospitably entertained with green tea and hot biscuit, fresh butter and raspberry jam.

"Cora gradually learned to let her mother fret and scold, and order herself and Bridget to her heart's content, well knowing that in her heart the widow was proud of her, and outside of the house talked of the Professor as the greatest man alive, although inside of the same, she spoke of him as little better than an idiot. Cora always declared that but for Sister Electa, she would have been one of the most hateful, vain unendurable creatures that ever lived; but Sister Electa was so wise, so sweet, so sympathetic with every body, saw so much to approve even in the worst, and found a reason and excuse for every fault in them, either in the weakness of the person, his poverty, his loneliness or misfortunes, that somehow it seemed as if a golden beam came straight from heaven, and rested upon the poor stricken head, or the comfortless heart.

"'I wouldn't have Sister Electa married for the world!' Cora would exclaim. "She would only bless one, then, and now she comforts so many.'"

Having premised this much, we turn to the journal of the Professor, and extract a last record for this our veritable history, in the course of which we, having settled each one so far as human beings are ever settled in this world, we shall close our book. The Professor writes in this wise:

"There had been some noise and hurry in the house. Bridget, who never steps on her toes, planted her feet with the firmness, and somewhat with the jar to the house of a young elephant, intent on some movement requiring speed. Several women went about the rooms, their faces expressing an anxious delight. Mrs. Pyncham, having encountered me in the hall, pushed me by main strength into the library, exclaiming.

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"'That is the place for *you*!'

"As if I had been a felon, and was justly confined to my prison cell. I must have dropped at once into my dream state, and the death of Zalinka, at the same moment, which I have already recorded, and I proceed now to relate what transpired.

"I do not know when Mrs. Pyncham entered the library. I was suddenly conscious that she was approaching me in a state of much excitement, her 'front' lopped down over one eye, and a baby in her arms, which she laid in mine, repeating in a loud, laughing voice,

"'Now you just mind what I say, and live up to it, Mr. Lyford,

"'First a daughter, then a son;
Then the world is well begun!'

Here's as fine a daughter as ever was seen; so far so good; now mind!'

"She then laid the baby, a perfect mass of laces and embroidery, and a strong smell of new flannel into my arms, and hearing somebody call 'Mrs. Pyncham, Mrs. Pyncham!' as if in a great hurry, she left it there.

"I peeped into the flannel and lace, and by a sort of instinct looked at the little lump of a shoulder. There was a slender, ruby mark upon it. I hastily applied a mycroscopic lens, and surely the shape was that of a delicate serpent, such as I had seen upon the shoulder of my dream-child."

Several years later he writes:

"My dream-life seems to have suddenly come to a close with the birth of my first child, which Cora would name Zalinka. Since then, several children brighten our household, and I am happy to say that the second, in obedience to the injunction of my mother-in-law is a boy. All the children are handsome and perfectly healthful, but Zalinka is of wondrous beauty, and in a thousand ways, as her mind and person develop, reminds me of that beautiful Dream-wife who has had so much to do with my moral speculations, and my metaphysic doubts. My oldest boy, a bold, straight-forward, singularly-resolute, and generous-minded child, with a composed and penetrating mind, I have named Rodman."

THE END.

DR. JOHNSON used to say that there were many things worth seeing in the world but very few worth going to see. So do I believe that numerous as may be the things good to eat, there are none worth going to the conventional dinner party for—and I find great solace in the thought that if you went you would most assuredly not get them there.

CHILDREN AND CHILDHOOD.—It is very good to me to notice how much of the hope of the world is made to depend on the children that are resting in the future, but are sure to come, and to bring with them some great blessing and help. The world moves on; the generations come and go, each bearing its own burden and fulfilling its own destiny; and to every one there is allotted a certain share of sorrow, and the failure of hopes and expectations. But, like a strain of clear quiet music running through a tumult of clashing discords, the promise of the children to be born, who shall do what the fathers failed to do, runs clean through the generations. The hope of humanity, the promise of the world to come, on this planet, rests in the children. When the Spartans replied to the king who demanded fifty of their children as hostages, "We would prefer to give you a hundred of our most distinguished men," it was only an expression of the everlasting value of the child to any commonwealth and to every age. The had been defeated, but their hope was that the children would conquer; they had done their best, but their children, they hoped, would do better. Sparta would rise again from the cradle and nursery: the new hands would do the new work, and the fresh inspiration. And so, in the hope that still shone for Sparta, fifty children were of more value than a hundred fathers.

It was a truth that every age has in some way to learn. It is in the next new life that God hides the next new thing the world needs to carry on its work. The time comes when great discoveries stop short of their consummation for want of a new man, and no more new discoveries are made; when the church is certain to fail for want of a new apostle to refresh the old truths, or to announce the new; when the great movement that began with one reformer will thin out, like circles on the water, if it can not be taken up and carried on by another; and when no new reform can find a man to storm us with great burning words, and stand for it. Length of life and weight of wisdom never do it. When a great man dies, and a nation weeps for his untimely end, if we had but faith like a grain of mustard-seed we should grow glad again, through our tears, for a timely beginning.—*Robert Collyer.*

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A Good Name.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A GOOD name is one which, when mentioned, awakens among those who hear it honoring thoughts, lively emotions of pleasure, respect, gratitude, confidence, and even love and enthusiasm. A good name is not a dry, leafless thing, like a plant in an herbarium—the faded remembrance of beauty. It is a living, energetic force. It leaps forth, and stands before you like a presence. It is, in short, the impression which your real life has produced on the judgment, the heart and imagination of men who have known you.

A man's name is subdivided just as his life is, and he has a name relative to the department in which he is acting. Thus, one has a good name as an artificer, another has a good name as a companion, another has a good name as a parent, and another has a good name as a citizen, according to the sphere which they occupy; but in each particular sphere, what constitutes a good name is that character and conduct which shall represent the highest moral idea belonging to that sphere. Men always praise up, not down. It is for the thing in each sphere which excels, aspires, and looks toward superiority, it is for the highest moral elements in every department of life, that men esteem and honor you.

When your life is consolidated, as it were, and your character resulting from your conduct in all spheres is formed so that it produces a uniform and constant impression upon the minds of your fellow-men, then the whole of your life is represented in your name. It represents all the good that there is in your business relations, social relations, household relations, and civil relations, each forming a separate element, and all, like so many words in one sentence, reading you a just and true and good man.

Whatever men may excuse in themselves of weakness and dereliction, they always judge their fellow-men by the highest moral standard which belongs to their time. And so they will judge *you*. They will judge you by the degree in which your love exerts a real, living, moral influence upon them.

The materials themselves which build up a man's name must be those which build up a real good nature. You can not build a house and have it long unknown what materials constitute it. If you build it of poor materials, time and use will certainly reveal the weakness of them. Still less can you build a *character* of poor materials and not have it quickly appear. For pretences can serve but a little time. In a long run, nothing of a man's life acts except that which is true. If the thing that is in you is good, truth will bring it forth; and if it is bad, truth will bring it forth. Although you may deceive yourself in this regard, your nature will speak out. As a general thing, men report themselves upon their fellows at what they really are. Usually a man's reputation is what he is.

The materials, then, which go to make one's name, must be good materials, such as are fit to build a man for the functions and duties of life; and these materials must not be like the furniture of our shut-up parlors. As men sometimes have in their house a well-furnished room which they never use except on state occasions, when they entertain friends, with stiffness and formality and sumptuousness; so men have certain imaginary and heroic virtues which they keep in their romance-chamber, and in which they like now and then to dress themselves. But, after all, it is those qualities which we use every day, it is those articles with which our living-room is furnished, that go to make the impressions of men about us. The things that we use, that go with us in all the variations of ordinary life, and that show our average thoughts and feelings—these are the materials which are operating in the production not only of our character, but of the shadow of it which men have, and which constitutes our name.

And the materials that go to make a man, not only must be those which are used, and used every-day, but they must have endured so long, and been put to so many tests, that men have no doubt of their reality and truth. Then it is that men have been tried and found to be not wanting, but constant to themselves and to their ideas of rectitude; that they have established for themselves that name which the inspired monarch declared to be greater than riches.

This is the very point which in this age of the world needs to be made. I have no doubt that a man having succeeded, is thought to be a great deal better off if he has succeeded with a good name; but there is, especially among those who are not largely endowed with moral

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feeling, or who are deficient in moral discrimination, an impression that a man may very materially barter his moral qualities and character for a certain external and civil success, and be the better for it. There is a thought that it is good for one who does not succeed in life to have a spotless name; but there is a feeling that there is an adulterated morality which is better than genuine morality, as gold adulterated is better than gold in its pure state. It is supposed that if a man does not go to extremes, if he does not touch devil nor angel, he may find between them a convenient medium by which he may make his life more successful than by any other means. This is a false and mischievous notion. Nothing is comparable to a good reputation based on the reality of things.

All motives turn on the element of happiness. There is not a faculty which, acting right, does not act toward happiness. No man that acts can dissociate himself from this fact. All through life we seek enjoyment—if not low, sensuous enjoyment, then intellectual enjoyment, enjoyment of taste, or enjoyment of the moral feelings. And if you give a man wealth, he can not out of that wealth create for himself the satisfaction of enjoyment; though, if you deprive a man of wealth, and give him a good name, he can, notwithstanding his poverty, create for himself that satisfaction.

If a man, in making his money, has lost his good reputation, he has put himself beyond the power of enjoyment. I have seen the proof of this. In the course of my ministry, it has been my duty to preside over not a few that were very rich; and I have known that they who made themselves rich in such a manner as to forfeit the confidence of men, and to excite the revulsions of men toward them, were miserable men. Their lines of latitude were misery, and their lines of longitude were misery. From pole to pole, from the equator either way, and round and round the orb of their being, there was any thing but satisfaction. I think the most miserable men I ever saw were rich men, and nothing else—men who have burned up every thing in them that was good, in order to make wealth. They had generosity when they began, but generosity is a spendthrift. It helps men with the right hand and with the left. Generosity in a man who is determined to get money, is like a gaping seam in the side of a ship, and must be calked up. Magnanimity is soon inconvenient to those who are determined to get more; and so it is cut down, as a tree is cut down by the roots. Large tastes, besides being expensive, consume time by diverting the attention from money-making pursuits; and it is a maxim among men who are determined to be rich, that although fine things and things refining may be well enough for some, a real business man must not allow himself to be turned aside by them.

Now, when a man's heart has become hard as granite, do you suppose moss will grow on it? When a man has spent forty years in forming habits antagonistic to his higher nature, do you suppose he will go back and cultivate that nature? When a man has sacrificed his opportunities for learning, for research, for the intercourse of his mind with things full of pleasure, of thought; when he has sacrificed every thing in him that is noble; when he has proposed to himself the getting of wealth as the one great object of his life, and when for forty years he has unremittingly pursued that object till he is borne down by cares and anxieties and harassments, do you suppose he will change his whole course, and seek to recover those things which he has sacrificed?

Often and often have I seen men sacrifice their reputation in the pursuit of wealth, who, when they acquired it, were disappointed. It did not yield them the satisfaction which they expected it would. For a man of property and nothing else, is like one shut up in a vast mansion without a companion. He walks through the solitary halls and various apartments, listening to the sound of his own footstep. And the vaster the ranges of the mansion, the more sad he is. We can bear to be alone in one room better than in a large castle with many rooms. And when a man sacrifices every thing that is noble in his nature to amass wealth, he walks up and down the passages of prosperity a miserable wretch. The enjoyment of a man does not depend upon how much he can control, but upon the fiber of his own being. You could not ascertain the power of an instrument by measuring its square inches. It is only by the quality of its chords and tubes that its power can be ascertained. And it is not what a man holds in his hand, nor that by which he is surrounded, but the quality of the chords of his own soul, that determines whether he is capable of happiness or not. The man who cultivates generosity, magnanimity and taste, and walks so that the sun and stars, and all the endless things which, has pleased God to create on the face of the earth, and all the functions of the mind, are but so many skillful touches of his heart's chords, may be happy though he has nothing but his own life. Such a man has no need of wealth, or any thing that wealth can

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yield. He has already a treasure that is unfailing.

I have seen men who, after going through life and sacrificing every thing that they might acquire knowledge, at last, worn out and miserable, said, "I would give all the knowledge I have acquired for good digestion." I have seen wealthy men, whose walls were covered with pictures, whose libraries were stored with the accumulated learning of ages, and who lacked nothing for which taste could ask, but who, with their gouty foot lifted up in a chair, cursed God, and wished they were dead. And, if where a man is diseased in stomach and nerve and liver, no wealth nor art nor knowledge can make him happy, what can make a man happy whose soul is diseased, and whose inward nature has been drunk up by the fever of unrest and ambition?

If a man has a good name, as the representative of his character and life, he has all those things which make life happy. He is content with himself, he commands the respect of his fellows, and he is at peace with God. Living, he is blessed; and dying, he leaves radiance behind him.

Growth and Development.—*Concluded.*

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE OXFORD GYMNASIUM.

THE TRAINING OF PRUSSIAN AND FRENCH SOLDIERS COMPARED WITH THE ENGLISH.

THE main features we gave of the French system—a system of bodily exercise, but not a system of bodily training; based on, in many respects, erroneous principles of physical culture, yet productive of great benefit, physically and morally, to the soldier; with much that is useless, much that is frivolous, much that is misplaced and misapplied, and much that has no claim whatever to be admitted into any system of bodily exercise, military or civil—yet, upon the whole, national in tone and spirit, and, as has been proved by the avidity with which it has been practiced, not unsuited for the men for whom it has been organized.

I have gone thus far into the principles of these two systems, because they may be said to embody those of all continental nations where ever a series of bodily exercises has been adopted for the distinct purpose of physical training. In pointing out the errors, shortcomings, and inconsistencies of these systems, it will have been apparent that they all spring from one cause—the absence of any clear theory of exercise itself, of any clear comprehension of what it is, of what changes it effects in the human frame, or of its mode of accomplishing them. It is now many years since I was impressed with this conviction; for before the formal adoption of either of the two last mentioned systems by their respective Governments, the elements of which they are composed were known and irregularly practiced. I was impressed with the conviction, that until a theory of exercise based upon a knowledge of the structure and functions of the body, and in perfect accordance with the laws which govern its growth and development, were formed, no system of bodily culture, civil or military, deserving of the name, could be established.

The system which I advocate is the result of my professional life—developed and matured by every means which I could bring to bear upon it by physiological theory or practical test. The period of its preparation extends over nearly a quarter of a century, for during that period I have been, as it were, standing in the midst of a living stream of men and boys flowing in from every school, public and private, in the kingdom; youths possessing every degree of physical power—presenting every phase of physical weakness. On these, *by* these, every exercise in the system has been tested; its nature, its character defined, and its results ascertained, its place in the progressive courses slowly and carefully determined.

When called upon therefore to provide a system of bodily exercise for the Army, I had but to add a military application to this educational one; for, whereas the purely educational system stops at the first aim, viz., the cultivation of the body only, leaving the after-use of this power to be determined by the individual wants of the possessor, a military system should be two-fold, aiming first at cultivating the body to its highest attainable capacity, and then at teaching the

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manner in which this physical power may be applied to professional purposes.

A military system of bodily training should be so comprehensive that it should be adapted to all stages of the professional career of the soldier; should take up the undeveloped frame of the young recruit as he is brought to the depot, and be to him in all respects a system of culture—a system gradual, uniform, and progressive—a continual rise from the first exercise to the last, in which every exercise has its individual and special use, its individual and appropriate place, which none other can fill, in the general system—a system of exercises which will give elasticity to his limbs, strength to his muscles, mobility to his joints, and above all, and with infinitely greater force than all, which will promote the expansion of those parts of the body, and stimulate to healthy activity those organs of the body, whose fair conformation, health, and strength will double the value of all his after life; which will give him the vital stamina that will be to him a capital upon which he is to depend, and from which he is to draw at all times, at all seasons, and under all circumstances of trial, or privation, or toil. This should be the great object to be aimed at in the early stages of the system; the strengthening, the developing of his body, muscle and joint, organ and limb; make him a man, and as a man give him power over himself. Give him that, and you give him the Malakoff of the position; the activities, the dexterities of the art will fall into his hands.

And then, but not till then, should the practical application begin—an exposition, earnest, ample, and varied, which will show him how every article of commonest use may be utilized on emergencies to important purposes, how obstacles of every form and character may be surmounted, and how burdens of every size and shape and weight may be borne; which will show him also—and he will now see without much showing—how every exercise in the system has added something to this end, contributed something to this attainment, two-fold in its character, single in its object, to strengthen the man in order to perfect the soldier.

Thus the military aspect of Gymnastics has retained its importance in modern times. On the Continent and in England the military authorities have been the first to recognize the importance of systematized bodily training, and a military application of the advantages to be derived from bodily strength has thus preceded its educational or civil one. It formed, as we have seen, the *bona fide* military training of the youth of Greece and Rome. In modern times it was adopted by Germany to increase the value of her fast-diminishing soldiers at a time when the land was drained of its youth and of its manhood to guard the frontier. It was adopted by France from the love of activity and dexterity inherent in her sons, and their eagerness for all that tends to cultivate these qualities; and it was adopted by our own military authorities from, I think, equally national characteristics, on the strong representation that it would contribute greatly to the health and strength, moral and physical, of the army. Slowly and cautiously was this adoption made, and on confirmation of its value it has been introduced and is being carried out with a completeness unequaled in any country or at any time.

What may be called the material means of the system are being provided with no less completeness. At every military station, gymnasia, planned on the fullest consideration of the peculiar requirements (as I have conceived them to be) of such buildings are being erected and carefully fitted up with every form of appliance to secure safety and efficiency, so that in a few years, at the present rate of advancement, every station will be provided with its gymnasium—not the frail and meager out-of-door erections of other countries, but large, airy, and substantial buildings; each of a working capacity proportionate to the barrack accommodation of the station—in other words, suited to the number of men quartered there.

An important principle in this system, a principle perhaps the most important of all, has been that it shall be conducted by instructors properly qualified and supervised by officers regularly appointed and personally and practically acquainted with the system. This also has been carried out with equal method and completeness. Two detachments of non-commissioned officers, under command of the officer selected by the authorities to direct its introduction and conduct its future extension—an officer specially selected for his high qualifications for the difficult work of introducing into the Army a new and hitherto entirely untried institution—were sent to Oxford to be qualified as instructors, and thence removed to Aldershot to form a normal school for the preparation of other teachers, and form the center of the military gymnastic system.

Now if all this arrangement and method were considered necessary in the organization of the bodily exercise of full-grown men—men of mature frame and hardy habit, and at the period of life when all the physical energies are at their highest point of power, at least as much precau-

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tion and forethought and method, it would be expected, would be adopted on its administration with boys and girls at school, whose frames are all incomplete and impressionable in the highest degree—capable of being affected for good or for evil by every surrounding agency.

It should be clearly understood by every one intrusted with the care of youth, that nothing can be put up in the form of actual apparatus which would be either useful or safe without adherence to a regular system, and the instruction and supervision of an efficient teacher. And I would warn every one so intrusted and contemplating such erections that little but evil can spring from neglect of the caution. I do so with an earnestness which I could only feel, and with an emphasis I could only use when the good to be obtained was at best but trifling and uncertain, and the evil to be hazarded great and undoubted. For what but evil can accrue from the untaught, undirected efforts of a group of boys, strong and weak indiscriminately mingled, gathered around the cluster of perilous machines sometimes erected in a playground and styled a Gymnasium; the strong improvising tricks which have nothing to recommend them but their danger, the weak emulating the strong? And the evil which is most to be dreaded, viz., strains, is precisely the evil which should not occur—the very evil which with properly administered gymnastics could not occur—which in my entire professional experience, with the thousands of young and old, weak and strong, who have passed through my hands, has never in the smallest degree occurred—the very evil in fact which should be prevented from occurring in other exercises, even by the resulant benefits of these, because by them the parts liable to injury on effort would be strengthened and an inherited liability removed; for the universal law regulating growth and development is paramount here—the natural and suitable exercise strengthens, the false or undue exercise weakens and injures. I repeat, falls and broken bones are not the evils to be dreaded from these hazardous exertions. Falls are seen, and broken bones can be mended; the thing to be feared is the strain from sudden, unregulated, or over-stimulated effort: an evil which at the time of its actual occurrence may never be known, or if known, concealed, for the young have a dread of such incapacitating injuries, but which whether concealed or revealed, understood or misapprehended, felt late or soon, will surely appear; it may be to mar the hope and the happiness and the usefulness of all the life to come.

But, it is said, boys have not the time for such systematic bodily culture. It might be permitted perhaps to say in reply that boys have the time for any thing which is found desirable or necessary for them to do or to learn, and I have been endeavoring to show that the culture of the physical powers should accompany the culture of the mental ones, if we would cultivate either to the greatest advantage—that is, cultivate them in accordance with the laws which determine the growth and health of both. But let us see how much time is required for this purpose—for this duty, let me call it. Let us see how much time is occupied by it where the system is (and has been for several years) regularly practiced—at Radley College, and at Magdalen College School for instance. The whole school is separated into three divisions, formed by age, health, strength, and physical capacity generally; each division has one regularly appointed day in each for its lesson in the Gymnasium; each division again, on the day of the lesson, is subdivided into three classes, the boys of each class being determined on the same principles as those which regulated the primary divisions, but with a still closer regard to individual capacity. Each separate class on the day of instruction, having its own teacher, is conducted by him through the course of exercises appointed as suitable for it. By this means, as all the boys in a class are of similar capacity, the exercises being suitable to one are suitable to all; and by the same rule every boy in the school is virtually receiving instruction and practice in that course of exercise most suitable to his individual requirements. This is the regular lesson, but on occasions of wet or inclement weather, or when deprived of their expected recreative exercise, boys may attend the Gymnasium as a voluntary class on either of the other lesson-days.

Now what is the actual demand made here upon a boy's time? *One hour per week.*[*] And this, under ordinary circumstances and under ordinary conditions of health and growth, is all that is required.

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In our day if gymnastics mean any thing—that is, any thing worth the serious thought of parent, teacher, or pupil—they mean a gradual, progressive system of physical exercise, so conceived, so arranged, and so administered, that it will naturally and uniformly call forth and cultivate the latent powers and capacities of the body, even as the mental faculties are developed and strengthened by mental culture and mental exercise.

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Infant Mortality in France.

BY E. P. EVANS.

IF the material prosperity and real power of a people, says M. Le Fort, depend upon the number and strength of the arms devoted to labor and upon the skill and intelligence directing them, Frenchmen may well be anxious for the future welfare of their country. Statistical reports prove conclusively that the relative power of France, so far as it is based on population, is constantly on the decline. The simple fact that England doubles her population in fifty-two years and Prussia in fifty-four years, while France requires one hundred and ninety-eight years to effect the same result, does not open a very encouraging prospect for *la grande nation*, that has hitherto regarded itself as the center of European civilization, and the arbiter of war and peace on the continent. Chief among the causes, that have contributed to this lamentable result, is the excessive mortality of young children, a subject that has recently excited a lively public interest, engaging the attention of all classes of society, and calling forth discussions in the *corps législatif* and disquisitions in the academy of medicine. Doctors and legislators have combined their wits to ascertain the causes of the acknowledged evil, and to devise some effectual remedies for it. During the last thirty years the rate of infant mortality has been constantly increasing. The reports of the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, show that from 1840 to 1845 sixteen per cent. of the children born alive died before reaching the age of twelve months; from 1855 to 1864 eighteen per cent.; and during the year 1865 nineteen per cent. Thus in France about one child in five dies before reaching the age of one year, without counting the still-born children, which amount to nearly five per cent. of the total number of births, legitimate and illegitimate. Looked at from a philanthropic or patriotic stand-point, this is by no means a pleasant picture, and can hardly be said to reflect much credit upon our so greatly lauded progress in sanitary science.

The report of M. Blot, Secretary of the Committee of Investigation appointed by the Academy of Medicine, traces the extreme mortality of infants to the following causes: 1. Constitutional weakness caused by poverty and want, to which M. Chauffard in the *corps législatif* adds, "And too frequently debauchery;" 2. The sometimes inevitable, but very often voluntary and unjustifiable neglect on the part of the mother to nurse the child; 3. Ignorance of the most simple and elementary rules of physical education and dietetics for infants, and the prejudices of all kinds that result from this gross ignorance; 4. The very general and very dangerous abuses that are practiced in artificial nursing, which is always inferior to maternal nursing; 5. Premature feeding, which is not to be confounded with dry-nursing, although always more or less associated with it; 6. Absence of necessary hygienic cares, and especially the exposure of infants to the cold while being conveyed to the homes of the nurses; 7. The want of medical care during sickness; 8. The want of regular medical inspection as regards the health of wet-nurses and their ability to take care of infants; 9. The exposure of infants by requiring them to be brought to the *mairie* or town-hall for a declaration of births; 10. The culpable carelessness and indifference of parents as regards their children sent out to nurse; 11. Too long delay in vaccination; 12. The limitation of the business of nursing to a too small number of places, as a consequence of which the supply of wholesome milk in these places is unequal to the demand; 13. The large number of illegitimate births; 14. The various forms of infanticide. Such in brief are the causes of the evil as enumerated by the committee.

The remedies proposed are: 1. To ameliorate the physical and moral condition of the people; 2. To promote, as much as possible, the nursing of infants by their mothers, first, by granting such temporary aid to needy mothers as will enable them to devote their time to their own children, and, secondly, by creating among the wealthier classes a sentiment in favor of performing this now neglected duty; 3. To diffuse sound hygienic principles, especially as regards the care and nurture of infants; 4. To render more strict and efficacious the administrative and medical *surveillance* of children put out to nurse in the country; 5. To introduce throughout all France the verification of births in the houses of the parents, instead of requiring the infants to be carried to the town-hall for this purpose; 6. To favor vaccination within a few weeks after birth; 7. To encourage a wider distribution and apportionment of the children sent out to nurse; 8. To establish by law the

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regulation of this occupation on a medical basis; 9. To encourage the formation of general societies and local committees of inspection for the protection of infants and the prevention of their being put into the hands of incompetent nurses; 10. To award prizes or grant extra recompense to devoted and deserving nurses, to prosecute cases of notorious neglect, and to punish them as homicide whenever they result in death, and to regard as guilty of murder the women who, with criminal intent, cause to perish slowly the infants committed to their keeping; 11. To improve the means of conveying infants put out to nurse to their destination. In addition to these and several other remedies proposed by the committee in their report to the Academy of Medicine, the legislative body also suggest the necessity of modifying the social and legal conditions which now tend to increase the number of illegitimate births. In order that our readers may better appreciate the force of the facts here presented and the urgency of the reforms proposed, we will give, on the authority of M. Le Fort, a brief account of the manner in which infants are commonly reared in France and the many hardships of their tender years. In consulting the general statistics of the subject, the first thing that strikes us is the remarkable difference in the death-rates of infants in the different countries of Europe. In England this death-rate is fourteen per cent., in Belgium fifteen per cent., in Holland nineteen, in Prussia twenty, in France twenty, in Austria twenty-five, and in Bavaria thirty per cent. Yet notwithstanding the higher percentage of infant mortality in Austria and Bavaria, the population of these countries increase far more rapidly than that of France. Two causes contribute to this rather startling result, viz., the conscription which delays the period of marriage and by taking away the most vigorous men to fill the ranks of the army, leaves those who, by reason of deformity or debility, are unfit for military service, to marry and propagate their kind, and, secondly, the average smaller families of the French, due to a variety of social influences. It is also a significant circumstance that in England and Belgium, where the mortality is least, mothers of all classes are in the habit of nursing their own children, or, when this is not possible, of using a nursing-bottle, but only in very exceptional cases are infants separated from their parents. In Bavaria, on the contrary, where the maximum of mortality is found, young children are usually confided to the *Kostfrau*, who stops their hungry cries with a little linen bag filled with a mixture of bread, milk, and sugar, a very defective kind of nourishment. The Parisian mother, who can not or will not nurse her own offspring, either takes a nurse into her own house, or sends her children into the country. The former method, however, presupposes spacious lodgings and considerable pecuniary resources; the latter method necessitates the separation of mother and child for a period of eighteen months or two years, and has been practiced by families in moderate circumstances for the past five or six centuries; at least as early as 1350, King John published a decree, regulating the so-called *Industrie Nourricière*, and fixing the wages of those by whom it was carried on. The principal managers of this kind of "industry" are styled *recommanderesses* and *meneurs*. The *recommanderesses* are the women who keep in Paris a *bureau*, to which application may be made by persons desirous of obtaining nurses, or rather of securing situations for their nurseling. The *meneur* is a sort of recruiting officer or traveling agent, who goes from village to village enlisting nurses and conducting them in squads to the metropolis, directing and counseling them in their arrangements with families, and finally accompanying them to their homes in the provinces with their infant charges. Thus he is a very important personage, the pivot upon which the whole machinery rests and turns. It is also his duty to visit the nurses' homes from time to time, in order to assure himself that the infants are alive, and report to the bureau in Paris. Dr. Brochard in his work on the mortality of infants in France (*De la Mortalité des Nourrissons en France*) describes this class of managers as coarse, uneducated men, who often add to their ostensible occupation of providing nurses for the Parisian bureaus, the still more lucrative business of recruiting girls and women for other establishments of the capital. Furthermore, as they receive from the bureaus a fixed sum or premium for every nurse that they bring to Paris, they are naturally more interested in the quantity than in the quality of them; indeed, from a pecuniary point of view, incapable or cruel nurses are the most profitable and are consequently preferred, since the sooner the infants die, the oftener the nurses return to Paris in search of new innocents to murder, and the more frequent are the rewards which they bring to the *meneur*. The whole proceeding, as set forth by M. Le Fort, is substantially as follows: The *meneur* journeys from town to town, ascertaining what women are about to become mothers, calls on them, and offers his services in

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case they should desire to take a child to nurse. As soon as the list of applicants is large enough, the *meneur* obtains from the authorities the necessary certificate, makes up his convoy, and starts for Paris. It is almost superfluous to say that such a motley throng is very far from being a school of good morals, and that especially after their arrival at the bureau, the most honest and sincere are liable to learn lessons of deceit and depravity from their more hardened and experienced associates as they gossip together concerning the petty mysteries of their profession. In summer their sojourn at the bureau is comparatively comfortable, inasmuch as they can walk about and breathe the pure air; but in winter it is simply disgusting and horrible. Imagine, crowded into a small room, usually situated on the ground floor, twenty or thirty nurses, among whose vices can not be reckoned the excessive use of the bath, and as many nurslings all more or less suffering from the inconveniences incidental to their helpless and irresponsible age. To the sour and pungent odor arising from this condition of affairs, add the "fumes of undigested wine," and the flavor of all varieties of soups which constitute the chief article of food of the women and sometimes of the children, and the result is a combination of scents, more offensive than ever issued from the hell-broth, seething and bubbling in a witches' caldron. Now and then the door opens to admit a customer, and immediately the nurses are called up in order to be inspected, the poorest being put forward first, because after these have been disposed of, it will be a matter of no great difficulty to get employment for the best ones; the principle in accordance with which the business is conducted, may be stated in brief, as first come, worst served. It is for the interest of the manager not to have any left on his hands, so as not to lose his commission and the expenses of the journey. The method of determining the competency and "lactiferous capacity" of the mother, is by examining her child as to its freshness and healthfulness. But this test is often evaded, and a mother whose own offspring is poor, puny, and diseased, borrows for the occasion the more vigorous and prepossessing child of an obliging companion. Finally, after the object of the journey has been attained, and each one has a child committed to her charge, the *meneur* re-forms his caravan, settles the bills, and starts for home. As a matter of economy, nurses and children are packed into a third-class car, and, if the distance is long and the night cold, the child is chilled through by exposure to currents of air, contracts pulmonary disease, and dies soon after reaching its destination. Frequently, too, the nurse lives remote from the railroad, and is conveyed to her village in one of those ancient vehicles, the very name of which has long since dropped out of the carriage-maker's vocabulary; it is a sort of big, rude jaunting-car, or old omnibus, cut in two horizontally; sometimes it consists of an immense wicker basket on wheels, or simply a large truck. Into one of these conveyances the nurses and children are crowded pell-mell and driven off, bumping and jolting, exposed to the wind and the rain, the snow and frost of winter, or the scorching heat and stifling dust of summer. French peasants, with characteristic wit, give to these vehicles the sinister and significant name of purgatory, because, as they say, there is no quicker and surer way for the infants to be transported to the abode of angels. M. Le Fort thinks that they might be more appropriately called hell. At length, however, the journey is ended and the nurse enters her house, where her husband and friends are assembled, anxious not so much to see the child which is to be a member of the family for the next two years, as to inquire about the pecuniary prospects of the case, and to discuss the probable amount of the spoils. The children of the household gather around the cradle, and look with wonder at the so finely dressed baby which their mother has just brought from Paris. But with the adult members of the family the first questions are: How much do the parents pay? Are they rich? Did they seem to be generous? Did they give nice presents? Has the child a good supply of baby-linen? The next step is to confiscate all the best and warmest clothes of the Parisian infant for the benefit of the nurse's own child. According to the agreement, the adopted child was to have all the nurse's milk, but in a few days the sucking-bottle is brought into requisition, and before long the poor child is fed on broth and slops of various kinds, all equally indigestible; and instead of taking it into the fresh air, as was stipulated, it remains all day in its cradle under the care of a little girl or an old woman, while the nurse is working in the field or the vineyard. Meanwhile a correspondence is kept up with the parents in Paris, the principal object of which is to obtain supplies of clothing, sugar, soap, etc., all of which articles are applied to general household purposes as soon as they arrive. In these letters there is always good news about the child, its rosy cheeks and robust health are enlarged upon, until one day, when the parents begin to look forward to the time of their infant's return

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the startling intelligence of its sudden death is received, or, if they are fortunate enough to have it restored to them alive, it comes back to them a poor, thin, sickly creature, its body covered with sores and eruptions indicative of corrupt and impoverished blood, and its physical system undermined and ready to succumb to the first attack of disease. In order to comprehend how such things can happen in spite of the official regulations that govern "the nursing profession" (as it is styled), it is necessary to understand the temptations and facilities for fraud and falsehood, and the arts employed by these women to attain their ends. In the first place, certificates are obtained from the authorities under false pretences. Thus instances are cited of women holding certificates to prove that their youngest children are only a few months old, when in fact they had not given birth to any children for six or eight years. In the second place, they are forbidden to take more than one child at a time to nurse, but by false representations they succeed in getting two, three, and sometimes four into their possession, and bring them up with pap-spoon and sucking-bottle. Of course, there are frequent and honorable exceptions to these cases of mercenary neglect and cruelty. How many times, says Dr. Brochard, have I seen nurses give to the adopted infants the clothing of their own children and continue to nurse them for months after the expiration of their term for which payment had been made, not wishing to wean them prematurely nor to send them back to Paris, lest they might be less happy with their parents than in the house of their adoption. I have seen poor women, he adds, who did not hesitate to increase their cares and expenses, by taking the little strangers permanently into their own family circle, rather than to permit them to be provided for as foundlings, and who, under all circumstances, showed toward them the loving kindness of true mothers. But such examples of conscientious affection, although not rare, are not sufficiently numerous to alleviate perceptibly the misery and mortality caused by the multitude of selfish and unprincipled persons, who make merchandise of infant flesh and blood.

During four years past, the Academy of Medicine has had this subject under consideration, collecting facts and suggesting remedies. As usual the doctors disagree, and are divided into two widely differing parties, one of which, represented by M. Devillers, might be called the party of action, inasmuch as it advocates increased strictness in the regulations, and greater severity in the penalties for transgression; the other party, represented by M. Fauvel, is the party of *laissez-faire* or do-nothingism, maintaining that, since the impotency of interference has been demonstrated, the best thing is to let the evil cure itself. In asserting the futility of legislation in this matter, the do-nothings seem to be supported at least by clear and unquestionable historical facts. In spite of King John's ordinance of 1350, the parliamentary decree of 1611, the letters patent of Louis XIII in 1615, the letters patent of Louis XIV in 1655, the parliamentary decree of 1705, the royal ordinance of 1715 and 1727, the "sentence du Châtelet" of 1756, the ordinance of 1762, the edict of 1769, and the various decrees that were issued during the French Revolution, and the laws that have been enacted from that time to the present day, the problem of suppressing the evil or of mitigating its malignancy is as far from a solution as ever. Theoretically, the system appears to be as well organized, the administration as perfect, and the medical inspection of both nurses and infants as frequent and thorough as could be desired; and yet, according to M. Husson, the *grande bureau* of Sainte Apolline, which is commonly regarded as the best in its rules and regulations, and the most exact in the execution of them, continues to lose by death one-third of the infants committed to its keeping. With the lesser *bureaux* the mortality is much greater, amounting in some cases to forty-eight per cent., or nearly one-half. These fearful facts, and many others which might be adduced, all go to prove the inadequacy of mere law-making and official surveillance in eradicating or checking this monstrous canker which is gnawing at the roots of the nation's life. Even *laissez-faire*, or the principle of let-alone, could not produce more frightful results. Only one remedy, says M. Le Fort, remains to be tried with any prospect of being effectual. It consists in knowing the truth, in appreciating the full extent and inevitable tendency of the evil, in making every citizen understand the great interests at stake, and in creating a public sentiment strong enough to abate the nuisance. As a general rule, it is the duty of every mother to nurse her own child; but unfortunately women of the higher and more wealthy classes frequently possess constitutions so delicate as to render the performance of this duty impossible, or at least difficult and dangerous. On the other hand, women rich in health very often live by manual labor, and the nursing of a child is incompatible with their daily occupations. It is the testimony of physicians, how-

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ever, that the great majority of cases, in which mothers neglect to nurse their children, are not due to either of these causes, but to entirely different motives, in which social considerations, love of ease and amusement, and especially custom or the dictates of fashion play an important part. In these respects, says M. Le Fort, the Parisian husband is more culpable than his wife; for it is too frequently at his desire and importunities that she renounces what a Frenchman calls "the last act of maternity," and gives her infant into the hands of a hireling. With the dangers of artificial nursing, the perils of premature feeding are intimately associated. The digestive organs of an infant, for the first four or five months after birth, are intended to digest only milk either from the breast or from a sucking-bottle. Any other kind of nutriment burdens its stomach, disarranges its digestion, and produces rapid decline. It is this regimen that proves fatal to so many Parisian infants, when sent into the country and treated in the manner already described. Readers of Dickens will doubtless remember Mr. Pumblechook, and the solemn and impressive tones with which he used to say to Pip, "Be grateful, boy, to them that brought you up by hand." Little Pip hardly knew as yet what the expression meant, he only knew that his sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, who brought him up, had a hard and heavy hand, and was much in the habit of laying it upon him. The fate of this young orphan of "the marsh country," who, according to his own confession, was always dealt with as if he had insisted on being born in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality, and against the dissuading arguments of his best friends, is a typical example of the unhappy destiny of those who are "brought up by hand." The opinion of most French physicians is decidedly unfavorable to this method of rearing children, but Dr. Le Fort, who as surgeon to a foundling hospital, is an authority on such points, does not agree with his colleagues in pronouncing it "absolutely injurious," provided a proper sucking-bottle is used. The gutta percha mouth-piece is extremely hurtful, and should be unhesitatingly discarded; but with the use of an ivory mouth-piece, and with great care in cleaning it, so that the fresh milk shall not become acidified and act as an irritant and a laxative, and thus produce the most deplorable effects upon the infant's health, a child of sound constitution may be brought up by hand without danger. In some portions of France, as in Alsatia for example, a pecuniary indemnity is given to women who are obliged to support themselves by manual labor, provided, on becoming mothers, they nurse their own children. M. Fauvel strongly recommends the general adoption of this practice, as the best solution of the problem for the greater portion of the working classes. Other measures are proposed to meet other causes. Whether they will be adequate or not, can be determined only by a fair trial. The task is a very difficult one, but now that the enormity of the evil is fully appreciated, and the object in view is to save annually the lives of fifty thousand infants, we feel confident that the philanthropic efforts which are being put forth by statesmen and men of science will be crowned with success.

From the account which we have given of the "nursing industry" in France, our readers may infer that French mothers are wholly void of natural affection. But this is by no means the case. Doubtless parents sometimes take this method of ridding themselves of their children, especially such as are born out of wedlock. The records of the chief bureau for 1864 show that of 1,416 parents who confided their infants to its care, only 681 paid the monthly allowance of four dollars due to the nurse, or took any pains to inquire after the fortune of their offspring. In such cases the bureau allows the nurse an indemnity of two dollars and forty cents per month from its own funds, and after the lapse of a certain time the child is sent to the foundling hospital. Generally speaking, the neglect is not willful and criminal, but arises from ignorance, from adherence to traditions, or from the force of circumstances. Making due allowance for the lightness, frivolity, and improvidence of the national character, French women are as tender and affectionate mothers as those of any other people.

WHAT MUSIC DOES TO WOOD.—Some authorities contend that the wood of the violin becomes changed in structure after being played upon, and is reconstructed on a finer principle, and for this reason a very old violin that has been well treated by refined playing can hardly be bought, because it has yielded up its original coarseness and obeys a divine law. When Ole Bull wished to repair his violin, he waited till one day some accident in the orchestra "killed" the double bass, when he secured a portion of the wood to incorporate in his instrument. Military music converts men from a mob into a machine, and subjects their wills to the purpose of one enthusiastic moment.

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In the Ante-Chamber.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

I AM coming, Mother Nature;
I, thy hungering, homesick creature.
In thy lone, sky coverts hide me;
Heal me, rouse me, soothe me, chide me!
With thy choicest breast-milk fill me,
With thy awsome voices thrill me,
With thy gentlest murmurs still me!
Give thy blessing, sweet my mother,
Since for me earth holds no other.

Keep your coolness, green, moist places;
Hoard your hearts, gray sandy spaces;
Mountains, vail your quivering verges;
Lash your rocks, O pitiless surges.
Let me taste, in fullest measure,
Wilderment of doubt or pleasure.
Fill me brimming cups, O Nature!
Feed me full, thy starving creature.

Couch me soft in ferny closes,
Sweet of grape-flowers and wild roses;
Spread for me thy ample faring—
Corn and wine, and fruits unsparing.
Mix gold honey with red cherries;
Spiciest gums and bitterest berries!
Let all slumberous waters woo me,
Breezes kiss me, birds sing to me;
Swift rains drench me, winds affright me
Thorny scourges seize and smite me,
Pinkest mouths of flowers invite me!
Arms of lissome vines caress me,
Chill of cavern glooms oppress me,
Great rock-shadows stretch to bless me!

I am coming, Mother Nature,
Thy sore-pressed and wounded creature:
Hast thou compensations many?
Duplicated ne' r to any?
Whisper low to me, my mother,
Secrets thou dost tell no other.
I have grown so wise to share them,
I shall sure grow strong to bear them;

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Tangled coils thou shalt unwind me;
Birds in last year's nests shalt find me!
Lift, green arches! gates of faery,
Part before my footsteps weary!
Of thy breast-milk, Mother Nature,
Feed me full, thy hungering creature!

Influence of Athletic Sports on Health.*

BY ROBERT FARQUHARSON, M. D.,
Medical Officer to Rugby School, late Assistant-Surgeon Coldstream Guards.

THE possession of the sound mind in the sound body is rightly held as essential to the most perfect form of our physical existence; and to adjust evenly the balance between the two is a task whose importance rivals its difficulty. The undue development of intellectual vigor, on the one hand, is well known to have a weakening and even destructive influence on a feeble frame; while, on the other, muscular superiority often attends mental deficiency. And especially is this study interesting in its relations to youth, at which golden period the power not only of man, but, may be, of future generations, is being stored up; and at this time it frequently happens that unbridled excess in either direction has an influence for evil which our most subtle calculations can barely estimate.

Now there is no question that a certain amount of exercise is necessary to promote the functions of life—that a proper allowance of muscular energy thus expended is of inestimable service in circulating the vital fluids, and stimulating the nervous system to rapid and efficient action. The mere book-worm who pores over his folios day after day, knows not the quickening and vivifying influence on the brain and body of copious draughts of oxygen, nor the great freshness imparted by the pulsation of newly oxygenated blood. He regards time spent in out-door pursuits as filched from the service of his mind; little knowing in his short-sighted wisdom, in what ample measure his work would thus gain in every useful direction. But should timely warnings at last impress him with the necessity of doing something to correct the evils of a sedentary life, his untaught efforts may only make matters tenfold worse.

The late Dr. Andrew Combe has pointed out with great force, the disastrous results of attempting severe pedestrian exertion without due preparation, and relates several instances of serious illness from this cause; and Dr. Richardson, in an interesting paper published in The Social Science Review, gives his experience of volunteering in this relation. After narrating a painful instance of death resulting from cardiac derangement following a forced march, he sums up as follows: "It is my business simply and solely to indicate that the service, as it is now carried on, is too severe on the majority of overworked Englishmen, and that instead of imparting national strength it is certainly producing national weakness, by enforcing that exertion which in moderation would be greatly useful."

Exercise, therefore, to be safe and profitable, must be moderate, judiciously timed, and carefully adapted to circumstances; in short, it is a medicine, which, like all others, is potent either for good or evil. The brain-worker, on returning from his constitutional, is often surprised to find himself fagged and overdone; but the fact is, that his muscles are relaxed by disease, and his mind, exhausted by toiling in intellectual grooves, has no vital energy to spare. And this explains why the healthful stimulus short of fatigue, furnished by horse exercise, is so much appreciated by this class. Animals, whose brains are only sufficiently developed to procure their food and carry on a series of semi-mechanical actions guided by instinct, are enabled to undergo a vast amount of fatigue; but, when their work is done, we see by the enormous amount of sleep they take, that their nervous systems require repose. A great increase in the power of sustaining long-continued muscular efforts is met with in such

* Recently read before the Medical Society of London.

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of them as are known to be thoroughbred, in which a certain strain of pure blood has been fostered and handed down by judicious management. We can not bring them up to this point by any form of training alone; nothing could ever convert a cart-horse into a racer; but in man, education and the force of imitation may, under favorable circumstances, take the place of breed. Now, we must remember, in considering the effects of hard exercise on the constitution, that even under circumstances of the most apparently profound repose, the nervous system has a considerable burden to bear. The heart, lungs, and intestines must be furnished with the stimulus requisite for their ceaseless round of duties; the muscles must be maintained in their normal state of tension; while the sensorium proper must exert a certain amount of effort to prevent itself from sinking into coma. So that the brain and spinal cord can never rest; sleep only brings a very partial cessation of activity; for were these vigilant sentries to slumber for even an instant on their post, life must cease. And if to the strain which they already have at all times to undergo, we add a large and, perhaps, a sudden increase, the destructive processes will so far exceed those of repair as to necessitate exhaustion, decay, and disease.

The influence of the mind over not only our sports, but every form of active exercise, is a matter of common every-day experience; and, as Mr. Erasmus Wilson well puts it: "In mind lies the great secret of beneficial exercise; and, without it, exercise is a misnomer, and a fraud on the constitution." And how can this desirable combination better be secured than in those athletic sports to which the English owe so much of their national pluck, perseverance, and endurance? The Germans have long been noted for the perfection to which they have brought gymnastics: but, with this exception, they are a sedentary people, and I should be disposed to explain their astonishing powers of mental application rather by the great size of their brains than any other cause.

The French, again, are still less addicted to games, and in the pallid and anxious faces of their schoolboys we read the evil effects of a too exclusive application to book-work.

But, with a characteristic go-a-headness, it has been reserved for the Americans to develop conditions far beyond other nations in their hygienic unwholesomeness. Living habitually in close, stove-heated rooms, bolting their food at railway speed, and partaking freely of alcoholic drinks, not with their meals in aid of digestion, but at all odd times of the day, can we wonder at their inferior physical development, or that their active minds frequently devour their bodies. Their University of Harvard, closely modeled as it is in many respects on the sister Cambridge of England, has not yet reached the pitch of civilization necessary to appreciate the benefits of exercise, and Sir Charles M. Dilke thus writes on the subject:

"Rowing and other athletics, with the exception of skating and base ball, are both despised and neglected in America. When the smallest sign of a reaction appears in the New England colleges, there comes at once a cry from Boston that brains are being postponed to brawn. If New Englanders would look about them, they would see that their climate has of itself developed brains at the expense of brawn; and if national degeneracy is to be long prevented, brawn must in some way be fostered. The high shoulders, head, voice, and pallor of the Boston men are not incompatible with the possession of the most powerful brain, the keenest wit; but it is not probable that energy and talent will be continued in future generations sprung from the worn-out men and women of to-day. The prospect at present is not bright; year by year Americans grow thinner, lighter, and short-lived."

And the consequences of this system were instructively displayed by the great international boat-race, in which the American crew were beaten purely on account of want of staying power.

Now contrast with this melancholy state of affairs, the sound health and perfect condition of a typical specimen of our public schoolboy or university man. We see in his clear eye and fearless look the spirit which animates his well-knit frame; and this excellent piece of humanity has been built up by the proper balance of mind and body, by the due adjustment of intelligent exercise to progressive mental work; and while his muscles are braced up, he has had the invaluable moral training of such combinations. Boating has taught him obedience and loyalty to his leaders; cricket has made his sight as keen as his arms are strong; while football has given that sense of coolness under emergency and that rapid decision amid conflicting circumstances which will stand him in such good stead in after life. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the Eton playing-fields; and although it might have been more correct to give the credit to our village greens, where the real material of his army was

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raised, the principle remains the same—that out-door sports have in great measure made the English people what they are.

How painfully different is the lot of girls in this respect. Compelled to study in close rooms, with little active exercise beyond the conventional regimental walk or some sort of stinted gymnastics, their frequently lowered tone, their craving for excitement, their occasionally morbid views of life and its surroundings, are readily explained. Things are fortunately not so bad as they were many years ago, when Sir John Forbes, writing in the "Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine," says: "We lately visited in a large town a boarding-school, containing forty girls, and we learned on close and accurate inquiry that there was not one of the girls who had been at the school two years (and the majority had been as long) that was not more or less crooked." But still there is ample need for enlightened improvement. The ball-room affords at the present time the only opportunity of active exercise to many; and, in spite of the disadvantages of late hours and hot rooms, I am convinced that the muscular exercise of dancing supplies to many a real want. We hear much at the present day about the improved education of women; but it must be remembered that the more we assimilate their sex to our own in this respect, the more requisite will it be for them also to graduate in manly sports. Without cricket, or foot-ball, or rowing, it would be most unwise to tax the female brain with higher and harder work.

In the treatment of the insane, the value of modern enlightened improvement is nowhere better seen than in the great prominence now given to active employment; and any one who pays a visit to Hanwell or our other great asylums, must be gratified to see the inmates working eagerly at farm duties or other industrial pursuits. And among idiots the same principle has been most beneficially adopted. Dr. Langdon Down, whose ability and zeal have long made him our leading authority on all concerning this hapless class, has favored me with an interesting letter on the subject. He writes: "Great difficulty was always found in effecting the combination of idiots in games of play. There was always a want of spontaneity about them, and great efforts were required to induce a spirit of emulation. I took great pains to carry out systematic training in the playground and with some remarkable results. Those who made exceptional progress in this made coetaneous progress in mental character. There is among idiots a great want of muscular coördination, and at the same time a want of endurance of muscular fatigue. They were for the greater part people of low *physique*—succumbed readily to illness that others would tide over. Some were agile, but they were the exception, and at a game of 'French and English,' with intelligent boys of far less weight, they would be nowhere. They played at this game, at racing, skittles, jumping over horizontal bars, leaping, etc. Some were employed on the farm, but they always avoided physical exertion. I made a strong point in carrying out physical training *pari passu* with the mental."

Now, as regards the proper dose, so to speak of exercise, every man, under ordinary circumstances, must be his own physician. Physiologists have calculated for us the amount of work which can or should at least be done by a healthy man: and Dr. Parkes states that such ought, if possible, to take a daily amount of exercise which shall be not less than one hundred and fifty tons lifted one foot, this being equivalent to a walk of about nine miles. But, as he remarks, "as there is much exercise taken in the ordinary business of life, this amount may be in ordinary cases reduced." Of course in diseased conditions we will usually be expected to interfere and lay down precise rules; but average people might as well weigh their ordinary meals as calculate by the inch or ounce how much their muscles ought to do. I believe a weakened heart may often be braced up by a moderate amount of exercise, for this may act medicinally-like digitalis, either paralysing or reinforcing cardiac energy according to its dose and mode of administration. I have seen several instances of boys who had been debarred from active exertion on account of palpitation, speedily lose all their symptoms on being permitted to rejoin their companion's sport; and a striking case recently recorded in the practice of Dr. Stokes, showed how a man suffering from intense dyspnœa, the result of extensive heart disease, only obtained relief by the violent exertion of running after a car.

But the unfavorable side of the question also demands some notice; and in devoting a few minutes to its consideration, we must recollect that muscular degeneration is frequently brought about by over as well as by under work. Dr. Chambers, in his clinical lectures, narrates some curious instances of this; one in which the arms of a blacksmith's apprentice became atrophied from wielding too heavy a hammer; another in which a lady nearly lost the use of her right hand by excessive sewing; a third where a literary lady over-exerted her-

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self in mowing her lawn, and suffered from a painful loss of power in the right deltoid and biceps. It is not likely that any such dangers as these will result from our present system of athletic games; but there is too much reason to fear that their great increase checks mental progress, not only by occupying time and energy, but by dulling the sharpness and clearness of the brain, and lessening the aptitude for concentration and real work. Within the last few years out-door sports have taken so deep a root, and have come to be considered by many as the most important features of our public school system, that there is now real risk of their being carried to excess. It is perhaps natural that boy hero-worship should run in the direction of his strong and active, rather than his intellectual companion; but when this goes so far as to lead to a double strain—when the natural division of the studious lad from the noted cricketer or foot-ball player is confused by an attempt to excel specially in both, then we find evil effects. There is, it is well known, a certain amount of compulsion exercise in our schools with reference to games, the heads of houses being empowered to order so many a week, and no one is exempt, save by an order from home, or the local medical officer. It may thus happen that a weakly lad, who is studious and anxious about his work, feels that playing takes too much out of him; he finds his working power fail, perhaps he does not get enough sleep, and in the end he breaks down. A well-marked instance of this series of events came under my observation recently.

I was asked to see a boy of sixteen, who had suddenly been taken ill. I found him in bed, with a flushed face, pulse 120°, temperature 103° Fahrenheit, much headache, and confusion of ideas. He was naturally of a studious disposition; and having got into the sixth form at an early age, and being also head of his house, he was obliged to read hard and take a prominent part in foot-ball. He had been heard to express his belief that the double strain was too much for him; but though often entreated to relax in either direction, he would never do so. The evening before my visit he had a shivering fit, and passed a restless night, wandering and seeing imaginary objects; in short, his condition at this time somewhat resembled a mild form of delirium tremens. For five days he continued in a somewhat doubtful state; the fever ran high; the intellectual faculties were much obscured, and it seemed probable that more serious cerebral mischief might supervene; and even after all risk of this had gone by, giddiness and inability to concentrate his thoughts, and the very unusual excess of phosphates excreted by the urine, showed the serious weakening of the brain. Although his general health is now fairly re-established, he is still unable to make any approach to a resumption of head work. This is, of course, an extreme case, but one of a class which we must occasionally expect to meet with when both mind and body are strained almost to the extreme limit of endurance.

Let me now speak of athletic sports a little more in detail. And rowing certainly merits the first place, both from its intrinsic attraction and from the attention which has always been bestowed upon it by medical men.

A few years ago Mr. Skey startled London by a letter in The Times, giving a most unfavorable experience, and stating the insidious and cumulative effect which he thus believes to be produced on the heart; and Dr. Richardson, in the paper formerly alluded to, is not far behind in his condemnation. But, with all deference to these eminent authorities, I can not help thinking that they have overstated their case. Such exertions as they have so graphically described would be, and no doubt often are, injurious when rashly undertaken by persons of feeble frame; but we must remember that the length of an ordinary college race does not exceed a mile and a half, that rowing is seldom carried to any extent without medical permission, and that the perils of the great Putney course are much mitigated by the fact that the captains of the respective boats are bound, not only to select their crews with the most jealous care, but to eliminate at once any one who shows signs of breaking down during training. I have frequently spoken to university men on the subject, and they have usually been unable to recall any very palpable cases among their personal friends of serious effects thus produced. I am myself acquainted with several university oars who have borne their part in these great struggles without damage; and there are several well-known instances of the doubling of this with the blue ribbon of Cambridge distinction, the position of senior classic. Dr. Fraser of Edinburgh has published in The Journal of Anatomy and Physiology, a series of sphygmographic tracings taken on boats' crews immediately after their most violent efforts, and was unable to detect by the most careful observation any indication of any injurious amount of cardiac excitement. I think therefore we may fairly assume that the fact of indulging in even severe boating exer-

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cise does not lead to the inevitably serious results sometimes described.

Gymnastics, while they have the disadvantage of being conducted under cover, are valuable to many, as supplying their only possible form of actual sport; but after the frame is fully knit they must be employed with caution. About the time they were first introduced into the Army, I saw several cases of dilatation and great irritability of the heart's action caused by their incautious use among the recruits of the Coldstream Guards.

Running has always struck me as a doubtful form of athletics, from the great amount of strain thrown upon the circulating system. I have never observed any specially evil results, but have often seen the distressing amount of faintness and dyspnœa experienced by lads after such efforts. Pedestrians are neither a healthy nor a long-lived race, and the recent death, from aneurism, of Richard Manks, England's greatest hero in this department, has a significant bearing on this point.

Cricket is a harmless game, but subject, of course, to accidents, like all others. I have seen one case of sharp concussion of the brain produced by the forcible meeting of two heads whose owners were running at the same ball; and another in which marked cardiac symptoms, indicated by faintness, dyspnœa, irregularity of the heart's action and a distinct bruit at the base, were the result of violent exertion in hot weather. That these symptoms were merely due to relaxation of the muscular fiber, causing a species of temporary dilatation, was proved by the entire recovery of the patient under rest.

And now we come to foot-ball, the most important in some respects of all, for while other games are played on the uniform system, this changes its rule in almost every great school. My experience is solely derived from Rugby, where I have had the opportunity of carefully watching it effects during two seasons, and of treating the accidents which have occurred. I may explain that the system there pursued is for any one to pick up the ball and run with it if possible into the goal, the object of his adversaries naturally being to trip him up, or arrest his progress by any possible means. In former years much kicking or "hacking," as it is technically termed, used to be indulged in, and players then took the opportunity of paying off old scores on the shins of their enemies. The damage done to the tibia was at that time sometimes serious, or, at all events, troublesome in character. On my first arrival at Rugby, I was shocked at what seemed to my inexperienced eye the unnatural roughness of the game, and felt convinced that serious accidents must be of frequent occurrence; but such is the elasticity of youth, that I can summon up by no means a lengthy record; and it may not be devoid of interest if, in a few words as possible, I venture to sum the medical history of foot-ball in my own experience.

The collar-bone has been fractured twice; the radius bent once; and one case occurred in which the two middle metacarpal bones of the left hand were broken by the fingers being forcibly bent backward.

Periostal swellings on the shin are not uncommon, but seldom give much trouble, and never go on to suppuration if treated with sufficient care. Sprains and minor contusions must necessarily be of frequent occurrence. Violent strains of the knee are met with, in which the limb is twisted forcibly outward, and where the resulting effusion is both considerable and obstinate. But what is more special to the game is the occurrence of small bursal swellings in the sheath of the quadriceps extensor tendon, exactly over its insertion into the tubercle of the tibia. It is surprising how much inconvenience this apparently trifling disability occasions, by weakening the affected limb and diminishing its kicking power. Merely palliative treatment by blistering and iodine seldom does much good; and, if let alone, they usually cure themselves by hardening, like the somewhat analogous condition of a curb on a horse's hock.

The nervous system does not often directly suffer. One lad, after falls on the head, has twice experienced the same train of symptoms, consisting of total loss of all recollection of the game and its attendant circumstances, lasting for several days. His memory in other respects is quite unimpaired, but this part of his existence is for the time effectually obliterated from his mind.

But about a month ago a very serious accident happened at Rugby, which, having been made the subject of pretty free public comment, requires no apology for being brought briefly under notice.

J. L——, aged eighteen, was playing, as head of his house-twenty in a very keenly contested match, and being in possession of the ball, was set upon by the main body of his opponents, and thrown forcibly to the ground. His neck was bent forward with so much violence that, in the words of an eye-witness, his nose touched his chest; and, as it was soon discovered that he had sustained some severe injury, he was removed to an adjoining pavilion.

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Happening to be on the ground, I saw him at once, and found him cool and collected, with a pale face and anxious countenance, and suffering acute pain at the back of the neck. Sensation and motion were entirely lost from the waist downward; but in a few minutes, on the effect of the shock passing away, feeling was restored, and he was conveyed to his house. I will now enter fully into the details of the case; suffice it to say that, in consultation with Mr. Baker of Birmingham, the injury was found to have been sustained somewhere between the fifth and seventh cervical vertebræ; there being no trace of fracture, but evidences of concussion, with probable effusion of blood into or around the spinal cord. During the first few days there was almost total absence of thoracic breathing, combined with a distressing sensation of tightness round the waist; and grave fears were entertained lest inflammatory action, or a recurrence of hemorrhage, extending upward, might so affect the origin of the phrenic as to extinguish life. But this danger happily passed, power gradually became restored to his limbs, the left leg making much slower progress than the right, and the right arm being also considerably enfeebled; on the fifteenth day the use of the catheter could be dispensed with, and the bowels began to recover their healthy tone; and progressive improvement has gone on in so satisfactory a manner that he can now, at a period of thirty-two days from the date of the accident, use his legs as freely as the horizontal posture will permit. It has been judged prudent, as a precautionary measure, to keep him strictly at rest; but so far as present opportunities will permit the formation of an opinion, we have good hopes of his ultimate recovery.* The treatment consisted, in the first instance, of ice to the spine, followed by counter-irritation; subsequent to which he has steadily continued the use of five-grain doses of iodide of potassium, thrice a day. A liberal diet, with a moderate quantity of stimulants, was allowed; and, thanks to an excellent constitution, the lad's health has continued almost unimpaired.

The shocks and jars to which the brains and spinal cord are exposed by this mode of playing the game are considerable; for not only do the boys frequently fall on their heads, but there is much twisting and wrenching of the back. We might almost expect the injurious results to resemble those met with in railway injuries; and, though I have never heard of any such insidious secondary consequences, it is hard to suppose that the delicate nervous matter can thus be knocked about with impunity. A master in a large public school, who has given some attention to this subject, tells me that a well-marked difference is thus often made in boys as they grow up, and that he has over and over again seen the fine edge and keenness of talent worn away by such rough usage. How far such effects can be produced without actual symptoms, and to what degree permanent diminution of nervous energy can result without sufficient change of structure to reveal itself outwardly, may be a question. The teachings of modern surgery tell us that in no case is concussion of the brain, however slight, unattended by some appreciable lesion; and the violent and oft-repeated falls and blows I have described, without going this length, may remove the delicate and subtile portions of the intellect by some gradual degeneration, too minute for even microscopic detection.

It is satisfactory to reflect, however, that the roughness and violence of these sports are softened down year by year; for custom and tradition have so hallowed many of their usages that he were a bold man who would venture suddenly to lay the axe to their root.

* He is now (March, 1870), able to walk about, and use his limbs freely.

More Muscle for Woman.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

HOWEVER we may distrust a mere "muscular Christianity," it is quite certain that one of the demands of the age is for more physical stamina, more development of the physical powers, more health for females. The importance of this, and the interest manifested in every thing connected with such an improvement, are based upon their relative importance, and upon the fact that women exerts a controling influence in society, socially and morally, as well as physically. As she is, so will society be, to a greater extent than she may suppose.

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"Like mother, like children," is as true as a similar saying in reference to the relations of pastors and people. Mothers necessarily entail their then present condition upon their offspring. The strong and vigorous are the mothers of a hardy race, while the puny transmit their diseases and diseasing tendencies in a most terrible manner and to a fearful extent.

The customs of society, the occupations of females to a great extent, and popular prejudices, are unfavorable to the physical culture of women. Those fabulous monster personages, Madam Prim and Mrs. Grundy, are already considerably "exercised" by some slight irregularities in the deportment of women. Any deviation from established forms and models, any breaking away from custom in the style of walking even, is regarded as an innovation, on the supposition that woman is under obligation to conform to certain regulations, to adopt a Parisian *gait*, a deviation from which is improper and unrefined. All of this restraint is calculated to enervate, cripple, and debilitate. Woman has muscles and she has a right to use them in a proper manner. They were given her for a good purpose, and there is no reason why she should ignore them or be ashamed to develop them. What if the great source of joy, light, and heat, the sun, should leave his seal of approbation on her brow, as she rejoices in his glad presence, inspiring the mountain air, vivified by his healing beams? What if she roams over hills, "catching a sunrise" on their craggy peaks, through the smiling glades, plucking the beautiful flowers, looking through Nature up to Nature's God, or in her rambles, or is pleased to run, leap, frolic, and rejoice in freedom, developing, strengthening her hundreds of muscles, giving them hardness and firmness? Such exercise and such breathing of God's pure air, will benefit her as much as her coarser brother, and she needs it as much. What if her limbs become a little rotund, her hands enlarged, her brow somewhat bronzed, the artificial "brunette?" What if she should walk to church or on errands of mercy, to the distance of one, two, three, or more miles? She need not be ashamed of it, since such efforts will impart just the vivacity, suppleness, stamina, and endurance that she will need as she assumes the duties of maternity. The spirit-woman still remains, though her limbs may have become developed and her hands a little "brawny," less "delicate" and "artistic" than Madam Prim's model. Such vigorous and health-imparting recreations and labors will have a wonderful influence in dissipating the "blues," if not much of the sickly sentimentalism of modern times. Such vagaries, dreamy visions, etc., are fungus growths, the outcroppings of an undeveloped body and a correspondingly undeveloped and abnormal condition of the mental constitution. A vapid body ordinarily enshrines a vapid soul. Each partaking of the characteristics of the other.

Woman's employments are too often unfavorable to the development of muscular power, and the consequent strengthening of powers of health. There is not sufficient play of muscular action. Many of her avocations, under existing circumstances, demand a sitting posture and fixedness of position. Sewing, for example, will bring into exercise but few of the nearly five hundred muscles of the body, the exercise of the few requiring comparatively little effort. The posture while sitting is almost equivalent to binding the muscles with strong bands, positively preventing freedom of movements. This posture is especially unfavorable in its effects upon the stomach, heart, liver, etc., resulting almost necessarily in some form of dyspepsia, liver complaint, or supposed derangement of the heart, which, oftener than otherwise, is but a stomach derangement, the sympathy of one with the other. The stomach is a very important organ, and exerts a potent influence, by sympathy, over the heart, liver, brain, etc. These employments are precisely calculated to cramp its movements, actually and positively preventing a certain movement necessary to healthy digestion. Hence, the headaches, the palpitation of the heart, the "sinking at the pit of the stomach," the constipation of the bowels, the indigestion, the "mind in the stomach," etc., resulting as naturally from these conditions as effects ever succeed causes. The same remarks apply to other employments, those demanding but little effort, little movement, not enough to circulate the blood, not enough to impart energy or secure vigor.

Woman needs a greater variety of employments, a wider range. It is true that ordinary "housework" affords quite a range, but there are comparatively few of the young ladies who are willing to engage in this highly useful and appropriate avocation, though, unquestionably, it is far better for the health than most of those sought by them. Some of the shops, the factories, the sewing machines, etc., are destroying the health of the future mothers, rendering them totally unfit to assume such relations. The objections to the sewing machine, it should be stated, do not relate to their employment in the family, but to *constant* employment in the

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shops, to the unfavorable position, long-continued, the body demanding a change of posture. Rest consists more in a *change* of labor, calling a different set of muscles into action, than in a *cessation* of labor. Those whose avocations are of a sedentary character, would be materially benefited by a frequent brisk walk or run even, some effort calculated to improve the circulation of the blood, a matter of the utmost importance. This circulation is also very much improved by surface friction with a crash towel, flesh brush, or even the hand, such action being a kind of substitute for exercise, both being preferable to either alone.

Again, *gardening* is a very appropriate employment for females. It will prove an advantage even to the ordinary housekeeper, who may often suppose that she has sufficient exercise. It is a *change*, and will rest the seamstress wonderfully. If one wishes a "change of air," or of the "scene," it is not necessary to hie away to Saratoga, Newport, the mountains, etc. —all well enough, perhaps—while a very important change is secured easily by taking the hoe, rake, spade, etc., laboring vigorously at the time when the birds send up their most musical notes of praise to the Omnipotent. Is your blood poor? Purify it by full inspirations of God's *pure* air, and perspire, throwing off the impurities of the body in *Nature's* way, by active labor in caring for your garden, and you have a better remedy than sarsaparilla. Have you a poor appetite? Take exercise *first* and you will be able to omit the "bitters." Are you weak? Use your muscles properly, not over-laboring, exercising and then resting, the only manner in which we can safely add to our strength, and you will reap the reward. Take full, deep inspirations, freely using the "good things of God," *air* and *sunlight*, thankful for such a bountiful supply.

Open the Door for the Children.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

OPEN the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in;
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them in to the fold!

Open the door for the children;
See! they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs!
Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given;
Open the door to the children,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Send them to Canaan's land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold!

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Fathers and their Children.

BY MRS. H. C. BIRDSALL.

FROM the beginning of a child's life until he is fairly launched alone, the father's training is quite as important as that of the mother. In books and occasional articles upon the training of children, the father is almost invariably ignored; why I do not know, unless for the reason that he is generally less prepared by previous education than the mother for the performance of a parent's duty toward his children, and is therefore kept back by over-sensitiveness as to his fitness. Certain it is that very many fathers leave the government of their children entirely to the mother. And there are mothers who do do not wish otherwise, who have an incomprehensible jealousy of any one, even the nearest and dearest one, sharing their authority.

But the training of children, to be perfect, must be justly divided between the father and mother. The mother's duty comes first, of course, for God has made her the natural physical guardian of the tender little ones, but the father's duty soon commences, and can not be neglected without the possibility of great harm to the future character of the child. When the first child comes, it is probable that every father at all worthy of the name feels some stirring of heart and hears an inner voice telling him of a work to be done. He has taken one step when he receives his helpless little baby in his arms—nothing else will make him as tender-hearted as this, and induce him to enter upon the course he ought to pursue. What can be said for the man who deliberately refuses for weeks even to look at his child?

There are such men, and their indignation would be great if told that they were not good fathers, for are they not now at the head of families of boys and girls just as well-behaved as any of their neighbors? Behavior in which children may have been drilled is not always an index of their feelings.

The father can not postpone his care of a child until a certain fixed time, without losing some measure of the influence he ought to exert. No matter how awkward he may feel, he should lay aside all his sensitiveness, and often take his little one, partly to relieve the mother of her continual care, but quite as much that his knowledge of and love for the child may grow with its growth.

When the necessity for government arises, he should bear his part of the burden. He should not turn a child over to the mother for correction when disobedient under his care, neither should he usurp the mother's place. When one parent is engaged in reproving or punishing a child, the other should never interfere by word or look, except in the case of a mistake having been made in regard to the fault committed. All intercessions or remarks upon over-severity in the presence of a child, are apt to have the effect upon his mind which interference in a quarrel between an Irishman and his wife usually produces, viz., to arouse a storm, at least, of resentment, against the would-be peacemaker. Upon the conduct of husband and wife toward each other depends in a great degree the good behavior and the happiness of children.

There must be perfect union between them. Day by day the beautiful promises of the marriage service should be put in practice. There is one word in the service to which I have referred, that seems to me to embrace all the rest. The husband solemnly promises to *cherish* his wife—the wife as solemnly repeats the promise. If the word cherish were understood in all its beauty and fullness of meaning, and the promise were made with a thorough appreciation of its solemnity and binding force, surely there would never be harsh words and dissension and resentment between husband and wife.

To *cherish* is first to hold dear (in the heart and in the house), then to treat with fondness, to treat with respect, and, rising in the scale, to encourage.

How comprehensive a word it is, its tendrils of meaning twining themselves into and around the sweetest relations of home life! One parent should never be obliged to make excuses for the conduct of the other. Mothers frequently endeavor to keep their children from habits which the father daily practices. The mother, seeing in her boy the development of a taste for tobacco, tells him that she does not wish him to use it in any form. The boy looks up with clear, honest eyes, and asks, "Why does father chew tobacco?"

The mother attempts to explain so as to make him feel that the use of tobacco is a very bad habit, and at the same time to prevent his

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losing any confidence in his father. It is a difficult matter, however, and any clear-sighted child will perceive that there is a difference of opinion between his parents, and *they can not both be right*. The use of slang words and phrases is a very common habit, thought of by many as hardly a bad habit at all. A child's sensibilities may become deadened to the wrong of bad habits, but they should not be so, any more than his physical taste for simple and healthful food should be vitiated by indulgence in gross and unwholesome diet.

If the father's pursuit is an out-door one, he should have his children with him, if possible, some of the time, for he may have little other time for gaining and keeping their confidence. If he answers their questions as to his occupation and talks to them in easy, simple style of the various subjects suggested by their daily intercourse, he may teach them very much. The father, if well educated, is peculiarly fitted to be the instructor of his children in certain branches; and, even if his education is deficient, a true desire for knowledge for himself and his children will enable him to learn and teach a great deal. It is my own modest opinion, and I hope the expression of it may not arouse any body's indignation, that those persons make a wholesale mistake who claim that women *in general* are capable of filling the places of men. That there are women who grasp some subjects in much the same way as men, and are as well qualified to apply them, is an indisputable fact; that such women *need* not be masculine in their appearance and characters, and that many *are* not so, is quite as certain. But such women are the exceptions, and it is only occasionally that we meet one in the ordinary circle of our acquaintances. There is an element in the true man's character which is and should be wanting in women, a certain something which can best be expressed by the word manliness. The woman on the other hand possesses *womanliness*, and the more freely developed these comprehensive qualities are in parents, the better teachers and guides they may be for their children.

The mother's nature leads her to particular and minute instruction, and the result, if she were alone in her great work, might be to make her children narrow-minded, but the father, looking at subjects in a wider, fuller way, can teach his children the habit of generalization. With the best of training, that which is conducted by both parents, a child's character may become well developed and rounded, deficient in no respect. When one parent fails in his or her duty, or is removed by death, of course it behooves the remaining one to fill the place of both as well as possible, and this remark suggests a thought which I date back to a book read in my very early childhood, the Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling. There is much in the book that is interesting and instructive, but one that impressed me with peculiar force was the relation of the death of Heinrich's mother, and of his being cared for and trained by his father until quite a large boy. The time came when his father concluded that he needed help in his work, for he found his boy becoming dreamy, spending much of his time in an imaginary world of his own. He therefore took to wife a substantial, practical woman, with no appreciation of any thing superior to mere drudgery. She could not understand, and therefore had no patience with Heinrich's higher tastes, and the consequence was much unhappiness to Heinrich and hindrance to his success in life. The inevitable thought to the reader was, "How much happier both Heinrich and his father might have been if the latter had remained unmarried, and had himself performed the task of gently and gradually modifying his son's tastes!"

And my general thought or questioning is, Why is it that so many women losing their husbands resist all solicitations to marry again and devote themselves entirely to their children, and that men almost never adopt the same course? A very common answer would be, The father has a business, his children to provide for, etc., and in many cases the excuse would be a valid one; but there are men just so situated that they could give no reason better than that of incompetency, which usually means want of inclination. In the report, in The Christian Union, of an address by Dr. Peabody to the graduating class of Abott Academy, these words occur: "Certainly it is a matter of common remark how much nearer to the lives of her children a mother's influence penetrates than a father's." A remark like this, containing so much truth, is inclined to make one settle down in the conviction that the usual must be the inevitable, but most people know cases to disprove this conviction. It is our happiness to have known fathers who did their part in the training of their children well and nobly, and they have had their reward in the gratitude and love and veneration of their children, equal in every respect to the same feelings toward the mother.

The father's most common fault in the government of children is that of too great intensity, if I may so call it. If a child is slow in obeying or obstinate in resisting authority, the

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father is apt to speak to him with such severity as to compel instant obedience, but at the same time to call up a look in the child's eyes which should never come there, a look which says, "The time will come when I won't have to mind you." The mother naturally tends to the other extreme. The style of each may be modified and improved by some imitation of the other.

When children have attained the age of ten or twelve years, there is little *new* to be attempted in their government. They have learned obedience; they have a regular routine of duties; they have pleasures of a simple, natural kind, and they are able to acquire knowledge by their own exertions, instead of having it all bestowed upon them by others. Thoughtless parents take comfort in the idea that their children are now "*out of the way*," and leave them to their own devices just at the time when they need more than ever society, sympathy, and occupation. The parents' duties, though they may not be numerous, are exceedingly important. Their children should now begin to practice virtues from principle, as well as from obedience to their parents.

They should learn something of their relations to their fellow-men. The duty of the strictest, most unwavering honesty must be enforced by precept and example. Children had better never hear the old maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," unless all idea of the meaning of the word *policy* can be kept out of their minds.

Policy is subtle, creeping, snake-like, and children who learn to direct their lives by this misnamed *principle*, can not become the true men and women we would have them be. Honesty should be taught and practiced, as should all other virtues, because it is right in God's sight. Politeness of the kind so beautifully defined to be "true kindness kindly expressed," in place of hollow-hearted rules of etiquette, should be instilled.

The right sort of independence of opinion should be taught. That independence which exhibits itself in the tossing head and fling of the garments is the sorriest kind of folly, but that feeling which carries a child manfully through some difficulty, with no thought of what any one but God and his parents may think, is well worthy of his adoption.

If a child shows a taste for any particular pursuit, it should be watched and encouraged. Perhaps the girl has a fondness for experimenting in the cooking line; she should not be discouraged by being told of the imagined waste of material, but should be instructed how *not* to waste.

She should commence with some article of food containing four ingredients and simple in its construction. Then the receipt should be told or given her, and she should be left to follow it out to the best of her ability. Or she may desire to cut and make garments. Whatever good taste she has should be encouraged. And so with boys. The father may mar the beauty of a whole life by trying to fit his boy into the position which has just suited himself, and it is one of the most common mistakes that fathers make.

When a boy is ten or twelve years old, it is not time for him to have any definite wish to go out into the world, but he may already show a liking for some pursuit and a distaste for that of his father, and he should not be sharply checked when telling of what he would like to be, but patiently and pleasantly listened to and advised.

Parents often, from the fear of their children becoming vain, speak to them of their looks and their attainments whenever they are mentioned, in a depreciatory way. This frequently engenders a habit of self-distrust and an awkwardness of manner which are distressing. As little as possible should be said of looks, but if a child has a fine face, it is better to tell him so honestly, at the same time speaking of it as a special gift of God, and to be preserved through life only by goodness of heart and life.

Many years ago, a lady looking at the daguerreotype of a little girl, in the presence of the child, exclaimed, with uplifted hands, "Why, what ears!" and added, "The child hasn't such ears, has she? Come here, child!" Then looking and laughing, she said, "Well, they are large; I never noticed them before." The lady probably never thought of the circumstance again, but the impression of there being something unusual about her ears did not leave the child until long years after. As a young lady, she was embarrassed in society, distressed at the thought of going into a room where there were but a few people, and she now says she can date all her diffidence from the remark upon her ears. Bashfulness must also be prevented, by having children frequently see something of society. Above all things, children should at this age feel the constant influence of love. It is a very awkward and angular age—boys are hobbledehoyish, girls lanky and disagreeable. They are very apt to encounter impatience and snubbing from older people, particularly if they are boys. Boys are specially inclined to think

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that their parents do not love them, and allow themselves to fall into habits which perfect confidence in their parents' love would keep them from.

Now, too, children's confidence may easily be diverted from their parents to their young associates. This will be indicated by their becoming reserved at home and by their impatience in waiting for their friends, that they may pour into their ears some secret plan or tale of wounded feelings. All this might be prevented if there were never any break in the confidence between parents and children.

Now the important question arises, To what kind of school shall we send our children?

Conscientious parents consider the subject carefully, weighing the advantages of a good boarding-school against those of home and a day-school, and very often a little fondness of display added to the boarding-school side weigh it down so heavily that the whole family of children is exiled from home that they may enjoy "a salubrious climate and all the advantages of home" where they will find the least of them. Those parents who do not train their children can not do better than to send them to a good boarding-school, for they will have there something of what they have missed at home, but the training of no boarding-school can begin to compare with the advantages of a real home, accompanied by regular attendance at a well-conducted day-school. By well-conducted, I mean a school with good, live, energetic teachers, who keep up with the times by reading and study, and maintain strict discipline by a simple system of rules *without corporeal punishment.*

It seems to me a bad sign for teachers *en masse* to request the restoration of bodily punishment. It has been proved, by long experience, that large schools, made up of both sexes, can be perfectly governed by the force of personal character, assisted by a few well-chosen regulations. Country places are often poorly furnished with schools. In such a case, the best possible arrangement is to have a private tutor or governess. For the parents can have a choice of teachers in this way, and may procure excellent talent and worth of character. They can also fix the number of hours to be spent in study, and other particulars which have their importance, and which they would not feel at liberty to mention, if sending their children to an established school.

If means are wanting to do even this, parents needing a teacher for their children can unite with a few other families who also feel the same need, and together they may obtain good instruction at no more expense than they would incur in sending their children to a poor school, where they themselves could exercise no personal supervision. This matter of personal oversight is a very delicate one; it may be conducted so as to give no offense, but frequently it is injudicious and eccentric. I think that most parents will agree with me that the last-mentioned course is preferable to sending children away to boarding-school to spend the most critical years of their lives. For the next six or eight years of their lives are the most critical, and will determine what manner of men and women they shall be. And can we at this time, when the good seed that we have sowed is just springing up, send our children away from us, to see them but a few weeks in each year, and endure the risk of their being weaned from the love o parents and home?

We should insist upon our children having not more than three principal studies at one time, and that they shall only commence a new one in place of one of the three being thoroughly mastered. To accomplish this it is necessary to spend but a few hours of each day in school.

The time out of school should, some of it, be passed in active exercise, and it would be better if all study could be confined to regular school hours. It is painful to see little, young creatures spending their evenings in study, and rubbing their eyes open in a vain endeavor to arouse their flagging interest. Judicious parents will see that their children study in the early hours of the morning, if any extra study is required.

Children should look upon the authority of their teacher as absolute. If he is deficient in knowledge or governing power, or any qualities essential to the character of a good teacher, the parents should be the judges, and the children should neither hear nor make remarks upon the subject. If a private tutor or governess is employed, the employers should never give any advice or suggestions in the presence of their children, for the latter should think of the teacher as the only one to be consulted and obeyed during school hours. As soon as children are out of school, all responsibility of the teacher should end—it will be found better for both teacher and scholar. The tastes of children in regard to different branches of study should be judiciously consulted. There are children perfectly incapable by nature of acquiring a knowledge of music; others are quite as unable to learn foreign languages. The recognition of this fact would save a great deal of time, expense, weariness, and disappointment.

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OUR STUDIES IN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY PROF. T. H. HUXLEY.

MOTION AND LOCOMOTION.

IN the preceding Studies the manner in which the incomings of the human body are converted into its outgoings has been explained. It has been seen that new matter, in the form of vital and mineral foods, is constantly appropriated by the body, to make up for the loss of old matter, in the shape, chiefly, of carbonic acid, urea, and water, which is as constantly going on.

The vital foods are derived directly, or indirectly, from the vegetable world; and the products of waste either are such compounds as abound in the mineral world, or immediately decompose into them. Consequently, the human body is the center of a stream of matter which sets incessantly from the vegetable and mineral worlds into the mineral world again. It may be compared to an eddy in a river, which may retain its shape for an indefinite length of time, though no one particle of the water of the stream remains in it for more than a brief period.

But there is this peculiarity about the human eddy, that a large portion of the particles of matter which flow into it have a much more complex composition than the particles which flow out of it. To speak in what is not altogether a metaphor, the atoms which enter the body are, for the most part, piled up in large heaps, and tumble down into small heaps before they leave it. The force which they set free in thus tumbling down, is the source of the active powers of the organism.

These active powers are chiefly manifested in the form of motion—movement, that is, either of part of the body, or of the body as a whole, which last is termed locomotion.

The organs which produce total or partial movements of the human body, or of the fluids which it contains, are of two kinds: Cilia and Muscles.

Cilia are filaments of extremely small size, attached by their bases to, and indeed growing out from, the free surfaces of epithelial cells. They are in incessant waving motion, so long as life persists in them; and the motion of a cilium continues even for some time after the epithelial cell, with which it is connected, is detached from the body. Not only does the movement of the cilia thus go on independently of the rest of the body, but it can not be controlled by the action of the nervous system. The cause of the movement of each cilium would appear to be the alternate contraction and relaxation of opposite sides of its base; but why these alternations take place is unknown.

Although no other part of the body has any control over the cilia, and though, so far as we know, they have no direct communication with one another, yet their action is directed toward a common end—the cilia, which cover extensive surfaces, all working in such a manner as to sweep whatever lies upon that surface in one and the same direction. Thus, the cilia which are developed the upon epithelial cells, which line the greater part of the nasal cavities and the trachea, with its ramifications, tend to drive the mucus in which they work outward.

Muscles are accumulations of fibers, each of which has the power, under certain conditions, of shortening in length, while it increases its other dimensions, so that the absolute volume of the fiber remains unchanged. This power is called muscular contractility; and whenever, in virtue of this power, a muscular fiber contracts, it tends to bring its two ends, with whatever may be fastened to them, together.

The condition which ordinarily determines the contraction of a muscular fiber is a change of state in a nerve fiber, which is in close anatomical connection with the muscular fiber. The nerve fiber is thence called a motor fiber, because, by its influence on a muscle, it becomes the indirect means of producing motion.

Muscle is a highly elastic substance. It contains a large amount of water (about as much as the blood), and during life has a clear and semi-transparent aspect.

Muscles may be conveniently divided into two groups, according to the manner in which the ends of their fibers are fastened; into muscles not attached to solid levers, and muscles attached to solid levers.

MUSCLES NOT ATTACHED TO SOLID LEVERS.

Under this head come the muscles which are appropriately called hollow muscles, inasmuch as they inclose a cavity or surround a space; and their contraction lessens the capacity of that cavity, or the extent of that space.

The muscular fibers of the heart, of the blood-

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vessels, of the lymphatic vessels, of the alimentary canal, of the ducts of the glands, of the iris of the eye, are so arranged as to form hollow muscles.

In the heart the muscular fibers are of the striated kind, and their disposition is exceedingly complex. The cavities which they inclose are those of the auricles and ventricles; and, as we have seen, the fibers, when they contract, do so suddenly and together.

The iris of the eye is like a curtain, in the middle of which is a circular hole. The muscular fibers are of the smooth or not-striated kind, and they are disposed in two ways: some radiating from the edges of the hole to the circumference of the curtain; some arranged in circles, concentrically with the aperture. The muscular fibers contract suddenly and together, the radiating fibers necessarily enlarging the hole, the circular fibers diminishing it.

In the alimentary canal the muscular fibers are also of the unstriated kind, and they are disposed in two layers; one set of fibers being arranged parallel with the length of the intestines, while the others are disposed circularly, or at right angles to the former.

The contraction of these muscular fibers is successive; that is to say, all the muscular fibers, in a given length of the intestines do not contract at once, but those at one end contract first, and the others follow them until the whole series have contracted. As the order of contraction is, naturally, always the same, from the upper toward the lower end, the effect of this peristaltic contraction is, as we have seen, to force any matter contained in the alimentary canal, from its upper toward its lower extremity. The muscles of the walls of the ducts of the glands have a substantially similar arrangement.

MUSCLES ATTACHED TO DEFINITE LEVERS.

The great majority of the muscles in the body are attached to distinct levers, formed by the bones. In such bones as are ordinarily employed as levers, the osseous tissue is arranged in the form of a shaft, formed of a very dense and compact osseous matter, but often containing a great central cavity which is filled with a very delicate vascular and fibrous tissue loaded with fat called marrow. Toward the two ends of the bone, the compact matter of the shaft thins out, and is replaced by a much thicker but looser sponge-work of bony plates and fibers, which is termed the cancellous tissue of the bone. The surface even of this part, however, is still formed by a thin sheet of denser bone.

At least one end of each of these bony levers is fashioned into a smooth articular surface, covered with cartilage, which enables the relatively fixed end of the bones to play upon the corresponding surface of some other bone with which it is articulated, or, contrariwise, allows that other bone to move upon it.

It is one or other of these extremities which plays the part of fulcrum when the bone is in use as a lever.

But to understand the action of the bones, as levers, properly, it is necessary to possess a knowledge of the different kinds of levers, and be able to refer the various combinations of the bones to their appropriate lever-classes.

A lever is a rigid bar, one part of which is absolutely or relatively fixed, while the rest is free to move. Some one point of the moveable part of the lever is set in motion by a force, in order to communicate more or less of that motion to another point of the moveable part, which presents a resistance to motion in the shape of a weight or other obstacle.

Three kinds of levers are enumerated by mechanicians, the definition of each kind depending upon the relative positions of the point of support, or fulcrum; of the point which bears the resistance, weight, or other obstacle to be overcome by the force; and of the point to which the force or power employed to overcome the obstacle is applied.

If the fulcrum be placed between the power and the weight, so that, when the power sets the lever in motion, the weight and the power describe arcs, the concavities of which are turned toward one another, the lever is said to be of the first order.

If the fulcrum be at one end, and the weight be between it and the power, so that weight and power describe concentric arcs, the weight moving through the less space when the lever moves, the lever is said to be of the second order:

And if, the fulcrum being still at one end, the power be between the weight and it, so that, as in the former case, the power and weight describe concentric ares, but the power moves through the less space, the lever is of the third order:

In the human body, the following parts present examples of levers of the first order.

The skull in its movements upon the atlas, as fulcrum.

The pelvis in its movements upon the heads of the thigh-bones, as fulcrum.

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The foot, when it is raised, and the toe tapped on the ground, the ankle-joint being fulcrum.

The positions of the weight and of power are not given in either of these cases, because they are reversed according to circumstances. Thus, when the face is being depressed, the power is applied in front, and the weight to the back part, of the skull; but when the face is being raised, the power is behind and the weight in front. The like is true of the pelvis, according as the body is bent forward or backward upon the legs. Finally, when the toes, in the action of tapping, strike the ground, the power is at the heel, and the resistance in the front of the foot. But, when the toes are raised to repeat the act, the power is in front, and the weight or resistance is at the heel, being, in fact, the inertia and elasticity of the muscles and other parts of the back of the leg.

But, in all these cases, the lever remains one of the first class, because the fulcrum or fixed point on which the lever turns, remains between the power and the weight, or resistance.

The following are three examples of levers of the second order:

The thigh-bone of the leg which is bent up toward the body and not used, in the action of hopping.

For, in this case, the fulcrum is at the hip-joint. The power (which may be assumed to be furnished by the rectus muscle* of the front of the thigh) acts upon the knee-cap; and the position of the weight is represented by that of the center of gravity of the thigh and leg, which will lie somewhere between the end of the knee and the hip.

A rib when depressed by the rectus muscle of the abdomen, in expiration.

Here the fulcrum lies where the rib is articulated with the spine; the power is at the sternum—virtually the opposite end of the rib; and the resistance to be overcome lies between the two.

The raising of the body upon the toes, in standing on tiptoe, and in the first stage of making a step forward.

Here the fulcrum is the ground on which the toes rest; the power is applied by the muscles of the calf to the heel; the resistance is so much of the weight of the body as is borne by the ankle-joint of the foot, which of course lies between the heel and the toes.

* This muscle is attached above to the haunch-bone or ileum, and below to the knee-cap. The latter bone is connected by a strong ligament with the tibia.

Three examples of levers of the third order are:

The spine, head, and pelvis, considered as a rigid bar, which has to be kept erect upon the hip-joints.

Here the fulcrum lies in the hip-joints; the weight is at the center of gravity of the head and trunk, high above the fulcrum; the power is supplied by the extensor or flexor, muscles of the thigh, and acts upon points comparatively close to the fulcrum.

Flexion of the forearm upon the arm by the biceps muscle, when a weight is held in the hand.

In this case, the weight being in the hand and the fulcrum at the elbow-joint, the power is applied at the point of attachment of the tendon of the biceps, close to the latter.

Extension of the leg on the thigh at the knee-joint.

Here the fulcrum is the knee-joint; the weight is at the center of gravity of the leg and foot; the power is applied through the ligament of the knee-cap, or patella, to the tibia, close to the knee-joint.

In studying the mechanism of the body, it is very important to recollect that one and the same part of the body may represent each of the three kinds of levers, according to circumstances. Thus it has been seen that the foot may, under some circumstances, represent a lever of the first, in others of the second order. But it may become a lever of the third order, as when one dances a weight resting upon the toes, up and down, by moving only the foot. In this case, the fulcrum is at the ankle-joint, the weight is at the toes, and the power is furnished by the extensor muscles at the front of the leg, which are inserted between the fulcrum and the weight.

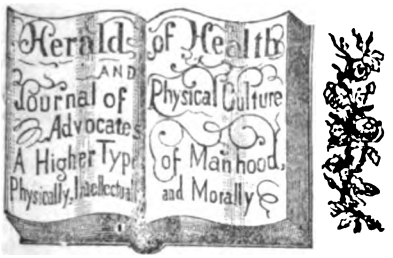
It is very important that the levers of the body should not slip or work unevenly when their movements are extensive, and to this end they are connected together in such a manner as to form strong and definitely arranged joints or articulations.

Doubtless it is right that we should sometimes deny ourselves lawful indulgences for the sake of others; but, in order that such an action should have any good effect, it must be performed spontaneously. To make it obligatory in any way is to defeat the end sought. Charity is not a subject of legislation.

It is sound policy to suffer all extremities rather than to do a base action.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1870.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

☞ THE PUBLISHERS *do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in* THE HERALD. *They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.*

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TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

SOME THOUGHTS ON SUCCESS.—In Mr. Emerson's latest volume he has an essay on "Success." The author thereby pays homage to the most popular and captivating word in the English language. To desire success is as natural as to breathe. In whatever a man sets his hand to, he is anxious for a prosperous issue. Whether it be to plow a field, or to sculp a marble statue, or to vend merchandise, or to build a wagon, or to deliver a speech, or to fly a balloon, or to steer a ship, or to lead an army, or to compete for the laurel-crown of poetry—whatever be the undertaking, all men have the right, and take the right, to glance far down the vista of favoring and disfavoring agencies and yearn for success at the end. As the object to be obtained enlarges in magnitude, this aspiration for success expands and deepens in its dignity, its vehemence, and pathos. When the question rises above the consideration of the mere incidents of life, and becomes a matter appertaining to life itself, and the thrilling interrogation is put concerning the very crown and upshot of existence, we then encounter a question which is really the most tremendous that can be in store for us.

With reference to certain elements of success—especially those of money, office, reputation, and the like—probably no other people have so much anxiety and ambition as this high-spirited American race. In other countries you will find a few as ambitious of property as any in America; but in no other country will you meet so many persons with such ambition. Doubtless this is partly accounted for by the fire in our Saxon blood. Nature made us to do a special work in the world—to be daring, aggressive, victorious over mighty difficulties. A tame, inert, easily-contented race would never have been equal to such a task as the one assigned to us. But there is another reason for this general diffusion of the love of success. In the older and more crowded lands, success is so hard to be won that it is beyond the reach of the mass, and is simply given up by them as one of the unattainable things. They settle down into a severe or stolid despair of ever rising out of the lowly stations in which they were born. But in this new and pioneer civilization, the prizes of life are nearer to us, and every one may feel it possible to grasp some of them. There is just enough hope of success to feed and stimulate and energize the passion for success.

Then, too, the intense longing for hitting the mark in life, which is originally so natural, accumulates by a sort of spiritual contagion. Any one may see that the god most worshiped

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is Success. The best deftness for any doing is success. It will cover a greater multitude of sins than charity.

"Had I miscarried, I had been a villain;
For men judge actions always by events."

In the presence of the successful man, whatever be the atrocity of his deeds, all eyes brighten into admiration. Says the author of "the Seasons,"

"It is success that colors all in life;
Success makes fools admir'd, makes villains honest;
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquired."

Now, the logic of such a spectacle is that if success is so good for a bad man, how much better it must be for a good one!

It is certainly very odd that upon a subject of such universal interest there should be so little agreement as to what are its real constituents. Every live Yankee, to say the least, desires what he calls success; yet few feel quite clear as to what success really is. Every variety of standard is set up. One person standing before a certain marble palace thinks Dives a successful man; another person standing in the same place would vote the crown of real success to poor Lazarus lying at the gate. Here again is a theory of life, according to which Louis Napoleon, while on his imperial throne, with the curses of millions stifled beneath the drums and tramplings of his unconquered legions, was judged to be in truth a failure, though Louis Kossuth, preferring indigence to a traitor's rich reward, and choosing exile rather than yield to the oppression of his fatherland, is adjudged to be in truth a success.

Thus, it appears, there are some who look only at outside facts, who think external possession to be felicity, no matter how obtained. On the other hand, there are some at least who would reverse this method of judgment; who scrutinize beneath appearances; who do not concede victory to the man who is on top, nor defeat to him who is under; who regard the Martyr's crown as a great deal grander, and a great deal more successful, than the Despot's crown; who would rather be Paul on the block, than Nero on the throne. These are they who do not think him wealthy who is dishonestly rich, nor him impoverished who is honorably poor; and who deem him who trudges along the streets in plain apparel put there rightfully more to be envied than him who lolls in his magnificent chariot, wheeled by conventional robbery and lucrative sin.

Here obviously are standards of success wide asunder as the antipodes. It is necessary to make an election between these terribly discrepant standards. The desire of success is blest or baneful just according to the meaning we attach to the word. Let us sacredly resolve that the kind of success which we shall enthrone as the monarch of our aspirations be a true success—not its mockery, its counterfeit, and its contradiction. Desire a righteous success, and, by the very formation of that desire, our success is achieved—for, in reality, the preference of failure to baseness is the most successful thing in the universe. Desire a wicked success—a base, shallow, and superficial one—and though we get exactly what we aspire to, we fail utterly and deplorably.

We are more than ever convinced that only true success is sanitary and wholesome, and that a false success grows from and leads to morbid conditions of mind and body. In preaching health, we are preaching success; and in helping towards the one we contribute to the other. That "higher type of manhood—physical, mental, and moral," which is our watchword, involves for all who get it a higher type of success.

And we caution our readers, especially those of them who are young, not to be too anxious about the outward symbols of success. True success attaches to the person, and not to his envelopment. We can not make fortune; we can character. As Addison has nobly expressed it—

"'T is not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

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KINDERGARTENS.—The following letter from our correspondent, Madame Matilda H. Kriege, Principal of the Institution for Training Kindergarten Teachers, will be found interesting. Her article referred to in her letter, will be published in a future number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH:

"Your communication that some of your readers would like to know more about Kindergartens and in how far they differed from public schools, has stirred up one of our normal scholars, to whom often similar inquiries have been addressed, and as she has put her thoughts on paper, I think I can not do your readers a greater service than to send you her statement, which leaves me little to say. It is really difficult to speak on the subject, because it is truly so comprehensive, and because there are already so many erroneous notions afloat of what a Kindergarten is. Some think it is somewhat like a primary school, with a little singing, marching, and gymnastics interspersed; others that it is what they call a 'play school,' where playthings are given to the children to amuse themselves with as they have a mind to, and where no order and discipline exist. Others say, 'Oh yes, I know; Kindergarten is object teaching.' A Kindergarten is neither of these things. Kindergarten is the first step in education, out of the immediate and exclusive influence of home, and the training the parents should give to the child—so Froebel intends—from its first awakening to life. The Kindergarten takes in children from their third year and retains them till they are seven. Some object to sending children so very young to school, and say it would be too soon for 'school,' but Kindergarten culture does not in the least conflict nor is it at variance with home influence; it is rather an extended home, an enlarged family, where the child is among its equals in age, and where the best means are employed not only for its mental, but for its moral, spiritual, and physical development, such as the best home is often not able to offer; besides, the child visits the Kindergarten only half a day, and the rest is passed in the home which there has new attractions by the temporary absence. It is a great mistake of parents to leave children at the most important age, from three to seven, when they need the most watchful care and nurture, entirely to chance development, sometimes mostly to the care of servants. The most parents do for their children at that age, is to 'keep them out of mischief' by cramping, but not by directing their activities and energies, or by having them taught reading early, which is decidedly hurtful. And there is really nothing gained by making children learn to read so young, because when their mind is a little more mature and has been properly developed by means better adapted for it, they will learn to read in half the time now needed to teach them, and with half the trouble both to children and teacher. The case may be different if children are left to run wild, till they are seven or eight, without any kind of training or culture.

Some parents, who have leisure and the inclination, stimulate children's brains too much by telling and reading them stories, giving them innumerable picture books—and how few picture books are really fit for children—or giving them heaps of playthings that they soon get tired of, because they leave the child nothing to do. Whoever has watched children at that age, must have observed how great their desire is *to do something*, not to learn abstract things; how constant their appeal to their mother, 'What shall I do, can you not give something to do;' and how often the mother is at loss how to occupy them, for children do not want to work mechanically, they want to use all their activities, mental as well as physical. For all this craving, Kindergarten offers the means. But I will break off here and go on to say that, in the next class above the Kindergarten, the children certainly ought to learn to read and write (arithmetic is begun in the Kindergarten, but not in an abstract way) as well as other sciences, part of which, however, they ought to study from nature instead of from books, and Froebel provides and gives suggestions for those latter stages of development also, and he wants industrial, agricultural

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and artistic departments connected institutions of learning. But this leads me farther than Kindergartens, to which I wanted to confine myself, and I will now leave to our venerable scholar to say what she thinks about them. The comparison with public schools the reader can make for himself, but let me here state, that the Kindergarten does not necessarily conflict with the public school, but ought to be the first grade of the primary department, which would tend to lessen the number now crowding this department, if it were thus subdivided."

THE TWO WIVES.—We believe for the first time in literature the author of "The Two Wives" has availed herself of that debatable ground, uncommon, but by no means impossible, which lies between the actual common life and that mystical, metaphysic one, which belongs to a state of being pronounced abnormal only because it is not the ordinary experience; and yet we believe experiences somewhat akin are far less infrequent than is generally supposed. The author of The Two Wives assures us that the dream-life of the Professor was suggested to her by the relation of a learned and distinguished Judge on the bench (not Judge Edwards, with whom she has no personal acquaintance), who for several years was subject to a similar state. He assured her that though his apparent unconsciousness was so brief as to be sometimes hardly noticeable, he passed through a long and pleasant experience, with the introduction of persons and events of which he had no knowledge except in this dream-life, if it may be so called. Returning to the normal state, he was the clear-headed, cool, discriminating Judge, with no apparent romance in his composition; no out of the way *kink*, *hobby*, or *metaphysic speculation* to turn him aside from dry, legal matter of fact. He passed into the state which is called somnambulistic, *and invariably the scenes and persons which had before appeared to him in this state, returned to him clearly, vividly, and acted and talked in character; each returning state beginning where the former had left off, thus producing a perfect whole.*

POISONED.—Toxicology (the science of poisons, their effects, remedies, etc.,) names many substances which, "when introduced into the animal organism, produce morbid, noxious, or deadly effects." Certain kinds act upon specific parts of the organism; *e. g.*, Strychnine effects the spinal column; oil of tobacco paralyzes the heart; arsenic inflames the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal; mercury lays hold of the salivary glands; *alcohol* makes its malicious assault chiefly upon the brain. Other brain poisons they are, like prussic acid, chloroform, etc., but all, however deleterious or death-dealing, are infinitely less mischievous in their baneful effects than this most used but most destructive one, alcohol. *It* not only "tangles the legs," paralyzes the limbs, and deranges the functions of the entire animal economy, but with infernal ambition strikes down the spiritual man. Attacking the citadel of manhood, it carries its ravages through the entire domain of intelligence—aye, more and worse—with a fearfully diabolical alchemy, it loosens or dissolves the very fibers of the soul, debauches the conscience, and throws wide open a free course to every species of vice, crime, and degradation. Reason perverted, God's idol defaced, every power suborned to evil, the creation, the resultant fabrication of alcoholic poisoning with variations almost immeasurable, and a blabbering fool, a raving maniac, a suicide, a babe killer, a wife murderer, an assassin of father, mother, brother, sister, lover, or child—an incarnate devil. Such a poison is alcohol. The highest medical and scientific authority has demonstrated and declared not barely that alcohol is emphatically and definitively "a cerebral poison," but that it is more productive of brain diseases, insanity, and indiocy, than any other cause.

A few facts, personally witnessed by the writer, will illustrate some of the manifestations of alcoholic poisoning. A wail and a heart-appaling groan on the midnight air reached the ear; rousing and hastening to learn the cause, a poor wretch in human form was found pros-

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trate and helpless near the passing railroad cars; a few feet nearer and life would have gone out under craunching wheels. How came he there? Poisoned. An empty whisky bottle near by revealed how. Had he been wounded or poisoned to helpless insanity with strychnine, he would have been carefully taken to some hospital, or tenderly borne to the nearest couch, but as he was whisky poisoned, the police roughly drag him to the lock-up, and the poor wife watches and waits his coming till the weary night has worn away. Who did this nefarious deed? The whisky peddler on the corner, whose business it is to poison and ruin both the body and soul of his victims.

Again. Just now there lays upon an army "stretcher" the form of a lad, not more than fourteen years old, apparently dead. What's the matter? What terrible calamity has come to the dear boy? Poisoned. The four boys about his own age, who are acting as "pall bearers," come only less poisoned than the occupant of the "stretcher," stumbling and falling as they attempted to carry their companion to his home. A whisky keg in a neighboring den had done the work, and a whisky keg or bottle in thousands of other dens in the city is doing similar work to scores and thousands of other lads, "somebody's sons."

At nightfall, while passing along C—— Street in front of one of the "breathing holes of hell," a *woman* lay in unconscious stupor almost upon the very doorsill on which she had just stumbled. A poor, bloated, bedraggled, horrid thing, welting in her own nasty vomit and filth. How intensely loathsome! A few years back, and she sipped in elegance her first glass of sparkling wine. Now what? Simply poisoned. "Forty-rod whisky" had taken the place of ruby wine.

Since we have "free liquor" on all days and at all times, how could it be otherwise. The ten hideous groggeries kept in full blast by ten of the honorable city fathers—Mitchell, Galvin, & Co., only evince what depths have been reached by this liquor-deluged city. Multitudes of unnumbered facts more heart-rending and full of horrors, are constantly thrust upon the attention day by day. Is there no remedy; no help? Can not moral reformers put a stop to all this?

Do Insects Suffer?—The Nation, in reviewing The Population of an Old Pear Tree, a book recently published, says: "As an entomologist, doubtless the writer knew there was abundant evidence that insects suffer little, if any pain, from injury and mutilation; indeed, it may be doubted whether any other organs than the antenna can suffer at all." This is no doubt true in a degree, though we do not believe that insects and the lower forms of animal life are devoid of suffering. We have on more than one occasion tried to test the matter by experiment, and with some degree of success. Worms seem to suffer much more than moths, butterflies, and small-winged insects. Once we had an army-worm, on which was fastened a parasite so small that it could hardly be distinguished by the naked eye, but under the low power of a magnifying glass, the little fellow was seen eating its way into the large worm, which seemed in great agony. It would throw its head up, twist its body round, and wrinkle the skin about the mouth and face in a manner that indicated distress. It would even try to jump, like a snake, and bite at any thing that was put in its way. We believe, from its actions, that it was suffering physical distress. Soon it sickened and died. Some worms can be tormented so as to show passion and real anger. Why should they not? They have a nervous system distributed throughout the body, the office of which is to feel. If it does not feel so keenly as man, probably it does in a degree proportionate to the perfection of its nervous system.

Difference of Wants.—In England Mr. Peabody gave of his wealth to furnish fresh air, bread, and cheap homes to the poor. In America he gave to feed the hungry mind. Most of his donations in this country were for the cause of education.

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THE HEALTH HABITS OF YOUNG MEN.—Regarded simply as a piece of machinery, the human body is the most interesting study that can attract the attention of a human being. According to the latest developments of scientific analyses, the average healthy man generates force sufficient every twenty-four hours to lift 4,000 tons of matter through a distance of one foot, providing the work is done with no waste of strength; or, to vary the statement, to lift one ton 4,000 feet; or, what is nearly the same thing, to carry 150 barrels of flour, weighing 200 pounds, from the bottom of Bunker Hill Monument to the top. On inquiring of the physiologist what becomes of all this power, he figures out for us the following rude statement:

Spent in generating heat with which to keep the body warm, power sufficient to raise 3,475 tons of matter one foot high.

Spent in digesting our food, circulating the blood through the body from the heart, in its course back to the heart again, and in the movements of the lungs in respiration, power sufficient to raise 350 tons one foot high.

Left for profitable employment, in the form of brain and body labor, power sufficient to raise only 175 tons one foot high.

Total—4,000 tons one foot high.

From the foregoing statement, which of course is only an approximation to the truth, and would vary materially in different persons, the available workimg power of an adult healthy man is only one twenty-fourth part of the force generated by the food he eats, or, as before stated, sufficient to raise 175 tons of dead matter one foot in hight.

But we prefer not to spend our strength in this way, and so a certain per cent. of it goes in muscular labor, some in business, a portion in thinking, loving, hating, in invention, philanthropic action, etc.; and, no doubt, in a majority of human beings, a large portion of their available power is wasted in dissipation, riotous living, gambling; or perhaps in uneasy, fretful fault-finding, because their lot is not one that pleases them, or because they are obliged to labor for the bread they eat and the clothes they wear.

A very curious and interesting table might be made by a thoughtful physiologist and hygienist, showing each person where his strength goes; and I am not sure that a young man could do a better service for himself than to seek the counsel of some wise physiologist, tell him frankly all his habits, and have such a table prepared, not only to guard him against excess, but to show him his weak places, and point out where he will be most likely to fail. Some of these tables would, no doubt, read very much as follows:

Spent in digesting a big dinner, which the body did not need, sufficient force to raise 30 tons of matter one foot.

Spent in getting rid of several drinks of wine and brandy, force sufficient to raise 20 tons one foot high.

Spent in smoking six cigars, force sufficient to raise 10 tons one foot high.

Spent in keeping awake all night at a spree, force sufficient to raise 20 tons one foot high.

Spent in breathing bad air, force sufficient to raise 15 tons one foot high.

Spent in cheating a neighbor out of $30 in a business transaction, force sufficient to raise 15 tons one foot high.

Spent in reading worthless books and newspapers, force sufficient to raise 5 tons one foot high.

Spent in hesitation, doubt, and uncertainty, force sufficient to raise 5 tons one foot high.

Total—120 tons one foot high.

Left for practical and useful labor only enough to raise 55 tons one foot high, or to do less than one-third of a day's work.

Sometimes there would be a draft on the original capital of considerable force, so there would not be enough to keep the body warm, or the food well digested, or the muscles plump and full, or the hearing acute, or the eyes keen and bright, or the brain thoughtful and active.

Very often a single debauch would use up the entire available power of the whole system for a whole week or month.

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There is no end to the multitudinous ways in which we not only spend our working capital, but draw on the original stock, that ought never to be touched, and the result is imperfect lives, rickety bodies, no ability to transmit to our children good health and long life, much physical suffering and premature decay, with all the ends of life unaccomplished. How sad is all this! How terrible to be born into this world and leave it without adding something to its wealth, its virtue, and its progress.

Now, the practical bearing of this scientific disclosure is this: How can we make the most of the small amount of available force left for use; how so care for the body that none shall be lost in repairing injuries from accident and sickness; how care for the brain, so that it shall always be able to do its share of the work? For nothing is more evident than this, that the body and brain are the organs through which all we accomplish in life is performed, and that to make the most of them they must be as carefully cared for as if they were pieces of delicate machinery, which indeed, for all practical purposes they are.

And this brings us to the discussion of the subject at the head of this paper, "The Health Habits of Young Men."

The secrets of good health are few and simple. They are:

1. A good constitution.
2. Good physical habits.
3. Good mental habits.
4. Good moral habits.

With the first we have very little to do. Our parents are responsible here. If they had sound health, and did not overtax their available force in dissipation; if they gave us plenty of wholesome food, fresh air, exercise, and industrious habits, and taught us early to avoid gluttony and licentiousness, late hours, drinking, and poisonous medicines, we are undoubtedly all right; but if our original constitutions were bad ones, let us not bury them in the ground, as the man spoken of by Jesus did his one talent, but rather care for them more rigorously. Many a man with a poor body, but a good head and good habits, has eclipsed his more fortunately constituted, but dissipated neighbor. While the race *might be*, it *is not* always given to the strong. While we are not, however, responsible for the vigor of our inherited constitutions, we are mainly so for those of our children, and I can not help inculcating the truth here, though I go out of the way to do it. Every young man ought to make the subject of inheritance a study, so as to avoid injudicious matrimonial selections, and to understand the right care of children after they are born, so that they may grow up in health and strength. Most young men, and I might say women, too, enter upon the life which results in parentage, with less qualification than for the ordinary business of their professions; and the result is a world of feeble, sickly children, that do not live five years, or which require more care in rearing at all than healthy children do, several times over. The time to master this subject is in early life, before the evils which it would prevent have become fixed and incurable.

After a good constitution, as a requsite to health, come good physical habits. These require:

1. A good supply of nutritious food.
2. Daily and regular exercise in the open air.
3. Pure water to drink.
4. Pure and abundant air for our lungs.
5. Eight hours of good sleep out of every twenty-four.
6. Cleanliness.
7. Regularity in all our habits and employments.
8. Wise but not excessive recreation.
9. Last, but not least, useful, congenial occupation.

A whole chapter might be written on each of these subjects, but in this enlightened age their mention ought to be sufficient. Probably there is more ignorance on the subject of wholesome food and exercise than on the other questions, and perhaps I may refer to them at some future time.

What I have said implies that if we must have what is good, we should avoid what is

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bad, and while I will not mention all, I will refer to two habits which every year wrecks multitudes of young men on more fearful strands than death at the cannon's mouth. I refer to,

1. The habit of using alcoholic stimulants and tobacco; and

2. To licentiousness.

The first of these vices we all know is terrible, but the second is more fearful still. Sensuality to day outnumbers almost all other vices in the swarms of its victims, and that too among every grade of social elevation, including many of our best minds. If I could impress on every young man who reads these lines the importance of *perfect purity* in this respect, I should be glad. If our passions rule us they will ruin us, as they have millions of others. How much better to be pure in thought and act than to be impure.

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never *gives*."

A word or two on good mental and moral habits, as affecting health. The brain is the organ of the mind, but besides this, when perfectly vigorous and wisely occupied, it infuses a healthy, happy state throughout the body; but when our intellects are clouded, and we are sour, morose, cross, and ugly, or mournfully depressed and dissatisfied, the secretions are poisoned, digestion becomes impaired, and our bodily vigor greatly lessened. Other things being equal, those whose mental and moral state is most perfect are most healthful. If one does his whole duty and meets average success, the satisfaction which results from such a course gives a peaceful, happy state to the mind that is exceedingly invigorating to the body, while one whose conscience is always troubling him because he has done a wrong act in business, or in his intercourse with his fellows, and who does not heed the warning of this inward monitor, can never have sound sleep and perfect health.

CHINESE MEDICINES, STUPID EDITORS.—The Tribune, of a recent date, has the following:

"A lot of Chinese medicines, seized at the San Francisco Custom House, were received at the Treasury Department to-day. Various kinds of snakes, among them the cobra de capello, bugs, roaches, skin of the porcupine, fetus of an antelope, etc., are among the collection. These things are used as medicines by the Chinese doctors. They are all poisonous, and hence their seizure."

Whoever wrote the above must have been asleep, or else stupid indeed. How does the writer, for instance, make out the poisonous qualities of the dried skin of a porcupine, or fetus of an antelope, or dried bugs, etc. They may be very worthless remedies, but no more worthless and not one-half so poisonous, if poisonous at all, as most of the drugs imported every day for the use of American doctors. We do not wonder, however, at the constant errors which are found in our daily papers, when we reflect that nearly or quite one-half of the work for the press is done by persons who are ignorant, beyond degree, of what they write. To illustrate, The Daily Sun, of a late issue, speaks of how the life of a child was saved by the use of a laryngoscope. The instrument allowed the surgeon to look into the child's throat and see a toy spoon there which it had swallowed. Discovering the difficulty, he was enabled to remove it speedily, which might not have been the case without the laryngoscope. So far the story reads well, but the writer then says that this particular instrument was the only one in this country. Now the truth is, the laryngoscope is on sale in every respectable store for the sale of surgical instruments, and has been used by hundreds of physicians in this country for a long time.

SHIP VENTILATION.—Pure air is the great need of all on passenger ships. In stormy or rainy weather a large number of persons will be seasick, and the sickness will be much more severe in consequence of bad air.

May ships not be easily ventilated by having a metallic tube of iron or sink to communicate between each birth and the outer air? A valve

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would enable each occupant of a berth to regulate the current to suit himself. The tubes could run under the floor to some convenient part outside. On large passenger steamers any desired amount of pure fresh air (warmed, if desired), could be at a trifling cost of power forced to every part of the ship.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT. — In the next number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH, or at farthest the succeeding one, we shall commence a series of articles upon the Temperance Movement. The series will embrace ten or twelve papers and continue during a considerable portion of the year 1871. The most important of the following subjects will be discussed:

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.
THE EFFECTS OF THE USE OF INTOXICATING DRINKS ON THE BODY, THE BRAIN, AND THE BLOOD.
ITS EFFECTS ON OFFSPRING.
ITS EFFECTS ON RELIGION.
ITS EFFECTS ON LITERATURE.
ITS EFFECTS ON NATIONAL INTEGRITY (including POLITICS).
MODERATE DRINKING.
THE WINE QUESTION.
MISTAKES OF TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.
TOTAL ABSTINENCE.
ALCOHOLIC MEDICATION.
RELATION OF THE USE OF INTOXICATING DRINKS TO POVERTY AND CRIME.
RESTRICTING THE SALE OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.
MINISTERS AND THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.
PHYSICIANS AND THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.
MORAL RESPONSIBILITY OF LIQUOR DEALERS.
HOW BEST TO PROMOTE THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

The list of writers whom we expect to engage on this series is not yet complete, but we can assure our readers that it will be from among our best thinkers, writers, and earnest reformers. The first paper, on the "Significance of the Temperance Movement," will be by O. B. Frothingham, whose pen has often graced our pages.

The object of these papers is to do some honest, earnest work in a cause dear to so many hearts. Our friends will, we hope, help to spread the HERALDS containing these articles. Those who will secure for us new subscribers for 1871 at $2, may promise the October, November, and December numbers free. By this means they will secure the entire series, which otherwise they would not.

A NEW THING UNDER THE SUN—A LIQUOR DEALER'S AND A LIQUOR DRINKER'S ADVOCATE.—The Gazette, Vol. 1, No. 1, is dated New York, July 1, 1870. All other sorts of trades have their "organs," why not the whisky trade? "All kinds of vices, sins, and crimes have their devotees and defenders, why not drunkards, and all the forms of iniquity which are the outgrowth of whisky and lager drinking?" So queries The Gazette, as it enters upon its novel mission of publicly commending through the press the business of drunkard-making. In New York, under the new order of things, it is no marvel that such a periodical should be launched, and it is already an assured success. Nor would it be strange or incredible to hear some morning hawked through the streets "The Thiefs' Vindicator," "The Burglars' Advocate," or "The Murderers' Defender." Although scarcely such supernumeraries can be needed, since The Gazette is so blatantly in the interest of all these classes, we shall see now what shifts can be made and what fallacies uttered in favor of crime-making.

SCHOOLS FOR IDIOTS.—There are eight institutions in the United States for the training of idiots. The largest of these is at Syracuse, N. Y., and has 150 pupils.

It is a noble work to train and enlarge the faculties of that most unfortunate class who are born into the world without understanding, whose moral and intellectual faculties are more or less obliterated; but far better would it be if parents would so marry and conduct their lives, that idiocy would not be possible. A majority of idiotic children have parents in ill health, addicted to intemperance, or other habits of a degrading and pernicious character. Idiocy is sorry pay for a life of dissipation.

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How to Treat the Sick.

TREATMENT OF MINISTERS' SORE THROAT.—Though the writer—as narrated in a former article—escaped consumption by strengthening of his lungs by a judicious series of lung exercises, and never had the genuine ministers' sore throat, he still had some decided experience and many opportunities for observations. He very early noticed a fact which, for a time, greatly troubled him. This fact was that the so-called long prayer, from ten to fifteen minutes, was far more trying than all the other services. His throat was very tired, and felt as though it was bruised. He could not understand why praying was so much more fatiguing than preaching, or than reading the Scriptures and hymns, or than talking. Noticing that praying in his closet and in his family on his knees, he had no trouble with his throat, and that the organs of speech worked freely and without pain, he was forced to the conclusion that the difficulty was not to be set down to the account of prayer. This led him to observe the altered position of the head in these different attitudes of prayer. When on his knees his head was in its natural position, and all the organs of speech worked freely. When standing in the pulpit his head was thrown back so that his face turned considerably up. This position threw all the organs of speech out of their natural position, and caused every word spoken to be uttered under constraint. Let any one try the experiment and speak for five minutes with his head thrown back, and he will find how exhausting it is. Having made this discovery, he was careful to change the position of his head, and instantly found that the prayer was no more fatiguing than the preaching. This hint he gave to many of his brethren, who also found relief. He rode one day, at a funeral, with one of the most distinguished medical men of the city, who said, "Why is it that ministers have this terrible sore throat? It greatly perplexes the faculty, as the medicines which cure the sore throats of lawyers, of doctors, merchants, and others have no efficacy with ministers. The cause can not be in the amount of speaking, or in the badly ventilated rooms in which they speak, as lawyers have to speak for hours in the vitiated air of the court rooms. There is a mystery about the ministers' sore throat." He told the M. D. that the true cause was in the position of the head during the prayer, and narrated to him his own experience. The M. D. threw his head back and commenced speaking, but soon desisted, saying: "You have solved the mystery. I can now cure my clerical patients." The same statement was made to other medical men, and always with the expressed belief that the unnatural position of the head, throwing the organs of speech into a constrained position, had very much to do with the causing of ministers' sore throat. The same trouble is also produced by those who read their sermons. With the head bent forward and down so as to follow their manuscript, the organs of speech are confined and act under constraint, and the same weariness and soreness is produced. The position of the head in delivering a sermon should be natural. Here the lawyers have the advantage, as they never read their addresses either to the court or the jury.

The influence of diet should not be omitted. He found that when he indulged in fat gravies, melted butter, and greasy substances, he always had an acid stomach, which caused violent heartburn and soreness of the throat. With such a state of the stomach, irritating and inflaming the mucous membrane of the throat, and the organs of speech thrown into an unnatural and constrained position, it can be easily understood why the minister's throat, if not iron clad, should complain. And when the complaining is not heeded, but the same practice continued, it is not to be wondered at that the organs of

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speech refuse any longer, under such treatment, to act, and demand rest and silence.

Care in the position of the head in speaking and praying so that all the vocal powers may act freely, and care in diet so as to prevent an acrid poison inflaming the mucous membrane, will save ministers from the distinctive sore throat, and in most cases where it has commenced its undermining work will prove an effectual cure.

There came into my house a brother minister, dearly beloved for his own sake, and for the sake of the good which he had done; but oh, how disconsolate and woe-begone was his visage! He spoke in the lowest whisper. When asked what ailed him, he replied that his throat precluded all hope of again being able to preach. He had just resigned his pastorate in an Eastern city. He was very feeble, and soon sought repose upon the sofa. Words of cheer and hope were spoken. He was encouraged to try what rest and care in the use of his organs of speech would do. The family doctor was sent for, who also spoke hopefully. The result was that he soon began to mend, his voice gradually returned, he became President of an important College, then Pastor of a prominent Eastern church, and for a quarter of a century preached constantly, with no return of the malady. He was eminently useful, and has recently gone to his heavenly home in a ripe age. The ministers' sore throat is not incurable—does not require a visit to Europe.—*Dr. Patten in Advance.*

THE MIND CURE.—In the volume of THE HERALD OF HEALTH for 1866 we discussed briefly the value of musical and mathematical studies as a part of a system of mental hygiene valuable for a certain class of patients, and predicted that as Hygienic medication become more perfected chronic invalids would be educated into health by a wise system of mental and physical training adapted to their cases, rather than as now treated by drug poisons which are more likely to do harm than good. At the time one or two papers commented on the statement as novel, and one or two persons who had had observation in the same line of thought, wrote us that they believed the idea one which was full of value.

Our attention is now again called to the same subject by the publication of Rev. J. F. Clarke's interesting book entitled, "Steps in Belief." In his argument to prove the existence of a soul against the doctrine that mind is only a form of force and the result of brain action alone, he makes the following prophetic statement: "One of these days we shall probably have a mind cure, and then we shall send sick people to establishments where the body will be cured by well arranged and properly administered mental stimulus and mental food. People will be talked into health, sung into health, and the wise physician instead of potions and pills will prescribe great thoughts and beautiful ideas." There is more in the same vein, but the quotation will give a just idea of what he thinks on the subject. To some extent the health institutions of the country are working up this idea already, and eventually it will become a great means of health, a hygienic measure full of beauty as well as efficacy.

WHAT IT COSTS TO HAVE THE HEADACHE.—Dr. Holmes, in a recent address on "mental action," relates that an ingenious tailor he knew once exclaimed, on seeing a customer leave his store without buying a coat, "If it had not been for this miserable headache, I'd had a coat on that man's back before he got out over my doorstep." This but illustrates the folly of having headaches. They are expensive luxuries, to which only the very rich can indulge. Men and women who do the world's work, who think for it, plan its reforms, promote its progress or add to its resources, should at least know enough of hygiene to be able to avoid headaches. A very careful calculation shows that headaches cost this country millions of dollars every year.

PROGRESS ABROAD.—A great stride has been made in Great Britain by opening the doors of the Edinburgh University to women.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY A. L. WOOD, M. D.

The Staff of Life.—"In The Scientific American of August 13 there is an article on 'New Bread,' which opens with the question, 'Why is it that we must refrain from eating new bread, as if it were poisoned?' and concludes thus: 'The answer to our inquiry has been found in the simple words, pure flour, little yeast, much kneading.' By 'pure flour' is meant fine white flour (*i. e.* the bran carefully sifted out), free from all foreign impurities. Now I always supposed that UNFERMENTED bread, made simply of UNBOLTED flour ('pure,' of course) and water, WITHOUT kneading, in the form of small biscuits (such as the Laight Street 'Gems'), might be eaten fresh and warm with impunity, and THAT NONE OTHER COULD BE. Am I right? In my family these 'gems' have been for several years regularly served up fresh and warm, and have been freely eaten by children and adults without ever experiencing any evil effect. I have always maintained that they constitute THE BEST BREAD IN THE WORLD. The Spanish bread, so glowingly described in The Scientific American, is no doubt good of its kind, and 'the city of oranges' is to be congratulated for the quality of 'the staff of life' which is there uniformly supplied. But, though I have never even tasted it, I still feel sure it must be inferior to the 'gems,' whether judged with reference to gustatory or hygienic qualities. This BREAD QUESTION, Mr. Editor, is one of prime importance, and ought to be better ventilated. I have sometimes been tempted to compare the evils resulting to the world from the use of FINE FLOUR with those resulting from the use of RUM? This is probably extravagant, but not so much so as might appear at first thought."

This correspondent is quite right in his conclusions. Unleavened bread, or "gems," is the only kind of bread, except aerated, which is but little used, which should ever be eaten warm, and this is perfectly harmless. Fresh, warm leavened or fermented bread is much more difficult of digestion than either the same bread after it has stood for several hours, or than the unleavened bread. The reason is this. The process of fermentation or "raising," consists of the transformation of a portion of the starch of the flour, through the agency of the yeast, into sugar, and the further change of the sugar into carbonic acid gas, which raises the dough, and alcohol. Now alcohol is a poison, and as such it should never be taken into the human stomach. Moreover, it is absolutely indigestible, and seriously retards the digestion of any thing which contains it or is taken into the stomach with it. More cases of dyspepsia are produced by the eating of fresh raised bread, than any other one article of food. Some claim that the alcohol, generated by the process of fermentation, is carried off and dissipated by the heat of the oven. This is true to some extent, and there have been ovens so constructed in England as to serve the double purpose of ovens and stills, so that while the bread is baking, the alcohol is distilled, condensed, and saved. But it is also true that only a portion of the alcohol generated in the bread passes off while in the oven. The other portion does not entirely pass off until from six to twelve hours after the bread has left the oven. Thus it will be seen that the answer to the question "Why is it that we must refrain from eating new (fermented) bread, as if it were poison?" is, because it *is* poison, or rather that it contains a poisonous substance—alcohol—which is injurious to the system generally and weakens digestion.

White flour, or that from which the bran has been removed, will not make the true "staff of life." In the first place, it does not contain in sufficient quantity the elements needed to properly nourish and sustain the bones, muscles, and brain, these elements being mostly contained in the bran which is either thrown away or fed to the cattle and hogs. In the second place, fine flour contains by far too large a proportion of starch, which, when eaten freely and constantly, causes obstruction of the liver and constipation of the bowels, and these two conditions, it is well-

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known, lead to nearly every other form of disease. People who live largely upon white flour bread are imperfectly nourished, and children brought up upon it can not be otherwise than small, weak, and puny, for the reason that it does not contain the bone and muscle-making elements they require for vigorous growth. If fine white flour could be banished from the land and unbolted wheat meal take its place, the next generation would show a wonderful increase in size and strength of body and vigor of mind over the present one, while, if the present fashion of giving the most nutritious portion of the grain to the hogs continues, the next generation will show a great decrease in size of body and power of muscle and mind.

How to Rest.—The best mode of resting when fatigued, depends upon the cause of the fatigue and the condition of the person at the time. There is one thing, however, which will always rest a tired person, and that is a sponge or towel bath over the entire surface of the body, followed by a thorough rubbing and friction of the surface. Of course the temperature of the water and the vigor and amount of the rubbing must be graduated to the strength of the person. It is generally best if given by a second person.

When the fatigue is mental, arising from over-exertion of the brain, the muscles should be called into action, as by walking, horseback riding, rowing, playing ball, pitching quoits, gymnastics, etc.

General muscular fatigue is quickly relieved by lying on the face and having some one rub and percuss the back vigorously. Also, but less readily, by lying flat upon the back upon a HARD couch or bed, or upon the floor, with the hands back of or under the head, but the head not otherwise raised, and taking full deep breaths.

Local muscular fatigue may be relieved by rubbing and percussing the part, or by changing position and bringing other parts of the body into action.

Decrease of Drug Medication.—It is gratifying to note the fact that year by year physicians place less reliance upon the use of poisonous drugs, prescribe less quantities, and rely more upon Hygiene in the treatment of disease. There are, of course, many exceptions to the rule, but the day of heroic drug medication is fast passing away, and well it is that the absurd and barbarous practice of giving poisons to cure disease is being supplanted by a better mode of treatment. The people as well as the physicians are growing more enlightened in regard to the deleterious effects of drugs, and are slowly but surely finding out a better way. As a rule, the physicians are ahead of the people. There are hundreds of old school physicians, to say nothing of the reformed schools of practice, who would scarcely give medicine at all, were they not obliged to do so by their patients, who think they must have something to take, and who would lose confidence in their physician were he to tell them they did not need medicine. The following extract from a prominent Allopathic medical journal, is suggestive upon this point: "Do not medicate too much, but rather give as little medicine as your reputations as physicians will allow." Many and many a physician gives nothing but make-believe medicines, such as colored water, sugar of milk, and bread pills, and these only to those patients who will not be satisfied unless they think they are being drugged.

Feather Beds.—"Why are feathers worse for bedding than cork shavings, or any other substance that is too costly to be renewed often?"

Feathers are very poor conductors of heat, and consequently keep the skin overheated, debilitating it, preventing the full performance of its functions, and rendering the person more liable to colds. Not only this, but the functions of the skin being impaired, the liver, kidneys, and lungs have to do extra duty, and are liable to become diseased in consequence. Another objection to feathers is, that there is a decomposition of their animal matter going on all the time, and they absorb and retain the emanations from the body to such an extent, that they soon become too filthy for even common decency.

Consumption of Tobacco.—The "Anti-Tobacco League" of Paris states that Asia annually produces 155,000 tons of tobacco; Europe, 141,000; America, 124,000; Africa, 12,000; Australia, 400; making in the aggregate, 432,400 tons, or 864, 800,000 pounds, an amount many times sufficient to kill every human being on the ace of the globe.

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NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

American Womanhood: Its Peculiarities and Necessities.—By James E. Jackson, M. D. Austin, Jackson & Co., Publishers.

In spite of the assumptions and unpardonable style of the author of this work, it is one deserving of attention; though we must say how any one capable of thinking as well, should be so incapable of putting his thoughts into readable English, is past our comprehension.

Mr. Jackson belongs to the advance thinkers of the day, and though he gives nothing new, he has condensed his reasons for thinking as he does into a book which will be acceptable to a large class of readers. We believe his sweeping critique upon American women, that they are an entirely distinct class, bearing analogy to no other representatives of the sex, is an assumption which facts will by no means sustain. The foremost women of reform in this era of 1870, are by no means the finest specimens of the sex either as considered æsthetically, intellectually, or physically, and we apprehend the author has formed his estimate mostly from these. Hardy, dogmatic, and persistent, these women are useful in clearing the way for the most perfect woman, and are entitled to all the honor awarded them.

The intelligent woman of France or England has had far less to contend with in assuming her rightful rank in the world, than the woman of the same degree of intelligence in this country, from the fact that her religious or social position gave her certain privileges and immunities denied the sex in this country, where democratic ideas were supposed to be altogether masculine in their import. Hence in France women have mingled freely in politics for the last seventy years or more, and in England the women of the aristocracy lead off with the workingwomen in demanding political rights. The subject is comparatively new here, and women have to fight a harder battle here against prejudice and masculine assumption. This struggle for liberty, this progress of civilization has had its effect in the above-named countries just as it is observed here.

The civilized everywhere is less productive in children than the ignorant and oppressed. Whatever throws the race backward in hope, aspiration or comfort, has the effect to throw it upon the lower passions and instincts, and the more slavish a woman is, the greater number of children will she produce.

This point again seems to be touched in the very highest developments—as in the Buonaparte family, and that of the Wesleys, and Elizabeth Fry; we believe that the latter was twelve times a mother, and the mother of John Wesley, nineteen times. It is to be hoped that these were truly marriages, what Swedenbourg calls conjugial partners, and that as higher elements develop themselves in our humanity, nobler and more harmonious families will result.

In this era it is no praise to say that Dr. Jackson is an outspoken man, with liberal and generous ideas of womanhood, but either men and women are to abstain from marriage altogether, or take each other for "better or worse" for many generations yet to come; and our idea is, that the better method is to cultivate all that is true and noble in sentiment, and aim at perfect mental and moral health, leaving the relations of the sexes to be developed in this finer atmosphere, with no attempt to permanently adjust them while society is in such a transition state.

A Pocket Dictionary of the English Language: Abridged from the American Dictionary of Noah Webster, LL. D.—By William G. Webster and William A. Wheeler. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. 278 pp. Price $1.

This is a very neat, convenient, and durably bound little volume, and is admirably adapted to the purpose indicated in the title. It contains the definitions, etc. of over 18,000 of the most important words of the language, 200 illustrative engravings, and various useful tables which add much to its convenience and usefulness.

Every-Day Subjects in Sunday Sermons.—By Robert Laird Collier. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Chicago: Western News Co.

It is a notable feature of our day, that the character of Sunday sermons in nearly all our churches, of whatever sect, have so changed their aspect, that they may more aptly be called lectures than sermons. There is an increased disposition to make these discourses practically useful rather than abstractly doctrinal. Our ancestors delighted in these subtilties, and of consequence were strong, intolerant, earnest, and persecuting. We trust that we have not greatly departed from the spirit of Christ, who believe that not speculative belief, but temperance in all things; patience in suffering; love that believeth all things and hopeth all things; and doing to others as we would they should do unto us, is the sum and substance of our creed.

How strenuously these old thinkers used to bend themselves to arguments in proof of doctrines which they verily believed were essential to the salvation of their hearers, we well know, and we honor them for it. How coolly and patiently their hearers listened, would seem a marvel to our flighty churchgoers. One of these divines, carried away by the force of his own logic one warm and breezy Sunday, did not perceive that a puff of wind had abstracted a part of his discourse. Coming at length to *ninthly*, he missed something, and kept repeating *ninthly*, *ninthly* almost in tones of despair. In this emergency a comely Scotch dame arose in the congregation, and calmly replied,

"If I am nae much mistaken, I saw *ninthly* going flying out of the window."

Dear heart! what a comfort such a listener must have been to the minister! Things have changed now, and we think for the better. Mr. Collier, the author of the work before us, believes in all human and divine appliances that may elevate, ennoble, and instruct the masses. He sees no reason why the clergy should not go to the theater and opera as well as the laity. And one method of purifying these places is to educate the people, so to induce the refined and cultivated portion of the community to attend them, that managers would be compelled to exclude from their board all that is of a demoralizing tendency. The author of these sermons is opposed to all sham and pretence, and looks upon Christianity as a rule for conduct rather than for brain [illegible] though far

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from profound and original in a great sense, he is enough so to command respect and insure attention. His style is poetic if not eloquent, and he evidently has warm sympathies for all that is good and best in humanity, as well as a warm appreciation for beauties of Nature and the excellencies of Art. He has traveled and observed much, and brings the stores of a fine experience and extensive reading to bear upon the subject in hand. We are rather surprised, however, to find so capable a writer falling into the vulgar error of using the auxiliary *will* for *shall*. He says, "And then" (in the future contingency) "we *will* all learn and know," etc.

THE PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Address Label.—By this method our subscribers can keep their own accounts as to when their terms of subscription close; for instance, if the printed slip has "De70," or "Je71" added to the name, it signifies that the subscriber's term of subscription expires with the December number of 1870, or the June number of 1871, and so on *et seq.*

Facts for the Ladies.—Thinking it due your labors in behalf of easing woman's work, I herewith state that in the year 1854, I purchased one of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines, being at that day most fully informed of their excellence over all others. This machine has been in almost uninterrupted use ever since; (a period of nearly fifteen years) on many totally different materials, such as my own boots, my boy's clothing, needle-books, besides the usual heavy and light goods worn by ladies and children. It has never been repaired, and does not need it yet. I have often blessed the day on which I first entered your fine establishment as a purchaser. MRS. J. W. D. PATTEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Good Sewing Machine is given free for a club of 35 subscribers and $70. This premium is very popular. If there is a poor, deserving family in your neighborhood help it to get a good sewing machine by subscribing at once. Perhaps your minister's wife wants one. If so, help her to get it, by helping her to get up a club. The Empire is one of the best sewing machines in use, and we are sure that it will give you good satisfaction.

Talks to My Patients.—Mrs. Gleason's book, advertised and noticed elsewhere, is meeting with a good sale. We can supply it to subscribers and agents in any quantity. A good many ladies are selling it with success. We should like to have in every town a good Lady Agent. For particulars of agency, write the Publishers.

Books C. O. D.—Parties who order books will find it cheaper to send the money with the order, than to order C. O. D., as in this case the cost of collection will be added to the bill. This is considerable, when the money has to be returned from a distant point. Those who order C. O. D., should send one-fourth the value of the order in advance to insure prompt attention.

Caution.—Our friends in writing to us will please be very particular and give Postoffice, County and State with every letter, and not depend on us to remember where they live, though they may have told us a hundred times. Those who think we can turn to our books and find their names and address without trouble, are quite mistaken.

Notice to Our Correspondents.—The following hints to correspondents should be observed in writing to us:

1. ALWAYS attach name, Post Office, County, and State to your letter.
2. SEND MONEY by Check on New York, or by Postoffice Money Order. If this is impossible, inclose Bills and register Letter.
3. CANADA AND NEW YORK CITY SUBSCRIBERS should send 12 *cents extra*, with which to prepay postage on subscriptions to THE HERALD OF HEALTH.
4. REMEMBER, if you are entitled to a Premium, to order it when you send the Club, and inform us how it is to be sent.
5. REMEMBER THAT WE NOW GIVE the *Empire Sewing Machine* as a premium. It is guaranteed to give good satisfaction.
6. REMEMBER TO SEND in Clubs early.
7. REMEMBER TO LOOK at our Premium List and Book List, and see exactly what we give and have for sale.
8. REMEMBER that for the names and addresses of 25 persons, either invalids or friends of Temperance and Health Reform, we give Prof. Wilson's book on the Turkish Bath. It contains 72 pages.
9. STAMPS should be sent to prepay postage on letters that require an answer.
10. Those who want a good *Spirometer*, *Parlor Gymnasium*, or *Filter* for making their water clean, will find the prices in another column.
11. INVALIDS from all parts of the country are invited to write to us for our circular, and full particulars as to Treatment or Board in the Hygienic Institution, See advertisement elsewhere.
12. See List of Books elsewhere.

How to Send Money.—In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Postoffice Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but in a Registered letter*. The present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Clubs of Twenty-five.—Any person who will send us at one time twenty-five new subscribers to this monthly, shall have them for Twenty-five Dollars. Remember they mus be new subscribers, and all be sent at one time.

Notices of the Press.—We call special attention to the notices of Mrs. Gleason's book which we have received from persons who have read it, and from the newspaper and magazine press. It is rarely that a work of this character has been so well received.

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WHAT THE DOCTORS, THE PEOPLE, AND PRESS SAY

ABOUT MRS. DR. GLEASON'S

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS.

From P. H. Hayes, M. D., *of Watkins, Mass.*

I have just laid down Mrs. Dr. Gleason's new work, and I am impatient to take up my pen in praise of it. The book is true to its title, and full of strong points and good counsels. But its chiefest charm for me is that the writer so well understands the so frequent connection of a troubled spirit with broken health, and that from the fountain of her own warm Christian heart, and from her experience as physician, wife, and mother, she knows so well how to

> "Minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, and
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart."

From Mrs. Sarah R. A. Dolley, M. D., *Rochester, N. Y.*

The title, "Talks to My Patients," might indicate to some that the interest of this pleasant and instructive volume was confined to the patients of its author; but while the needs of these may have suggested the "Talks" which come to make the book, no physician will read it without thinking of scores who would be benefited by its perusal; and no mother will read it who will not thereafter be better prepared to lovingly and understandingly guard and care for the physical and moral well-being of her children. I have set it circulating among my patients.

From Mrs. Dr. Winslow, *Washington, D. C.*

Never was a book more truly named. In reading it, I see the author before me and hear her voice. It does me good, and it will do every one good for whom it was written. What a happy thought it was for the author to diffuse herself in such a quiet, modest way over the hearts and lives of those she had previously blessed!

From Mrs. Dr. Sales, *Elmira, N. Y*

I am glad Mrs. Gleason has written "Talks to My Patients." It is a worthy offspring, and will go forth and a blessed work where her voice can never be heard. I would rather have written that book than been queen of the greatest empire on this small globe of ours!

From Rev. Joseph Smith, *Grand Rapids, Mich.*

It is a book admirable for its brevity and sense. It is the best on such subjects that has ever met my eye. I believe it will do very much good. We are glad to see the author's hand and soul on every page, and to feel that she has written, in Christian love, on a theme which is really sacred, but is made so much a medium of quackery.

From Mrs. Stanley, *of the Female College, Elmira, N. Y.*

I believe it to be the book above all others to put into the hands of young mothers and maidens, to help and to guide them in regard to those topics and functions peculiar to woman. I hope and believe the book may find a large sale, for it is worthy of an extensive circulation, and I shall hope to bear a small part from year to year in recommending it to my friends.

It is a compend of motherly and womanly hints, which should be accessible to all of the female sex, whether maidens or matrons.—*Boston Cultivator.*

A book that contains much new and valuable information; no nonsense in it.—*San Francisco Alta California.*

A book we can safely recommend.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

From Elizabeth Oakes Smith, *the well-known Authoress*

I would gladly see this work in the hands of every young mother in the land; it would serve to give her confidence in herself and in the divine provisions of Nature. She would be saved from that weak and senseless fear which embitters the life of the young wife and mother, and leads her to adopt courses destructive to her peace of mind and detrimental to her health.

The full, gracious womanhood of the author is apparent throughout, not unmixed with a cheerful humor quite refreshing upon such subjects. She is evidently familiar with the pen, and uses it with ease. She is sufficiently scientific, but not technically so, and her book may be cited as proof that women never undertake any thing they are unable to accomplish. I am proud to say that such women honor the profession; they are fast driving from its ranks those unprincipled charlatans who cater to the weakness and wickedness of woman, and render marriage a barren and dishonored relation.

From The Evening Mail, New York City.

We know of no book which, in its way, deserves heartier commendation. This is said to be the first medical work issued in America from the pen of a woman; may all that follow be as good! Modest in its assumptions, it does not pretend that physicians are unnecessary, but it teaches what are the causes of many diseases, and how they and the physicians may be avoided. It so avoids the two extremes of mock delicacy and pandersome detail with such good sense, that we could wish it put into the hands of every American girl and woman.

From The Liberal Christian, New York City.

After reading the whole of this book, we pronounce it the most admirable and excellent that we have ever seen of its class. It is written for women. The style is pleasant and readable, and it is full of wise counsels and suggestions regarding the very things in which so many people most need assistance. It is a safe book for young people to read, for any body, indeed, and this can be said of very few books devoted to such subjects. There is not a sentence in it that can be perverted, or misused, so as to do any harm. We wish the book could be read in every household in our country.

From Harper's Magazine, New York City.

Mrs. Gleason is able to say something to wives and to mothers which no man could say. There can be no difference of opinion about the value of the practical suggestions she affords, which are characterized by sound philosophy and clear, good, sterling common sense. We wish the chapter, "Confidential to Mothers," might be published as a tract and sent to every mother in the land.

This book is like the familiar conversation of some wise, experienced friend, who has gathered young girls, young wives, and young mothers to her side, and is telling them all about the grave mystery of their organization and how to care for themselves.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

This book treats in a thorough yet delicate manner of all the troubles, cares, and diseases of women. We do not hesitate to say it is the best book of its class we have yet seen.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

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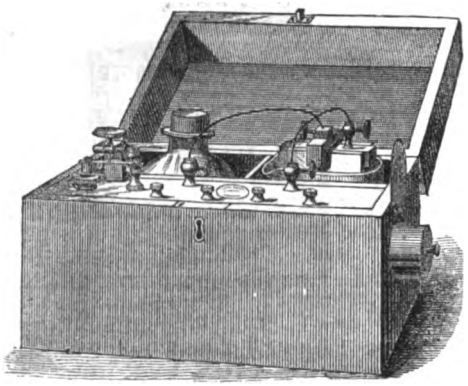
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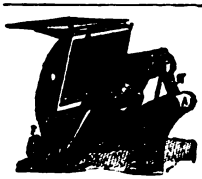
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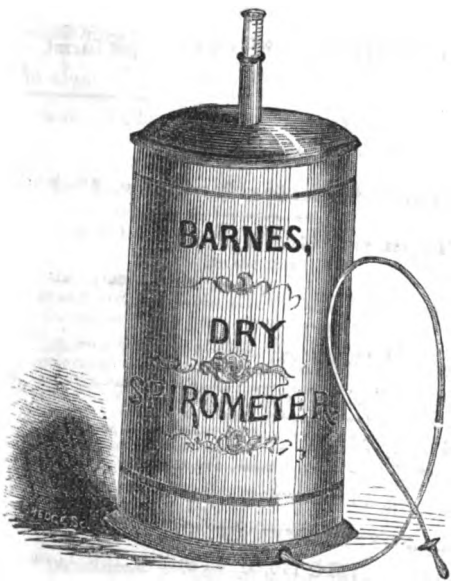
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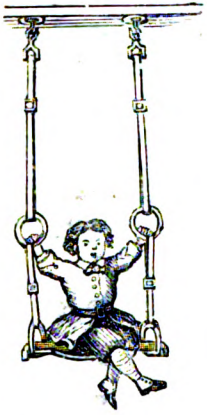
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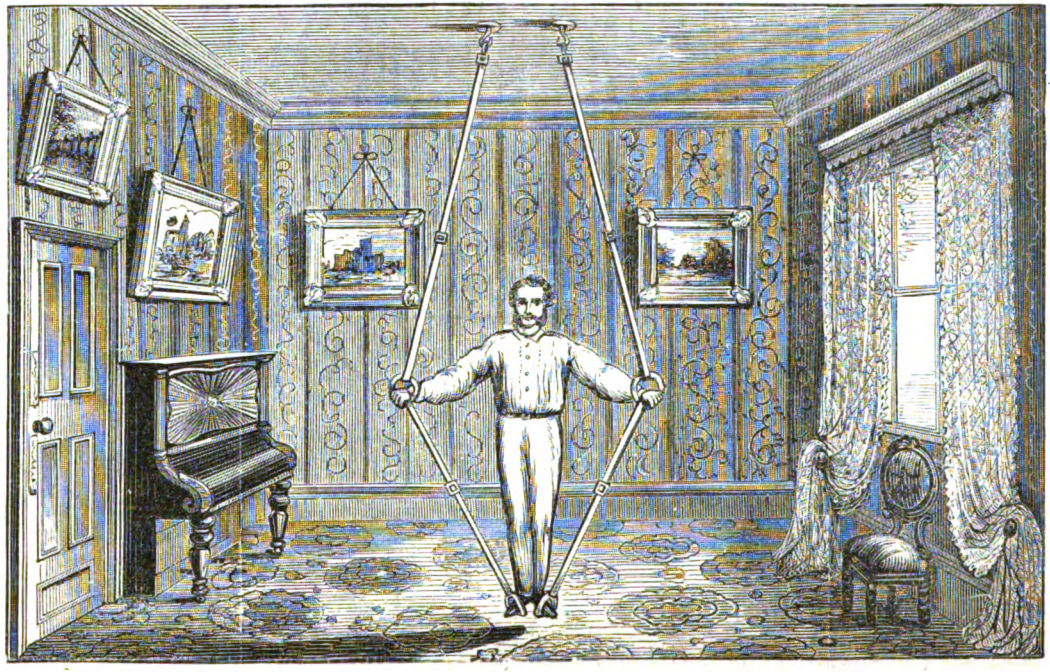
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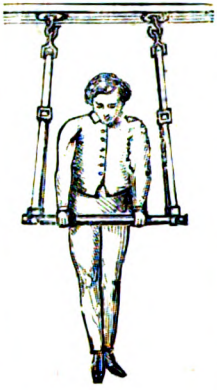


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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

GENERAL ARTICLES: Page

The Significance of the Temperance Movement—*O. B. Frothingham*.....193
The Time Comes when Children Must Think for Themselves—*H. C. Birdsall*.196
Lungs, and How to Use Them—*Rev. Charles H. Brigham*.....200
Value of a Large Supply of Food in Nervous Disorders—*G. F. Blandford*..204
Health Reform (A Poem).....208
Robert Southey—*Dr. Lydia F. Fowler*..210
Alcohol's Necrological Record—*J. E. Snodgrass*.....215
Fruitfulness of the Human Mind—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher*.....216
Our Studies in Physiology—*Prof. T. H. Huxley*.....219

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT:

Medical Confession.....227
Boxing and Prize-fighting *vs.* Mor—

—Tobacco and the Parotid Gland—Counter-Irritation.....228
Fasting Forty Days—The Anti-Vaccination Movement.....229
What the Law Can and Can Not Do for Temperance—Literature and Success.230
Good News for Women—The Tender Mercies of Rome—Statistics of Hydrophobia.....231

HOW TO TREAT THE SICK:

Convulsions and Fits in Children—Treatment of Hoarseness and Voicelessness.232
Germ Theory in Disease—Treatment of Rheumatism—Cholera Infantum.....233

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Two Meals a Day—Hygienic Treatment not Painful but Agreeable.....234
Hemorrhage from the Throat and Lungs ...atchers.....235

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A NEW DISCUSSION OF TEMPERANCE PROBLEMS;

COMPRISED IN A SERIES OF TWELVE ESSAYS CONTRIBUTED BY OUR BEST THINKERS AND WRITERS.

No. I.—THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

IT is proposed to publish in THE HERALD OF HEALTH a series of papers prepared by different hands on the Temperance Movement. They will not aim at covering completely the whole ground of discussion, but will try to throw light on the main points, and present the subject in its most important, practical bearings. The present introductory paper will concern itself with a few general thoughts on the value and significance of the question, as a question of moment to all men.

Alongside of the disposition to magnify small things, which is answerable for so much exaggeration of petty, local, or incidental interests into affairs of national and human concern, there runs a disposition equally strong and equally irrational to underrate the meaning of great things, to reduce matters of vast and grave moment to the dimensions of private notions, prejudices, bigotries, whims, that are beneath the notice of noble minds. The Slavery question suffered from beginning to end through belittling interpretations, which hid its real significance from view. Slavery was called a local institution, an exceptional and transient condition of society, an incidental phase of history, at the most a social blunder, an economical mistake, a class or county misfortune which affected but few people, and them not seriously. Its radical opponents, the Abolitionists, who denounced it as a gigantic system of crime, inhumanity, and guilt, were pronounced a set of crazy fools and fanatics, who were making a mammoth of a mouse. These political and social *quidnuncs* succeeded in concealing the proportions of the evil, but did not succeed in altering its nature; and presently a civil war, which an early estimate of the true character and spirit of the institution would have prevented, convinced the nation that this thing they had been taught to consider a harmless mischief, was a deep-seated poison.

A similar mistake, not less grave in character, though less formidable in its menaced consequences, is made by those who treat intemperance as a superficial and limited mischief, and look on its enemies as a company of earnest but misguided enthusiasts, who are wasting their

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force on unreal or grotesquely exaggerated issues. To judge the question rightly, it must be viewed in its largest aspects, and appreciated at its full magnitude. Effort should be made to get beyond incidental considerations raised by class prejudice, personal feeling, private taste, social usage and fashion, and to reach the heart of the matter as it effects the life of the people, the civilization of the age, and the constitution of society in America. How does it stand related to the general interests of the community? What is its value in a republic? What does it signify as a phase of thought, feeling, experience, or effort? These are the great questions. Not how is it entertained in club houses, how is it regarded by diners out, how is it viewed by wine merchants, how does it interest here and there an invalid, here and there a broken or impaired constitution? Individuals and groups of individuals, chemists and medicators, vine-growers and distillers, may have their views very cogent to themselves; but these views are of small account in the eyes of those who make an estimate of the subject in its full bearing. The Temperance Movement is a movement in modern civilization. The Temperance Question is a question that concerns the age. The Temperance Reform is a reform that touches the essential well-being of the community. Qualifications, modifications, criticisms aside, Intemperance is a radical evil in modern society, and Temperance would be a radical and an inestimable good.

The writers of future papers in this series will point out the specific value of the Temperance movement in the several aspects of it which they present. They will show how it effects the physical health of mankind; the fullness, richness, enjoyment, and duration of life; the fruitfulness of marriage; the felicity and satisfactoriness of homes; the health and sanity of offspring; the laboring and thinking capacity of adult men and women; the productiveness of industry; the achievements in literature and art; social economies; the amount and character of crime; the interests of state and national politics; the moral and spiritual condition of the people; in short, how it affects *values* of every species and degree. It is only proper here to present a few preliminary considerations that may serve to set the general question in its true light.

1. The Temperance movement is significant of the stage of progress thus far reached in the advance of mankind. The existence of the movement makes an epoch in civilization; for there was a time, not far distant either, when no such movement was thought of, when the subject of Temperance interested no considerable number of persons, and no ripple of feeling stirred the minds or hearts or consciences of any large class. Hawthorne, in his "English Notes," tells that as he sat in a public smoking-room, an old Newcastle gentleman and his friend came in, drank three glasses of hot whisky toddy apiece, and were still going on to drink more when he left the house. "These respectable people," he remarks, "probably went away drunk that night, yet thought none the worse of themselves or of one another for it." This occurred fifteen years ago. It might occur now; but whether the actors would go away either as self-complacent or as mutually approving may admit of doubt. A great change has taken place in public opinion respecting the drinking-usages of society, and it is due not to a passing spasm of feeling, not to the feverish sentiments of a hot-headed reformer here and there, but to a wide though not as yet profound or clearly-wrought conviction that those usages are deeply injurious and essentially wrong. The modern understanding begins to perceive that; the modern conscience is waking up to it. The case is not worked out; the persuasion is not put into perfectly available shape; but the admission that there is a case, the perception however nebulous, the conviction however dim and hesitating that something is to be done about it, mark an era in human development, the birth of a new intellectual and moral sense, the rise of a feeling of disgust at former beastialities, a stirring of desire after more rational enjoyments, a dawning impression of responsibility that heralds a better day. Intemperance is a legacy bequeathed to us by former generations of low, sensual, passionate life, when appetite was over-powering in strength, when organizations were coarse, employments rude, pursuits exhausting and dangerous, and when fiery stimulants were used to keep up the exorbitant supply of nervous energy. *The Temperance movement proclaims unmista ably that the old time is obsolete, and that a new time is anticipated.* It means that men really desire to improve their physical, social, and moral condition, are bent on becoming civil and well-behaved. Certainly such a disposition should to be hailed with joy. The point at which the disposition breaks out into manifestation should be noted, emphasized, and watched with deepest interest. The effort it makes to justify and assert itself should be assisted by all well-wishers of their kind. The Temperance agitation discloses the sensitive point in the general conscience. This

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is where the shoe pinches. This is now the pea beneath the twenty feather beds that makes the princess turn and toss, and deprives her of her rest. To this therefore must attention be resolutely directed. It is useless to say there is no pea there—it is all fancy, it is the princess's notion. The restlessness has a cause, and this is the cause. There will be no rest till this is removed. Regarded simply as an indication of moral awakening, the Temperance agitation possesses therefore the highest significance, and is worthy of the most careful study. To neglect or undervalue a social symptom of such conspicuous importance, would betray insensibility to the moral improvement of the people. Welcomed as a sign of progress, it should be still more heartily welcomed as a condition of it. Other questions have been of more vital, at all events, of more deeply-felt importance in the past; other questions may be of more deeply-felt importance in the future, but at the present time the social significance of this is most apparent and should be most thoroughly comprehended.

2. But this is not all. The point that indicates the line of progress, is the point round which rally the forces of progress. If the Temperance agitation is valuable as declaring the point of weakness and suffering, it is valuable to even greater degree as marking the point of effort. The Temperance question is one of the test questions of moral reform; the question that is to awaken moral earnestness, enlist moral effort, train the conscience, and discipline the will. In this respect it is to do in a measure what the Slavery agitation did in the last generation, act as a stimulus to the best aspirations of the time. *It possesses the material and capacity that a great popular cause demands.* It is throbbing with the agonies of tens of thousands whose ruin and wretchedness strike to the heart of all who can sympatize with sorrow, pity, and woe. It is the cause of the poor, and of those that commiserate them; of the criminal and of those that would reform them; of the sinful, and of those that would convert them. It touches nearly the workingmen and their families. It engages the interest of all who have homes, of husbands, wives, fathers, and mothers. It appeals directly and earnestly to those who have at heart the social well-being, or the spiritual felicity of their fellow-creatures. It is a matter for ministers and philantropists to take up. It has already roused enthusiasm, and even excited fanaticism. It is not difficult to create a passionate zeal and inflame emotions of holy wrath by dwelling on the evils that lie all about in the highways and byways. No living question, no question of business or finance, no trade or labor question, no question of politics or government so strikes home to the bosoms and the souls of men and women as this does, for they are all involved in this. The marvel is, not that it has caused so much commotion, but that it has caused no more. Had its full import been presented, it would have caused a great deal more.

The Temperance agitation possesses another feature that is characteristic of a grand cause. It sharply divides opinion, and is fiercely debatable. About every one of its points there rages furious battle between those whose interest lies in upholding the drinking-usages of society, and those whose interest lies in their abolition. On the one side are they who live by the ravages of intemperance, and on the other side are they who die by them. On the one side are the indolent, the sensual, the passionate, the slaves of appetite, the pleasure-seekers, the merry-makers, the banqueters, the lovers of artificial excitement; on the other side are the sober, the grave, the earnest, the friends of peace and order, the lovers of domestic tranquillity, the patrons of healthful amusements, the devotees of intelligence and virtue, the public-spirited citizens, the warm-hearted patriots, who perceive with perfect clearness that in a republic Temperance is no less indispensable than Freedom. The question furnishes the touchstone of fidelity to the finest principles and to the noblest interests. Whatever differences of opinion may prevail among the combatants on either side; whatever disagreements in regard to means, policies, and organizations, as between the prohibitionists and the restrictionists for example—or as between the advocates of total abstinence from all kinds of alcoholic stimulants, and the tolerators of beer and light wines—the great body of those who stand for the cause of Temperance are the enlightened, cultivated, and conscientious, and the great body of those that stand against that cause are the unenlightened, the uncultured, and the careless. These are always, and always must be, in conflict, though unconsciously so. Whatever makes the conflict decided and open, as the agitation against Slavery did, as the agitation against Intemperance does, as the agitation against other great social immoralities will do by-and-by, answers a high moral purpose in the moral education of the age.

The subject needs to be regarded far more than it is now, in its grand aspects, as something that concerns every body, as the immedi-

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ate, pressing interest of men, women, and children; as a matter that lies close to all hearts and homes, to all departments of labor and all phases of experience; as a thing affecting institutions, laws, administrations, churches; as a matter vital to property, nay, as a matter literally of life and death, for the crime which endangers property and life increases and diminishes with the ebb and flow in the progress of this cause.

As humanity fights its way along toward better social conditions, it comes from time to time upon special points of resistance which prove to be the keys to wide reaches of territory. The capture of the stronghold gives possession of a fruitful land of peace and plenty. Intemperance is one of these strongholds, the particular one that at present stands in the way of further advance. The immoral and demoralizing use of stimulants must be arrested, must, if possible, be made to cease. That is a distinct issue. There can be no doubt how it will be decided, if it can be fairly appreciated.

The Time Comes when Children Must Think for Themselves.

BY MRS. H. C. BIRDSALL.

A TIME comes when children begin to see with their own eyes, to receive impressions and gain opinions, not entirely unbiased by their parents' influence, but so independent of it that, if right, they can not be induced to change them by any effort their parents may make. Fortunate are they if, learning to judge for themselves, they find they have been taught so well and truly that they have nothing to learn over.

Gradually now they must be emancipated from obedience—an expressed wish should be enough, and as few restrictions should be laid upon them as are consistent with their moral well-being. Miss Mulock has written:

"Remember that the time must come in every family, when it is the children's right to begin to think and act for themselves, and their parents' duty to allow them to do it; when it is wisest gradually to slacken authority, to sink 'I command' into 'I wish,' to grant large freedom of opinion, and, above all, in the expression of it."

The first exhibition of this change in children coincides very nearly with the time of their physical change from childhood to youth, and may be at any time from twelve to seventeen years of age. Children's minds now fill rapidly with crude opinions upon all sorts of subjects—the expression of them is not agreeable to older people, who think decidedly and maturely, and they therefore frequently treat their children as if their ideas were so silly as to deserve no attention. Their parents may assist them greatly in learning to think well by listening attentively to the expression of their thoughts, and aiding in their improvement by kindly sympathy and suggestion.

There are certain natural facts for children of this age to know, which they should not be left to learn by their own inquisitiveness; they should be deliberately told by their parents. It is the father's place to talk to his boys of their approaching manhood, for he can better than any other person instruct and advise them. The mother has an equally important part to perform with her daughters.

The next four years should be devoted to study. There are often important objections to this course, such as delicate health of the children, or the parents' want of means. The former can not be put aside, but it is the parents duty to deny themselves much to give their children a good education.

People, in giving their children the advantages of education, very frequently lack judgment; they think that they must study every branch mentioned in school or college courses of study. They ought to know that there are *certain* studies which *some* children ought never to attempt, and which these studies are, they, *and no one else*, should determine by their intimate acquaintance with the various tastes and capacities of their children. There are children who can not acquire foreign languages, at least from books; possibly, if obliged to live in a foreign country for many years, out of hearing of their own tongue, they might gain a

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tolerable knowledge of the one they were in the daily habit of hearing, but for school-teaching to accomplish this in them is hopeless. It is the same with music. Many children are obliged to practice a regular number of hours each day, who have neither the musical ear nor the mechanical faculty to become even endurable performers. Their teachers wear out their patience and their nerves in endeavoring to teach them, knowing all the time with true teachers' insight that these children should never be taught music, but also knowing that the statement of this fact would give great offense to the parents.

Whatever studies our children undertake we should have them learn thoroughly, so much so that, if necessary, they be able to teach them, not only from the particular text-books they may have used, but from any and all the books that may have been written upon the same subject. And, as in their studies, so, in whatever young people attempt, they should be taught thoroughness. The spirit of the saying "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," should be inculcated, though I doubt the wisdom of the frequent repetition of this or any other formula of words to children. Such maxims impress the young mind forcibly the first time they are heard, but lose their effect if often repeated. And this suggests a thought which should, more appropriately, have appeared in my remarks upon the training of younger children, viz., that orders should not be reiterated to them. For instance, a young child may be going to execute a commission for you; you are fearful that he will forget it, and, therefore, as long as he is in your sight you continue to repeat the errand. Experience has probably taught many mothers that this habit renders a child heedless rather than careful, and that it is at the same time very irritating to a child's temper. We should see that children are strictly attending to us when we are giving orders, and they should be accustomed to hearing them but once.

But to return to the matter of thoroughness; there seems to be a growing demand for well-done work, from the most menial service to the highest of literary and artistic work; and this demand has, of late, been specially made of women, who, in desiring to fill places formerly occupied by men alone, are met with the assertion that they can not expect the same pay as men, because they do not do the same work as well.

I have often heard remarks like the following from ladies who have been through a form of education, and pass for intelligent people. "What should I do, if the necessity should arise for me to earn my living? I am not thorough enough in any branch of knowledge to teach; I do not write a sufficiently good hand to become a copyist; I can not sit at a sewing machine steadily; I can not think of any thing I could do except menial labor far beneath my tastes and too much for my strength." These ladies may never be obliged to work for themselves, but the uncertainty should only be considered an additional argument in favor of every young woman, as well as every young man, being taught to do something sufficiently well to afford her a means of support, in case of necessity.

There can not be too much stress laid upon the importance of preparing every child for some fixed station in life. Every boy should be taught a trade or profession, as his tastes incline him, but he should not be *forced* into any position. It seems to be a fault of farmers, more than other men, to attempt to make their sons walk in their footsteps. Articles are continually appearing in the newspapers upon the growing tendency in farmers' sons to leave the home work for something different; and all kinds of expedients are proposed to prevent this emigration.

The perusal of such articles always suggests the question, "What use? Children must have their individual preferences, and why should farmers' sons, more than those of blacksmiths, carpenters, merchants, doctors, lawyers, etc., be expected to do the work of their fathers?"

It is quite natural that a man, with a real fondness for his own calling, should wish his sons to work with him, and he should employ certain means to induce them to do so. He should make his work agreeable by doing it with a sensible degree of modern improvements; by his genial, pleasant ways with his children while they are helping him; by providing them with an occasional book relating to his pursuit, and, as they advance in age and find occasion for the use of money, by allowing them a sufficient amount to make them feel contented with their position. He should use very little argument, for, although it may change a child's resolutions, it will not alter his tastes. Many men have missed their vocation from being overpersuaded to follow another's tastes rather than their own.

Parents should give their children a regular and fixed allowance of money, if their means allow it. If wealthy, they should avoid the error of making the allowance lavish. The arrange-

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ment of this matter should be well considered by both father and mother. The latter is usually a better judge of the small expenses of children than the father, and together they may strike the balance between too much and too little. If parents are able to give their children but a small amount, or none at all, they should let them know the reason; for, among the mind-workings of the rapidly-maturing children, are sure to be hard thoughts of parents' injustice, when they contrast their own state with that of their young friends, unless they are let into a knowledge of their fathers' pecuniary affairs.

As a general thing, children leave school when too young. Girls are especially apt to think it a disgrace to be kept in school after they are eighteen years of age, and but few of them are kept even that length of time. Boys are much the same, except when they are transferred from school to college. The difference in name seems to go a great way, and it is to be hoped that the female colleges starting up throughout the country will produce a change in this respect for young ladies.

I have said, in a previous article, that young people attending school should see something of good society. This should be in the presence of their parents or other esteemed older friends. The time has not yet arrived for their unlimited intercourse with each other by themselves.

There is no doubt, that much of the want of delicacy in manner between the two sexes, and, worse yet, many life-long regretted *mésalliances* are brought about by their unreserved intercourse before their tastes are fully formed and before they really know their own minds. If they should study steadily, but not so closely as to overtax them, and see only enough of society to make them easy in their manners until they are at least eighteen years of age, their choice of husbands and wives would be delayed and would probably be very different, than if they had been with their young friends so much as already to have formed attachments.

At this time parents should do what they can to make their children enjoy life. They should occasionally take them upon excursions, and, if possible, they should once a year travel with them. The best time for this, of course, is the long summer vacation which is becoming so universal in schools. Some ambitious child may reserve a corner of her trunk for a well-loved school book. Hunt it out and consign it to some place of safe keeping at home. Every means should be used to prevent children running into a morbid state of feeling, to which some temperaments are peculiarly liable at this age, and which interferes very much with the happiness and usefulness of any one.

Home should be made delightful. To this end *style* is not essential, and, indeed, no amount of wealth should be considered a reason for living in this false state. Children should be accustomed to plenty if we have it, but not to lavishness nor ostentation. Simplicity should be the rule in house arrangements, in equipages, in manners, in every thing. We should have a large, freely-used, generous house, and in it we should have no *shut up* parlor, but one furnished as well as we can afford for our children to congregate in. By well-furnished I do not mean that it should be stocked with a supply of the stereotyped, slippery, hair-cloth cushioned chairs and sofas, which almost every well-to-do country family think they must have, for I am inclined to think that the art of furnishing would make the chairs and sofas a secondary consideration to the more tasteful adornments of hangings, pictures, brackets, vases, window ornaments, etc. But this art of ornamentation may be carried a great deal too far. Because brackets furnish a room so well, we should not fall into the error of putting them in every empty place upon the walls, neither should walls be hung too profusely with pictures. The so common extreme of filling one's parlor with knick-knackery is specially lowering to the tastes. The almost inevitable "what not" loaded with small articles is not objectionable, if taste has been shown in the selection of the articles placed upon it; but, when heaped up with cheap plaster images, rewards of merit, small china dolls, etc., the more fitting place for it would be the nursery or attic. Unless we have a library, a book-case well stocked with good reading should have a place in this home room, and no books should be considered too nice for our older children to use. A musical instrument of some kind should be there, or, better still, two—a good piano and the best parlor organ that can be procured. If there is really no love of music in the family, of course no musical instrument is needed, but a family wholly destitute of a fondness for music is seldom met. A center-table, large enough to give every child a place at it, is also an essential to full comfort. Upon this table should be found a goodly amount of the current literature of the day, which should be carefully selected, never from advertisement *alone*, but from critical perusal and examination by the parents. This room should be large and well-lighted, and, when furnished as I have mentioned, and the

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large or small family, as it may be, happily seated around the center-table or at the musical instruments, there should still be enough space left to give one the sense of openness, frankness, hospitality. And this room should be as far away from the kitchen as the size of the house allows. The toil and heat of the kitchen are very well in their place, and our children should be acquainted with it by actual experience, but it should not be their abiding place. We should make our children's sleeping-rooms pleasant. They should be good-sized and well ventilated, and our children should be encouraged to decorate them tastefully. Girls should take almost the entire care of their rooms, and should be required to keep them in perfect order. Boys, also, should be trained in the orderly arrangement of their rooms.

It is curious to notice the difference that some mothers make in the training of sons and daughters. They insist upon their daughters practicing orderly habits, but the sons, in consideration of their being incipient men, are allowed to leave their clothes where they drop them and their rooms in a general state of disorder.

Parents should teach all the small habits of daily life in the light of their own experience as husband and wife. They probably in their heart of hearts expect the time to come for their children to be married, and, if their own married life has been a happy one, they certainly can not wish otherwise. It is not necessary nor expedient that they should suggest this idea to their children, but they can train them in accordance with it. Every mother knows very well how much of the comfort of home-life depends upon small things. A happy experience of her own will show her better than any thing else just what habits are valuable for the increase of domestic happiness. She will therefore train her daughters to treat their brothers in regard to small matters, as she herself treats her husband, to be cheerfully ready to assist them in any way that is right, but never slavishly to do for them things which they ought to do for themselves.

Boys, on the other hand, should be taught the proper amount of deference to their sisters, not the obedience to whims which some young men feel themselves obliged to practice, but that gentlemanly helpfulness which a good heart and true manliness will go far to instill of themselves.

The young man instructed by rules of etiquette to pick up all the articles dropped by young ladies, just for the fun of feeling that they have servants in the young men, and who is the most ready for ever to stoop in this kind of work, may yet become a domestic tyrant; while another, recognizing motives, and holding himself upright before such young women, stands a far better chance of becoming the husband he ought to be.

The father's influence is now particularly valuable to his daughters, for he can teach them, as no one else can, the man's idea of a perfect woman. He can impart, by his instructions, an element of strength, without which a woman's character is incomplete, and can at the same time keep her from going too far. The mother's intercourse with her sons is equally important in rounding off the sharp points of their characters, and smoothing them over with that womanly tenderness which is so winning a trait in a good, strong man's character.

HIDDEN MANHOOD.—I remember Harriet Martineau tells how, when she had grown to be quite a girl, a little one was born into her home; and as she would look and ponder, not knowing what was to become of it, she got a great terror into her heart that the babe would never speak, or walk, or do anything that *she* could do, because, she said how can it, seeing that it is so entirely helpless now? But she found, when the right time came, that the feet found their footing and the tongue its speech, and every thing came along in its own right time; and then, instead of the babe, she had a noble and beautiful brother, who was able to take her part and teach things to her, who had taught him. So the babe became an illustration, when it came to manhood, of a very common latent fear in the hearts, not of sisters so much as of fathers and mothers, that the life that has come to them, and is their life over again, will not scramble or grow or wrestle into its own place, as theirs has done. They have no adequate belief in the hidden manhood or womanhood that is folded away within the small, frail nature, and that the man will walk among men and talk with men as a man; and so they often spend the better part of their time in trying to order afresh what our wise mother Nature has ordered already.—*Robert Collyer.*

STAIR CARPETS may be preserved a much longer time by placing strips of paper nearly as wide as the carpet, and five or six inches broad, over the edge of each stair, which prevents the wearing at that place

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Lungs, and How to Use Them.

BY REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

THERE are people in the world that live through a long life in the full exercise of their faculties, who neither know or care to know that they have any lungs, who make no provision for their breathing function, and leave those hidden cells to their own work. They talk and laugh, and cough when they take cold, and pant when they get out of breath, but never trouble themselves to inquire what the lungs are, or how this breath of life comes and goes in its box of sponges. Perhaps for men in health it is the better way to let the lungs alone, not to derange their play by any needless anxiety, not to know any thing about them. All the rules of sound health for the lungs may be learned and kept by those who have never seen even the diagram of the obscure air-cells, or have studied their physiology. Those who know most about the organ are not by any means those who treat it most wisely in their own habit and regimen.

On the other hand, there are not a few who find out very easily that they have lungs, and are never permitted to lose the sense of that sad fact. They have fatigue in the lungs, pain in the lungs, disease in the lungs, tubercle, abscess, congestion, and how many more varieties of insidious malady. A chronic cough not only reminds them of this part of their physical economy, but makes them conscious that their lungs chiefly represent them in society, in the world, and in the church. While the lungs of the preacher in the house of worship expound the Word of Life, and from the voices of the choir goes forth the song of praise, the cough from the pews seems to answer and deny the words of promise and praise by its hollow knell. In how many boarding-houses is the sleep of the inmates nightly murdered by the obstinate lungs of some phthisical sufferer, whose will is not strong enough to hold back the spasm. Cats on the roof are bad enough, but these may be scared away; there is no deliverance from a coughing tenant in the house. And no annoyance is more severe, awakening as it does sympathy and pity along with impatience and vexation. An obstinate cougher in an assembly can set half the assembly to coughing with him. It is as hard to resist the contagion of coughing as of laughing.

There are those who insist that diseases of the lungs are a product of modern civilization, that "consumption" is a late affliction of the human race, and that in primitive times this scourge was not known to men. There is probably more of it now then there was in the classic ages. The Bible is silent about coughing and nowhere speaks of "lungs," connecting always the breath of life with the "nostrils," yet we may think that Job's malady, beginning with boils and cutaneous trouble, was soon to end in pulmonary consumption, from what he says about the state of his breath. It is probable that there were tubercles in the lungs of the early Senitic and Aryan races as there are in the lungs of their descendants, and that the men of Rome and Athens and Jerusalem had their equivalents for our cherry pectoral and our cod-liver oil. Possibly some future Egyptologist may read on the rocks by the Nile such advices to "cure your cough," and to use timely bitters, as are read to-day on the rocks of the Hudson and the Upper Mississippi. In the antediluvian time, men may have been free from troubles of the lungs; but it is more than likely that in the long confinement of the Ark in that damp atmosphere—rain all the time—one of the sons of Noah took a severe cold which settled on his lungs, and that he has transmitted pulmonary weakness to all his posterity. The sons of Japhet may be bold to try all experiments—*audax omnia perpeti*—but they know that even skill in base-ball, and rowing, and driving, and manly exercises will not exterminate the pulmonary plague which is fastened in the blood of their race.

Whatever may have been in the ancient time, the lungs now have the first rank in furnishing topics of pathological teaching and practice. The princes in quackery make affections of the lungs their specialty. Eminence in the regular medical faculty is allowed to those who can cure consumption. Skill in auscultation and percussion is the highest accomplishment of the practitioner. To tell exactly where the trouble lies, and how far it has reached, is a rare art; to tell how it may be surely removed, is almost the sign of inspiration. For there is the secret feeling that all assurance of cure to a consumptive patient is only holding out a vain comfort and a delusive hope, and that after disease has really fastened itself in the lungs, it is lodged

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there like a worm in the root, or like a sharp director in the Erie Railway, to eat out the life of the body beyond all chance of remedy. The sufferer may ease his mind by indulging the hope; but his wiser friends see in him only a doomed victim, who will be saved by a miracle, if saved at all. He may go to the dry air of Minnesota, or to the magnetic wells of Michigan, or to the resinous forests of North Carolina; he may absorb indefinite quantities of chalybeates or expectorants, and may ride on horseback two hours in the day, but all to no purpose if consumption has marked him.

But, if cure of consumption be so difficult and improbable, prevention of it is not impossible, even when the predisposition is strong, and the hereditary taint very marked. There are those who live to old age, with tubercle in the lungs, showing itself in the sallow features and the look of scrofula. A wise use of the lungs may counteract their native disorder. A right use of the other organs may keep this delicate organ in healthy condition. Indeed, the lungs are best reached by remedies that do not touch them directly. They are dependent parts of the system, though their office is so important, and they are guided by the fortune and the state of the other parts. The quack medicines are right in "exhibiting" themselves in the stomach or on the skin, rather than in the cells of the breathing apparatus. Any course which builds up the general health and strength of the body saves the lungs from disease, provided that it does not build up one part at the expense of the rest. Wholesome food, regular exercise, the ordinary remedies, which we discussed in a former series of essays—these save the lungs from the fate that might otherwise involve them.

But there are some habits which directly affect the lungs and their health, which ought to be noticed and condemned. The size of the natural lung does not make much difference. Small lungs may be just as healthy as large lungs, when Nature has made them small and put them in a small body. The area of the chest is no criterion of the real condition of the lung which it holds; and all the mechanical contrivances for enlarging the chest by muscular exercises in order to give the lungs more room, are futile, as much so as Mr. Fowler's breathing cure, which would restore health by making the patient puff and blow like a steam-engine. Other things being equal, a tall man will have larger breathing capacity than a short man; but there is no need that the short man should try to expand his chest in order to supply the lack of vertical motion in its rise and fall. In nearly all cases, the natural capacity and area of the chest are sufficient for all the uses of respiration.

But the capacity of the chest may be diminished by the habit of stooping, or by the abominable practice of tight-lacing. The grace of the wasp form in woman is almost always gained at the expense of the lungs. That tight belt and the armour above it, fatally compress the air-cells, and forbid all easy union of the acid of the air with the currents of the blood. The lung need not be enlarged from its natural size, but it can not well spare one square inch of the space which it naturally fills. Any thing which thrusts it away from its proper dwelling, where it has room and freedom, is bad and dangerous. Consumption is the proper sequel of corsets; they go with each other as harvest follows sowing. A quick eye can tell the internal state of the breathing organs from the form of the fashionable woman, without any auscultation or percussion, any inspection or palpation. And no absurdity can be worse than for one who binds the ribs in steel, to try inflation and long inspirations as the preventive of disease. A lung that is compressed can not take in as much air as one that is free, and the attempt to fill it over-full only strains and pains its delicate cells. The lung is not to be treated like a bale of cotton; and any wound to its elasticity provokes its decay. The war of hygeine upon tight waists must be positive, pitiless, and unceasing, for fashion is in nothing more destructive to human life than in this.

The lungs are injured also very often, by being overworked, strained, made to do more than any reasonable estimate of their powers would allow. A rare singer, like Parepa-Rosa, may be allowed on occasion to raise her voice in a "coliseum" before 50,000 people, above the roll of organ and chorus, but such rash experiments are pardonable only in exceptional cases and once in an age. Screaming in the open air to a crowd, in nine cases out of ten for one with strong lungs, and always for one with weak lungs, is a clear tempting of Providence. A seat in Congress is a poor reward for the peril to the lungs of one who "stumps" a Western District. The bad rhetoric of the mass meetings is not their worst offence. Many a consumptive has caught his death in his ambition to make himself heard in the din of a political caucus, or in the racket of a Fourth of July celebration. And there is a dangerous straining of the lungs, too, in the artificial tones which speakers use. The disease which sends

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the clergy to Europe so often, and not seldom to an early grave, is not caused by the *quantity* of their speech, but by its bad *quality* of tone; the voice which tells of the life eternal really hurries on the preacher to that eternal life, and he beseeches in the literal character of a dying man. The "holy tone" wears out the lungs as surely as the blowing of horns in a band, or singing in a falsetto voice. Auctioneers, indeed, who strain the voice, sometimes live to be vigorous old men; but these oftener die before their time, or break down when they ought to be freshest. It is a mistaken counsel which would advise a weak-lunged youth to become a town crier, or an auctioneer, or a trumpeter, or such a preacher as the Methodist praised, who was glad that his minister could pound the desk soundly, and "holler loud enough in prayer for the Lord to hear."

And there are some occupations which endanger the lungs. One of these, the trade of the wind-instrument blower, we have already mentioned. There are other mechanical pursuits which inevitably poison and injure the lungs by filling them with noxious vapors, or forcing foreign substances into them. A maker of white-lead can not hope to keep sound lungs. A grinder of iron or brass, can not, by any contrivance, keep the metallic dust out of his trachea and bronchial passages. In a flour mill, it is inevitable that the staff of life should saturate the lungs as it does the garments of the millers. Ground plaster may be good for the fields, but taken into the lungs, it only enriches the graveyard. Good lungs are out of the question in an atmosphere of dust, any kind of dust, street dust, vegetable dust, or mineral dust. Smoke, too, is another enemy of the lungs, wood smoke, or coal smoke, or tobacco smoke. The fume of the Narghileh, which the Persian passes through water before he inhales it, loses in the process something of its clogging carbon, but still chokes the lung which receives it. Pulmonary disease ought to be the normal condition of life in Birmingham or Pittsburg, where the air is ever full of soot and cinder. The spot and blemish of life there are not all on the outward show of the breast—on its linen—but quite as much in its inner lining, in the irritation of its cells and membranes. And, of course, nothing can be worse for the lungs than the occupation of a charcoal burner, where even in the open air, the poisonous gas finds way in throat and nostrils and cumulates its burden. These poisonous gases may be breathed only in the infrequent experiments of the chemical lecture-room, and are there to be used with great caution and very sparingly. Nitrous oxide may give for a few moments the exhilaration of Heaven, and the vapor of ether may charm away pain in a delicious slumber, but no anæsthetic can safely be made an habitual draught in the lungs.

Trades which bend the body and hinder the free play of the lungs, by holding it in one position, are unfriendly to pulmonary health. A watchmaker, an engraver, a copying clerk run a risk in their duty beyond the risk to their eyes—the risk of weakened breath. It is safe to say that no one who has any tendency to lung disease should choose or follow any of these sedentary callings. A tailor is said to have nine lives, yet his attitude in work would naturally abridge a single life of a strong man. Consumption, we all know, is the destiny of the sewing girl, in three cases out of four, if she keeps in her garret. Her bent body, for twelve or sixteen hours of the day, would seal her fate, apart from the weariness of her muscles and nerves, and the bad air which she breathes.

And then there are the callings which require men to work in dampness and darkness, in cellars, in caverns, in wells, in mines; wreckers who go down under the wave, and colliers who live in the depths of the earth. These can not expect sound lungs, or exemption from cough and tubercle, so long as they invite disease in the air which they breathe. Vainly the economists attempt to show by statistics that mining is good for the lungs. Consumption nowhere finds so large a proportion of its victims as in the mining districts. Sunlight and dry air are the best food for the breathing function, as they are for the cheerful soul. A satisfactory answer to the Syren's call is that her submarine palace is too damp for comfortable breathing, and that human lungs have no room in those moist chambers on the floor of the sea. The milkmaid will have stronger breath than the fairest mermaid.

From what has been said thus far, there are obvious deductions which may be put in the form of practical advices. The first of these is, *to exercise the lungs moderately.* This counsel would seem needless in view of the fact that that every body has to use the lungs in breathing, that life can not go on without this use. But there are other wholesome uses of the lungs, which aid their breathing-power and promote their health. Talking is one of these, singing is another, laughing is another. The diaphragm is the chief factor in that play of the chest which makes what the pedants call its *systole* and *diastole.* A hearty laugh is as good

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for the diaphragm as for the temper, and it works all the better for this shock. Good laughers can keep back pulmonary ills much more effectually than those who sigh and are silent. Talking, singing, and all natural use of the vocal organs, help to strengthen the lungs and to ward off disease. Loquacity forestalls the healing draught, and is good for the chest of the speaker, if it be pain to the ears of the listener. There is antecedent probability that an active larynx will secure a clear air-passage in the cells below, that the vibrations of this fan will send pure waves all through the labyrinth, as the fan sends pure air through the passages and cells of the hospital or the prison. This kind of exercise for the lungs gives more variety to their play, and expels from them what else must be expelled by coughing or in some spasmodic way. It is a fact that the talking men in a factory are less injured by the floating dust of wool or cotton, than those who are always taciturn. The morning song, for men and women, as much as for the birds of the air, cleanses the lung of the vapors which have fastened to it in the steady breathings of the silent night.

2. *Sit upright*, is the next counsel which we should give to those who would keep healthy lungs in a symmetrical chest. Round shoulders and a stooping gait are hereditary in some families, but in a majority of cases, these are the results of wrong posture in work or study. School children ought to sit upright as much as the king on his throne or the judge on his bench. There is no more melancholy sight than a row of pupils bending over desks, from which they are afraid to look up, lest they should meet the withering frown of their pedagogue and find the penalty of idlers. In reading, the book should be held up to the eye, and not draw the body downward; the shoulders should be thrown back, and not crooked to a hump. The great advantage of a military drill is not that it teaches precision of movement, but that it gives an erect carriage, both in sitting and standing, and so lets the lungs have a larger range of movement. Physiologists tell us that men breathe more with the lower part of the lung, women with the upper part; but it were better for men and women both to use every part of the lung, and all the appliances of breathing. This can only be when the body keeps its upright posture. Stooping, except for the moment, is never a healthy position for the body. A scribe needs to be erect in his task, as much as a Pharisee in his pride and his self-righteousness—Mr. Dombey's clerk at his desk, as much as Mr. Dombey with his patronizing smile.

3. And not only should the habit of the body be upright, but there should be *frequent change of position and of movement to* keep the lungs in good condition. The stooping of the carsman does not harm him, because there is a backward motion of the body to balance the forward movement. In general terms, we may say, that variety of exercise is good for the lungs—riding, walking, exercise with the arms, which directly act upon the muscles of the chest. Good muscles and good lungs are very closely related, and when the lungs get out of order, the muscles are apt to fall away. No man needs the gymnasium more than the tailor and the watchmaker; it is quite as important for them as for the college student. Skating in the winter strengthens the lungs when it is not too long or violently indulged in. Perhaps this is a reason why the damp climate of Holland is less disastrous, and that consumption is less a chronic malady in that land than in England, that skates have such favor with all classes of the people.

4. And the mention of damp climate suggests another advice. *Do not live or work in damp places.* Breathe as much dry air as possible. Avoid the neighborhood of marshes, pond-holes, and sinks. Wet cellars are not fit in the house where there is the heritage of weak lungs, and, indeed, are not fit in any house. A lake is pleasant in the landscape, but a dry hillside is worth more for the breathing organs. Even the grand sea-shore, with its bracing gales, may bring diseases in its fogs and its damp night-air, which more than neutralizes the blessing of its coolness or of bathing in its waters. That there are some constitutions which seem to thrive in damp air, dose not lessen the force of the general rule.

5. The maxim of the quacks ought here to be repeated, "*Cure your colds*;" or rather it should read, "*Look out and not take cold.*" There are physicians who believe that occasional colds are very good for the system, the safety-valves by which disease works itself off harmlessly as the lightning-rods upon a house; who hear music in an echoing cough as much as in an echoing laugh, and would let this do all its sanitary work. Yet in spite of their feeling, there is to a large part of men and women danger in a cough, danger in taking cold, which more than meets its possible benefit. There are safer ways of cleansing the body of its secret troubles. A "common cold" is often the beginning of a fatal bronchitis or phthisis. It must needs be

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that in our varying climate, with the exposures that are inevitable, colds will come; but woe to the man who deliberately or rashly tempts them, who uncovers his throat in the draught, and sits with wet feet, and checks in any hasty way the perspiration of his skin. When the breathing of the skin is hindered, the breathing of the chest will show the wrong done, in its irregular movement.

6. A final counsel, more necessary than all the rest is, "*Breathe pure air, if you would have sound lungs.*" It is wicked for a young girl with weak lungs to sit on the anxious-seat in a house of prayer, where the exhalations of a thousand bodies and the poison of carbonic oxide fill the closed room, even if the preacher seem to her like God's angel. Pure air in the house, pure air in the hall, pure air in the workshop, pure air in the church, this is the prime necessity, and, without this, upholstery and painted glass, and labor-saving inventions, and the prayers of the man of God, are all mockery. Literal inspirations must be of that which gives life, before the inspiration of the higher life can be felt and realized. The gospel of pure air is the saving gospel to those who mourn that so many are cut off in the morning of their days, and that consumption is the scourge of the race of man.

Value of a Large Supply of Food in Nervous Disorders.*

BY G. FIELDING BLANDFORD, M.D., F.R.C.P.

AMONG the various therapeutical agents and innumerable drugs advocated and employed for the relief of nervous weakness, and the cure of the disorders which thence arise, it is possible that the unaided effects of food may not in all cases have met with the trial they deserve. Patients thus afflicted are told to live well and adopt a generous diet, but the generosity of this is usually estimated by the amount of port wine or other alcoholic stimulant, rather than by that of the bread, mutton, or beef.

Certain chronic invalids who have been brought under my notice have been lifted out of their former condition of "nervousness" by an increase in the quantity of their food. They have been people suffering from some general neurosis, taking the form of an insanity of a low and depressed character, or hypochondriasis, hysteria, alcoholism, or neuralgia, affections closely allied one to another, which may be witnessed in one form or other in individuals inheriting the same neurotic temperment. We may see different members of the same family displaying one insanity, another neuralgia, a third hypochondriasis, while the conversion of one variety into another is a matter of every-day observation.

If we inquire into the past history of nervous patients, and have the opportunity of learning accurately the facts thereof, we often find that for a considerable time the supply of daily food has been in no degree adequate to the necessities of the individual. Here is a common case. A man somewhat past middle life, but whose years do not imply senile decay, becomes unfit for business, fidgety, irritable, depressed, or even melancholic to the extent of insanity. We hear that he has been a hard-working man of business, always nervous, and very probably an indifferent sleeper. Being most heavy for sleep in the morning, he has risen at the latest moment, and, snatching a mouthful of breakfast, has hurried off to catch the train or omnibus, worried and anxious lest he fail to reach his office at the hour appointed. At lunch-time, if he be really hard-worked, he takes, not a meal, but a sandwich or biscuit, eaten perhaps standing, and often bolted in so great a hurry that digestion is difficult; he tells us that he dare not take more of a meal in the middle of the day, for he would be rendered unfit for the remainder of his work. In the evening, with what appetite he may, he eats his dinner, perhaps not before 7½ o'clock. Now, granting that his dinner is amply sufficient, such a man lives on one meal a day with very little beside. These are the persons who can not go on without frequent holidays; nervous by inheritance, they break down because they are insufficiently fed. A holiday, during which they live better, builds them up again for a time, again to break down; often to fall into the condition above-mentioned. Another class among whom we may frequently witness the same result and cor-

* This argument is not an indiscriminate plea for stuffing and gluttony, but has particular reference to a special class of persons who eat far too little.—ED. H. OF H.

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responding symptoms are the clergymen who for various reasons deny themselves an adequate amount of food. Either they fast rigidly, according to the rule and doctrine of the day, often allowing some hours to elapse before they break their fast, or they think that hearty eating is a snare and a carnal enjoyment, or they hold it sinful to eat their fill while others are in want. Whatever the cause, certain it is that many of the clergy break down in one or other of the forms of nervous disorder already enumerated, and an enlarged dietary is to them a necessity. A vast number of women for one reason or other, take a very small supply of food; some think it unladylike to eat heartily; some eat on the sly, and when this is not practicable go without. Many, from the lives they lead, are doubtless correct in saying they can not eat, because they have no appetite. These stay in the house from month to month, or never venture beyond the door except in a carriage, because ladies do not walk in the streets. Others have misgivings on the score of their digestion. Like many women who lead sedentary lives, and habituate themselves to passing long periods without action of the bowels, they suffer greatly from constipation, which is looked upon as an indication and a warning that they ought not to eat. So they starve themselves, and fancy that if they abstain from food it is of little consequence whether they pass a motion once a week or once a fortnight.

It may be well to consider somewhat more in detail the various neuroses which have been mentioned.

The first on the list is low nervous depression, commonly known as melancholia, the most formidable of all that have been named, the one most likely to run in a short time to serious and even fatal insanity, but which, if arrested at an early stage, is often singularly amenable to treatment. In almost every example of this variety, and almost from the commencement, we find a marked disinclination to take food, and in extreme cases it can only be administered by some kind of forcible feeding. In milder cases, and at an early period, it will be taken if we insist upon it, and the result of a large supply is frequently manifested in a very brief time. It has been ascertained by many writers that refusal of food on the part of malancholia patients is due to dyspepsia, and in confirmation of this opinion they point to the foul and furred tongue, the obstinate constipation, and the fetor of breath so constantly observed in such patients; but this condition of tongue and fetor are due, I am convinced, not to gastric disturbance, but to the generally depressed and devitalized state of the individual; and the best proof of the absence of dyspepsia is that, although we suddenly compel the ingestion of what, compared with that previously taken, may be called an enormous quantity of nourishment, the stomach by no means rejects it, but, on the contrary, retains and digests it, as is shown by the rapid amelioration which takes place. It is inconceivable that dyspepsia can be the cause of refusal of food when the administration of it is unattended by sickness or inconvenience, even when that which is taken into the stomach is not light invalid diet. From my own observation, and from the subsequent confession of patients, I am inclined to believe that the refusal of food is in almost every case the result of delusion, this being in turn the result or interpretation in consciousness of the extreme nervous depression and exhaustion under which they are laboring. They are too wicked to live, too wicked to eat; it is sinful to pamper their flesh and their appetites; they beg for cold water and dry bread, but the idea of a good dinner their soul abhors. If we see such sufferers at an early stage when forcible feeding is not necessary, and they will take that which is ordered, merely protesting against the uselessness or wickedness of the proceeding, we may prescribe a large amount of food without fear, nay, with a confident expectation of the greatest benefit. What the food is to consist of is a point on which little need be said. It is not necessary to adhere to a sick diet—to beef-tea or boiled mutton, to essences of beef or Liebig's food, or any of the concentrations so loudly recommended. The ordinary wholesome diet-list of the individual in health may be given without hesitation. His appetite should be stimulated by variety, and his dishes may be savory as well as wholesome. Such patients for the most part have accustomed themselves to eat during the day a scanty and insufficient amount, and we shall be told that latterly they have not taken half their usual quantity. It is not too much to say that they require double that which they have so long taken.

Now the latter, and it may be the friends, will protest loudly that it is impossible to take this quantity; he will assign every conceivable reason for avoiding it; but if we are firm and insist, and, if necessary, cause him to be fed with a spoon, he will retain and thrive on it, and in a few weeks, or even days, will show very marked signs of its good effect. Patients have recovered under this treatment in a singularly rapid manner. Some learn in a short time to appreciate the benefit of the food, and miss

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their meal if from any cause they are unable to take it at the appointed hour, and some have gone on for years after their recovery, taking not the quantity prescribed during the acute stage of their illness, but one very much larger than that on which they had endeavored to live for so long, and under such a change of regimen have lost all trace of the depression and hypochondria from which they formerly suffered. Although beef-tea, chocolate, and milk have been mentioned as articles of diet, it by no means follows that liquids are to predominate; on the contrary, solid food is far better as a sedative, and also far more nutritious, and it may be taken as in health.

It is rather, however, in chronic alcoholism that the good effects of food may be witnessed. Here it is of the greatest consequence to abolish alcoholic stimulants entirely; in fact, in such abolition lies the only hope of effecting the reformation of the chronic drinker. The intense sinking and craving for the accustomed stimulus may often be effectually met by food. Such patients are unquestionably most difficult to deal with; they assign reasons of all kinds for rejecting food, and for being treated by their favorite remedy. They are faint, they require support, they suffer from stomach ailment, from pain, from want of appetite, nausea, or sinking; but they rarely vomit that which they take if drink is withheld, and this is a tolerably sure sign that the stomach is equal to the digestion of the food. The symptoms of alcoholism need not be here described; but whether they be the transient and immediate results of a heavy debauch, or the graver signs of commencing degenerative change of the nerve-tissues, which runs on to alcoholic paralysis, epilepsy, or dementia, food is equally demanded, and is in fact the one thing which can arrest this degeneration by supplying nutritive elements in large quantities. The recovery in such cases is often astonishing. I lately saw a young man who for many weeks was completely paraplegic, but who nevertheless entirely regained the use of his limbs. The recoveries, too, from alcoholic dementia are often equally surprising; in fact there seems scarcely any state from which recovery might not take place if the disease has not existed for a long period, and if we are able to withdraw all alcohol, and administer nourishment in large quantity.

There are a number of people whose nervous temperament displays itself in symptoms which are called, in common parlance, hysterical or hypochondriacal. While young they are termed hysterical, especially if they are women; when older they are known as hypochondriacs, and their nervousness then takes for the most part the form of depression and anxiety, or even suffering, on account of some fancied bodily disorder.

Few of these will be found to take an adequate supply of proper food, and those who take the least will present the most distressing symptoms of their disorder. The hypochondriacal direct their attention to the digestive organs more frequently than to any other region. They suffer from constipation, flatulence, and a host of other evils, and for this reason either shun food, or eat most unwholesome and extraordinary combinations irregularly or at long intervals. Hysterical women—I am not now speaking of young girls—are specially prone to eat irregularly; to take food, if possible, when unnoticed; to eat altogether a very inadequate quantity, and to eke it out by an inordinate proportion of stimulants. If we look at such, especially the hypochondriacal, their whole aspect betokens innutrition. Often they are miserably thin; if they are given to drink they may be fat, but their flabby tissues speak of low organization and defective power. It is evident that the nervous energy of such people is very low; this is manifested by their mental depression and disturbance, and the defect must be supplied from some quarter or other. But whence can a supply of force come except from the material of food taken into the system by the alimentary organs? Moral measures are, it is said, and said truly, essential to the recovery of such persons. But moral measures constantly fail, because the bodily health does not allow of mental improvement, and is not *pari passu* attended to. As in more marked mental aberration no amount of argument, proof, or moral suasion will expel a delusion which vanishes of itself when the bodily health is renovated; so change of scene, of persons, and moral treatment of every kind, will fail with the hysterical or hypochondriacal so long as they try to live upon physic or alcohol, or upon a diet almost devoid of nutritive elements.

It may be objected that some hypochondriacal patients eat, not scantily, but enormously, taking more than is necessary for a person in health. Such are to be found, but in my experience they are the least to be pitied of their class. Though nervous about themselves, and prone to take notice of the slightest indication of anything they may think an ailment, they are not generally depressed or unhappy, but, after a fashion of their own, they exert themselves, and enjoy life. Such people, I believe, take

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this amount of food from a feeling that it is to them a necessity, and thus they keep at bay the graver nervous disorder which perpetually threatens them. Food is to them a stimulus, and were it withdrawn they would speedily show signs of more serious mental mischief.

The only other subject on which I propose to say something is neuralgia. It is obvious that any observations on it must be of the widest and most general character, and that no account can be taken of the special forms of this neurosis, or of any pathological changes connected with it. Believing with many others that neuralgia is one manifestation of impaired sensibility, as other neuroses may be displayed in mental symptoms, and in these alone I think that the radical cure, and not the mere alleviation, is to be found in many cases in the supply of a large amount of nutriment to the nervous system. The confessed failure of drugs in the case of neuralgias, and the mere temporary alleviation by such methods as hypodermic injection, inhalation, or a dose of alcohol, point to the necessity of some more general mode of treatment, which shall effect a greater change in the functions of the nervous organs. Whatever the form of food specially indicated, it generally will be found that the entire amount requires to be increased, and that the quantity taken for a series of years has been deficient. It may be that the alimentary system of elderly persons will be found incapable of assimilating the requisite amount. On the intractable nature of the neuralgias of the aged, nothing need here be said.

With two remarks I will conclude. First, in all chronic forms of neurosis, alcoholic stimulants are a hindrance rather than a help—are productive of evil rather than of good. Secondly, in such disorders the fear, so commonly entertertained both by doctors and patients, of "overloading the stomach," producing "biliousness," and the like, is in the majority of cases not realized. Great opposition will be offered by patients, and every kind of evasion attempted. They will swallow bottles of medicine far more willingly than they will eat sufficient meals at regular intervals. To induce them to do this is often a difficult task, and here moral handling is required. If this is judiciously applied to the patient and the patient's friends, some very remarkable results may be attained.

MIGHTY MEN AND WOMEN IN EVERY GENERATION.—That small hand, tireless in mischief, cutting and hammering at things until you are distracted, may be in that fashion feeling its way toward some achievement in the arts, that shall lighten all the burdens of life, and give man for evermore a new advantage in his strife with nature. There may be a surgeon, or a singer, or a preacher, or a painter, or a man very deep and wise in science or in government, or in the comprehension of mind or matter; or a woman whose path shall be as the sun shining more and more unto the perfect day; these may be among those little ones that are coming up about you in the home, or that you are teaching in the school—so weary at your task sometimes that you hardly know what to do. This at any rate is the clear certainty; that besides the regular rank and file, the men that are always needed to work in the common day's work of the world, there must be mighty men and women in the new generation, as there have been and are in this; preachers that shall win the world to hear them; reformers who shall storm it; statesmen who shall be its great ministers, and poets who shall be its chief singers; all the men and women who are needed to make the next age greater and better than this (and much as we are inclined to cry down our time, when we get to feeling dismal, it will take no small pattern in any thing to do that). These are all coming through your homes; they are in their cradles, or waiting for their time to be born; and they will come quietly into the world, in cities and backwoods, in the mansion and the cabin—and in the cabin more than the mansion, for the first-born sons of God always seem to take to the stable and the manger. And in some way they will at last begin to give hints of the greatness with which they come invested. None will know it, except, perhaps, their mother—and she will not understand it, but, like Mary, she will ponder over it, and hide these things in her heart; and then the day will declare it, and these great ones will take their places among the immortal men and women of the earth.—*Robert Collyer.*

A GEM.—If Christianity was compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of the philosophers, the halls of legislators, the throng of busy men—we should find her last retreat with woman at the fireside. Her last audience would be the children gathered around the mother's knee; the last sacrifice, the secret prayer escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God.

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Health Reform.

WHO can count the value of health?
Who shall say the glitter of wealth
Can compensate for its loss?
Is it not all as worthless dross?
What is health? A blessing far greater
Than any other from our Creator;
For with it comes the power to bring to view
Whatever in man is noble and true.
Without it, we walk the earth
A stain on God's creation. And where's the blame?
We're all sick, both young and old;
'Tis the story most often told.
We meet a friend: "How do you do?"
"Not very well—about sick—thank you."
And so we groan and sigh, and by-and-by—
Too soon, alas!—we droop and *die*.
Why is it thus? Can no help be had?
"Is there no balm in Gilead?"
We see in life the means precede the end—
The effect must have a cause. Extend
The knowledge—the reason why
Mankind are sick, suffer, and die,
And a remedy we may obtain
To relieve the few days that for us remain
And give to our children a heritage
That shall insure for them a ripe old age,
Free from the woe's of dyspepsia's blight,
Which hangs o'er us a pall *blacker than night*.
Why are we sick? Did God design
His crowning work should thus resign
His manhood to a fell disease,
Till his inmost soul cries out: "Release,
O give release to this foul clay,
That hence on wings I may soar away—
Go where this night shall turn to day!"
Ah! soul of mine, know thou yet may
See, e'en here, the light of day,
If thou wilt but assert thy might
In thine own house, and set it right.
We're sick because our parents were.
They knew not that with them was the power
To bless or *curse* the unborn babe,
And so on us their ignorance laid.

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When first to light we ope our eyes,
Disease hath marked us for its prize:
Leaving our Mother Nature's care,
We're kept on artificial fare.
When to years of knowledge we have come,
We 're not taught of the soul's home—
Its structure, how it is built and why,
How to keep it in repair that it may not die;
Our appetite we serve, not consulting reason,
Bowing to it both in and out of season.
We dress to suit Dame Fashion,
And blindly follow every passion.
Where 's the blame? Why are we thus?
First, 'tis our parents, who to us
Have given the downward tendency—
A poor, unasked-for legacy;
Then, we ourselves have learned no better,
But tightened, rather, the galling fetter.
'Tis ignorance that binds us so,
And makes this earth a scene of woe.
Know thou thyself, O man, if thou
Wouldst to thy highest nature bow,
Seek wisdom of the laws God gave
To save you from an untimely grave.
Dispel your ignorance by the light of truth,
Would you renew and preserve your youth.
Your lower powers keep in their place,
Lest they your higher should disgrace.
Say to your soul: "Thou art my Lord—
Sit on the throne, I'll obey thy word.
Come hither! reason will, and taste,
No more thy wondrous powers to waste;
Say what is good, and right, and true,
For this thy instrument to do;
That on it ye may play both grand and sweet,
Its owner's highest needs to meet."
Seek thou for knowledge. 'Tis a dower
That gives to us unbounded power;
With it our bodies shall become
Fit temples for the Spirit's home;
And man, the *noblest work of God*,
Shall pass no more beneath the rod;
But rise to heights of being, *grand*
Beyond our highest thoughts to comprehend.

"TWILIGHT."

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Robert Southey, the Poet-laureate, and His Grave.

BY DR. LYDIA F. FOWLER.

ENGLAND, in the summer season, is a charming mosaic formed of an almost endless variety of beautiful gems. One of these gems, which may be termed "a vision of beauty," is the Lake District comprised in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland on the western coast. The lakes Windermere, Derwent Water, Ullswater, Grasmere, Conistan, Bassenthwaite, Crumnock, Ennerdale, Wastwater, and Rydal Water, with the surrounding scenery of Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Helvelyn Mountains, interspersed with rivers, rocks, glens, and waterfalls, call forth the admiration of all who behold them. I have seen them in summer, when Nature was garlanded in her gayest attire, and in winter, when Skiddaw was crowned with snow, and looked on a moonlight night as if it had been a younger brother of Mount Blanc.

I was standing on Orrest Head, which overlooks Lake Windermere, not long ago, when an English lady exclaimed, "Have you as pretty a lake in America?" I replied that "I never compared the scenery of England with that of America, for every thing in America was on the grandest scale, while in England there was beauty even in the smallest landscape, but that I enjoyed both, and that it was not necessary for the Falls of Lodore to equal the Falls of Niagara—each was complete in itself.

Much as my soul is thrilled with the lovely scenery of the lake region, there are other attractions that make it a classical spot, for it contains the hallowed dust of both Wordsworth and Southey, and wherever English literature is read and appreciated, Grasmere and Keswick will be identified with England's worthy poets. While musing at Southey's grave in the little churchyard of Crosthwaite Church in Keswick, I thought a few interesting lessons might be gleaned from a brief summary of his life and labors. Many have an idea that none can rise to eminence in England unless they are wealthy or belong to the aristocracy by birth. I have carefully studied English history, past and present, and have come to the conclusion that genius will always find its level. It is a fact that the men who have made an everlasting name in England have generally come from the ranks of the people, and are only fettered by the titles that they have honorably earned. There were several circumstances that conspired to give Southey his peculiar bent of mind and distinguishing characteristics. First of all, he had a good mother, and though his childhood was not spent with her, yet he ever preserved the tenderest memories of her, and when she died he wrote to a friend: "I did not know how severe a blow her death was till it came. Take her for all in all, I do not believe any human being ever brought into this world and carried through it a larger portion of original goodness than my dear mother. Every one who knew her loved her, for she seemed made to be happy herself, and to make every one happy within her little sphere. Her understanding was as good as her heart. It is from her I have inherited that alertness of mind, that quickness of apprehension, without which it would have been impossible for me to have undertaken half of what I have performed. God never blessed a human creature with a more cheerful disposition, a more generous spirit, a sweeter temper, or a tenderer heart. I remember when I first understood what death was and began to think of it, the most fearful thought it induced was that of losing my mother, and I longed to die before her." What a fragrant wreath of *immortelles* for a son to cast on a mother's grave! What woman would not be proud to merit such a glowing eulogy! I have always affirmed that the highest crown for woman is the maternal, and that the woman who has been the true and faithful mother, in every sense of the term, has not lived in vain, even though she is not known beyond the precincts of her own fireside circle. Southey's mother made the world the better for her living in it, for she so impressed the mind of her son that he ever respected woman, and enshrined her in his heart of hearts as a holy being, and implanted in his mind such a love of virtue that the haunts of vice had no attractions for him. Had Byron been blessed with such a mother, she would, perhaps, have sanctified his genius, and so impressed him that before he died he would have blotted out one-third of his poems, and then he would have shone as a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of poets that brighten the world, in the estimation of all lovers of purity and goodness, as well as of genius. Secondly, Southey had a very peculiar childhood. His father was a linen-draper, and was not a very thriving business man; and as

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his aunt, a maiden sister of his mother, had property of her own, she induced his father to let her have his little son when he was very young to live with her. The description that Southey gives of Miss Tyler, his aunt, in his autobiography, is very amusing, and if he could have grown into manhood without having manifested any of his own opinions, or had any individuality of his own, this aunt would probably have left him her property; as soon as she received the first intimation that he had a distant idea of marrying a charming young lady, she turned him out of house and home on a stormy night and would never see him again. But his early life was spent with her, and as her most intimate female friend had invested her property in the theater at Bristol, these two women were in the habit of visiting the theater every night of the season. They had free passes, and consequently felt it to be an imperious necessity to make the most of their opportunities, and though the little Southey was only four years old, his aunt considered that he was too old to be put to bed before they went. She accordingly took the little child with them, and the young child fairly revelled in the fairy, resplendent scenes that were nightly developed on the boards of a good theater, and his mind was thus early directed to the manifestation of an endless variety of the affections and passions. Every thing he saw was like reality to him, and his first book was Shakespeare. This graphic delineator was his first teacher. He also read Beaumont and Fletcher before he was eight years of age, and his beau-ideal at that time of a truly great man was the successful actor. Had he been encouraged to try his own powers in that line, he might have been one of England's most noted delineators of character before an audience on the stage. It was but a step, however, from the actor to the author, and the amusements of his childhood tended to direct his mind to the development of character by his fertile pen. He was never destined for fashionable society, and he gives an amusing account of his futile efforts to learn to dance when he was quite a child. In his after-life, though he had many opportunities to mingle with the fashionable world, he was never at home in fashionable society, and describes a dinner at the Duchess of Kent's, the Queen's mother, at which he was an honored guest, as a bore, or like a *table d'hote* on the Continent. The authors that delighted him when a lad were Tasso, Ariosto, Spencer, and Josephus. These he conned over and over till he became familiar with their style and peculiar beauties and attractions. He began to write when only twelve or thirteen years of age, and had so much fertility of imagination and descriptive power, that, when about twenty, he says he looked over his poems and destroyed about ten thousand verses and condemned fifteen thousand as quite worthless. He made translations from Horace and Virgil when only fourteen, and it was predicted of him that "he would make another Virgil one of these days." His third era was when he was sent to a school at Westminster and essayed to have his poems published. He sent one to a paper published in the school, but it was "respectfully declined." Little did the managers of that magazine think that the unknown contributor that sent this poem would one day become poet-laureate when they who had sat as wise censors on his production would be entirely forgotten. When he had advanced to the upper classes he wrote a sarcastic article on corporeal punishment, and this was so keenly felt by the master that he threatened to prosecute the publishers. Though an apology was given, Southey was obliged to leave the school. This gave his mind more freedom and independence of thought. He soon after entered Baliol College at Oxford, and was destined for the church by his uncle, a clergyman, who defrayed the expenses of his education. The struggle in his own mind to please his friends and yet to satisfy his own conscience, was another important era in his life. When only nineteen years of age, he had the maturity of mind of a philosopher; for he wrote to a friend: "Let me have £200 a year and the comforts of domestic life, and my ambition aspires no farther." Yet, when he had the prospect of a good "living" in the Church offered him if he would only take "orders," he deliberated, and felt that he was not fitted for the sacred functions of a clergyman. He was too liberty-loving, too progressive, hated pedantry, aristocracy, etiquette, and formality. He was fond of Plato and the philosophy of the Grecians, diligently studied the Latin and Greek classics, but finally decided that he would not become a clergyman. When only twenty he thought he would study medicine. He felt the absolute necessity of learning one of the three professions, and he exclaimed: "Every day I repine at the education which has taught me to handle the lexicon instead of the hammer, and this destines me to be a drone in society." He soon became disgusted with medicine, and it was well he gave up the study of it, for he would not have succeeded in making a practical physician. He wrote to a friend to try to get him some honorable occupation in London, or he

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should be obliged to emigrate. About this time he became acquainted with Coleridge, who had left college at Cambridge, and who admired the literary talents of Southey. It was also about the time the whole world was convulsed with the contest between republicanism and aristocracy, and that the Revolution was changing the politics of France. Southey and Coleridge imbibed these progressive ideas, and they longed to live in an unshackled condition, and they enthusiastically resolved to go to America, and establish on the banks of the Susquehanna an association which they called "*Pantisocracy*," or the equal government of all by the holding of property in general. They intended to cultivate a large tract of land, to study literature in their spare moments, and that their wives—for they would all marry before leaving England—should attend to the domestic labor. There were to be twenty-seven of these rare, choice spirits, and had the bubble not burst, America would have had in her midst three choice poet-farmers—Southey, Coleridge, and Shelley—each a transcendent genius in his own way, but devoid of every practical element of mind necessary in a farmer to make crops available for the necessaries of life. There was one important item to be gained before they could start on their Western trip, and this was *money*, the want of which haunted Southey nearly all his life and fettered his spirit. Southey had written his "Joan d'Arc," and he thought, of course, that this being published he should have funds enough to enable him to leave England for ever. Imbued with these progressive ideas, he left Oxford, but found, alas! that no one would publish the poem of an unknown author. It was the author who was to make the publisher, and not the opposite. He could not obtain funds from any source. He had seen the young lady whom he wished to marry, and his aunt had heard of his intentions and sent him away from her home. He wrote to a friend: "If Coleridge and I could obtain a salary of £100 a year between us I should be happy—should have peace of mind and prospects of a domestic life. Worn and wasted with anxiety, if I am not at rest in a short time I shall be disabled from exertion and sink to a long repose." Thus wrote this generous-hearted, enthusiastic, noble-souled, but desponding youth at the age of twenty-one. When this earth is so full of every thing to make man happy, how sad it is to think that some go desponding from the days of early youth to the grave, simply because they are either not in their right place, or are lacking encouragement from those who could open the doors or avenues of success to them after awhile. Southey and Mr. Lovell published a volume of poems, but it did not bring them much of the "needful." It was not a poetic age, and people were not disposed to encourage æsthetic ideas. Then Southey and Coleridge gave a course of historical lectures, which were well received and gave them a small sum. Southey commenced his "Madoc," which occupied him for sixteen years before he finished it. To write it he consulted the Bible, Homer, and Ossian. After various attempts to succeed, he thought he would publish "Joan of Arc" by subscriptions, but these were few and far between. One day he read a part of the poem to Mr. Cottle, a young bookseller of Bristol (Southey's birthplace). Mr. Cottle was so well pleased with both the poem and the young author, that he offered him fifty guineas for the copyright, and agreed to give him fifty copies for his subscribers. Mr. Cottle deserves to go down to posterity side by side with the poet Southey; for the latter, in his after-life, when Fame had wreathed his brow with laurel, declared that if Mr. Cottle had not encouraged him in this way he would have given up to despair, and in all probability would not have become an author. It was all the more meritorious because, in those days, it was a rare thing for a volume of any size to be published out of London. Southey's uncle came from Lisbon and wished him to return to Lisbon with him. This was a fine opportunity to see the world, and he consented, but married his lovely Edith the morning he left, intrusting her to the care of Mr. Cottle's sisters. This was another great era in his life. Many would have considered it an imprudent thing for a poor poet to do, but he thought if he should die before the time for his return, some of his rich relatives would have sympathy for Edith if she were his wife, as she had been left penniless by the death of her father. He remained in Spain and Portugal for six months, gathering materials for his history of those countries. When he returned he commenced the study of the law; but if there are two subjects entirely antagonistic to each other, they are law and poetry. But he had to devise some way to provide the "needful" for himself and family. That he was naturally very domestic we can infer from the day-dreams that he had of domestic comfort. Still he wrote: "It is necessary in this world to sacrifice the best part of our lives to acquire wealth, which generally arrives when the time to enjoy it is past." Alas for poor Southey! —this was almost like a prophetic enunciation

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in his case. If ever one tried to master a disagreeable task he did when he applied himself to the study of the law. It was a joy to him to write or to study literature. This was his legitimate sphere. He could much more easily write an epic poem than a brief, and he declared: "I commit willful murder on my own intellect by the drudgery of law; and though I study diligently, I forget it as fast as I learn it. If I can only obtain a competence, I will have a bonfire of all my law books." His close study of a disagreeable profession and his sedentary habits gave him a serious heart difficulty, and he was obliged to abandon his law studies and go to Lisbon again. When he returned, Coleridge was living at Greta Hall, at the foot of Mount Skiddaw, in Keswick, near the lovely Derwent Water, in the midst of the most charming scenery of the Lake District. He invited Southey to come and make his home with him, as the Hall was large enough for them all; and as Southey and Coleridge had married sisters, this suggestion would please their wives as well. He wrote to Coleridge when only twenty-seven: "I yet have such dreams! Is it quite clear that you and I were not made for some better star, and dropped by mistake into this world of pounds, shillings, and pence?" At length he obtained a situation as private secretary for a short time; but this did not suit him, and he was again afloat. When "Joan of Arc" was in the press, he often had not eighteen pence in his pocket, and walked the streets at dinner-time for the want of the means to buy a dinner. Still he continued to write on a variety of subjects, and his fertile imagination was never at a loss for themes. If he had not been obliged to live from "hand to mouth" he would have been very happy. At school he formed several friendships that continued through life. One of his friends—Mr. Wynn—sent to him £160 a year for many years, till he secured for him a pension from the Government of £200 a year. Then a friend left him £1000, but he purchased a life insurance for his family, and had to pay heavy instalments yearly, and devoted the generous bequest to the education of his son in Oxford University. He obtained a fair sum for his numerous writings, especially for his contributions to The Quarterly Review; but he had a passion for books, and many of his writings being histories and biographies, he was obliged to have many books of reference. When he died his library consisted of 14,000 volumes, and these he had collected not, as many do, for outward show, but for daily use. A peep into his daily life will almost bring the great and good man before us. He was thirty-two, and in his prime; his children were like olive plants around his table, and his devoted Edith was his helpmeet in every way. He began the day with reading three or four pages of history after breakfast at 9; then he made selections from different authors, and wrote till dinner-time at 4, with the exception of a walk between 2 and 4; after dinner he had a short nap, we can suppose about "forty winks;" after tea he would read and write till supper, at 9½; and after this he amused and was amused in the family circle. This was a charming life, but had a great deal of drudgery about it, for his pen had to bring every comfort into the family. He was ever ready to befriend those who were unappreciated in literary circles, and he was the champion for Chatterton, Henry Kirke White, and others, who had not succeeded so well as he had done. When made poet-laureate, at forty years of age, this added £90 a year to his finances; but he had many dependent upon him, and he was generous beyond his means. He lost several children, but when his favorite, precocious Herbert, was taken at ten years of age, he felt as if he had lost the flower of his flock—the one who would have followed his own profession in literature. But the severest blow was to come. He had lived a truly domestic life with his dear Edith; but at last—owing, doubtless, to her great anxiety about their resources and family cares, for the burden of economizing for the family had fallen upon her willing shoulders—Edith's mind gave way to the pressure, and he was obliged to take her to the York Asylum. Then he wrote to a friend: "I am shaken to the root; forty years she has been the light of my life, and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum. May God, who has visited me with this affliction, give me strength and will to bear to the end. As true a helpmeet as ever man was blest with was she till she lost her senses. For thirty-eight years I have only had to provide the means in my own quiet way, and deliver them to one of the best stewards man ever had. The ways were her concern, and her prudence and foresight exempted me from all trouble as well as all care." It must have seemed almost like mockery to him at this time when Sir Robert Peel offered him a baronetcy. But he also inclosed a private letter to ask how he could assist him to the best advantage, or whether he could advance the interests of his son-in-law, who was a clergyman. Southey declined the baronetcy, but hinted that if his pension could be raised he should be better able to meet his cur-

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rent expenses, as he had not written for popularity or for mere gain. Sir Robert Peel sent him word that he should have an additional pension of £300 a year; so that now he had, at sixty-one years of age, a living income of £534, and he was satisfied. But it had come when it was too late for enjoyment, for Edith's mind was shrouded in midnight darkness and pronounced incurable. Though she could have remained in the asylum, after she had been there a year and was considered harmless, he took her home again to Greta Hall, that he might watch over her till the spirit was released from its incumbrance of clay. She lingered for a couple of years and then quietly passed away, when he gives a mournful plaint, like a winter's dirge, and pays this glorious tribute to her memory. He wrote to a friend: "I feel as one of the Siamese twins would do, if the other had died and he had survived separately. During two-thirds of my life she was the chief object of my thoughts, and I of hers. No man ever had a truer helpmate; no child a more careful mother; no family was conducted with greater prudence or greater comfort. Every thing was left to her management, and she did so well that, except in the time of her sickness and sorrow, I had literally no cares. We were of the same age, and so completely was she a part of myself, that separation makes me feel like a different creature. While she remained I had no sense of growing old, or, at most, only such as mere lapse of time brought with it. There was no weight of years on me; my heart continued young, and my spirits retained their youthful buoyancy. But now I have no one to partake with me the recollection of the best and happiest part of my life." Southey's domestic life was so bright that his heartfelt utterances make us feel that when he laid his Edith to sleep in the quiet churchyard he buried his own life with her, for he was only the shadow of his former self after he lost her, and wandered about a broken-hearted, grief-stricken man. His friends suggested foreign travel; but his sorrows could not be alleviated—his soul-wounds were deep and vital. He began to lose his memory and his power of description. He had been an intimate friend of Caroline Anne Bowles, the gifted author, for many long years, and her sympathy touched his heart. After a lapse of time he brought her as his wife to Greta Hall to comfort him in his declining years; but it was doubtless to save him from the precipice to the verge of which he felt that despair was hastening him; for he was now unable to write, and very soon he listlessly wandered about his library, gazing upon his books, which he had so dearly cherished in his palmy days. He would often exclaim; "O memory, where art thou gone!" as if conscious that his powers of mind were waning. He had for forty years so constantly applied his mind that the literary labors that he loved became a drudgery to him and overstrained his mental powers. He wrote forty-five different books, one hundred and twenty-six articles in The Quarterly Review, and many other magazine papers, and had commenced many other books, or planned them out, when his mind gave way. Southey had a peculiar temperament, which gave him a meditative cast of mind. He could easily have become a hermit, and devoted himself to his literary pursuits. He had great powers of analysis, criticism, and discrimination, and great perceptive, literary, and scientific powers of mind. His intellect was of the available cast, and he used all the knowledge he gained from books and observation. His Constructiveness helped him to devise ways and means to lay out and illustrate his subjects, and, with his sentiments and ideality gave him a high poetical cast. But he was not a practical, social man adapted to every-day life, was born about fifty years too soon, and will not be fully appreciated till he has been dead at least one hundred years.

They buried him on a cold, stormy morning in Crosthwaite churchyard, by the side of his Edith and his fondly-loved children. His friends in different parts of the country raised several memorials to his worth. A bust was put in Westminster Abbey, another in the church in his native city, Bristol, and a beautiful recumbent full-length monument was erected in the Crosthwaite Church at Keswick. He looks as if he were resting from his reading, for he has a book in his hand, and one is almost inclined to step softly about the church in order that his slumbers may not be disturbed. On one side of the monument are the following beautiful lines, written by his intimate friend, William Wordsworth:

"Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here; on you
His eyes he closed; and, ye loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore;
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labors of his own;
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the State's guidance or the Church's weal;

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Or fancy, disciplined by curious art,
Informed his pen; or wisdom of the heart
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind,
By reverence for the rights of all mankind—
Wide were his aims; yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet in holier rest.

His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed.
Through a life long and pure, and steadfast faith
Calmed in his soul, the fear and change of death.'

Alcohol's Necrological Record.

BY J. E. SNODGRASS.

AT the commencement of the great Temperance Reform, speakers and writers almost uniformly estimated the number of deaths from the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, in this country, at thirty thousand a year. By force of habit they have generally continued this estimate ever since, now and then adding ten or twenty thousand to it. In consideration of the much smaller population at the time referred to, perhaps that estimate was near enough to the truth for practical purposes. But now, with a population of at least forty millions, and the concentration of a large part of it in great cities—ever the centers of vice—a moment's reflection should be sufficient to satisfy any one that the estimate of thirty thousand a year, fearful as that announcement should be regarded, does not reach one-third of the deaths fairly attributable to this source of mortality alone.

Let us see if we can not find a basis for an estimate embracing probability, if not certainty. The latest register of the Postoffice Department gives the number of postoffices in the United States as twenty-eight thousand. Since it was issued, it is probable that at least a thousand more have been added under the reconstruction process in the Southern States, where a great many postoffices were discontinued, during the Rebellion, that have been gradually reëstablished since, and to supply the wants of the new sections of the West, so rapidly opened up to civilization by railroad facilities. But I am content to take the last report as the basis of the estimate which I propose. According to it, thirty thousand deaths a year would give only one and a fraction for each postoffice. Now, if each of the locations of these offices were nothing more than a country store or a tavern, it would be conceded that an average of one victim of intemperance to each would be a very moderate estimate, since there are precious few postoffices without some place where alcoholic liquors are dispensed. It is no uncommon thing, especially at the South and the West, to find even the rural postoffice the center of several dispensers of liquor. Hence, supposing there were no villages at these postal points, one death to each would be below the probable truth. But, when we come to consider the thousands of villages in our wide and teeming country, each containing several taverns, stores, or other places devoted wholly or in part to grogselling, we readily see how the number of deaths from intemperance is multiplied. But then, again, we have thousands of incorporated towns and minor cities, embracing as they do several hundred liquor-dispensing establishments apiece. And still we have not included the numerous leading cities whose license boards reveal the existence of many thousands of liquor-sellers, to say nothing of such as sell in defiance of the license laws, wherein victims are made annually at a rate which would readily fill up the measure of the old "thirty thousand a year" estimate, without the aid of the rural or village destroyers.

In view of the foregoing facts—call them speculations merely, if you will—is it extravagant to estimate the victims of intemperance in this country alone, at *one hundred thousand a year?* I think it is not, but that, to the contrary, the truth would be found at a still more fearful figure than even that, appalling as the thought of it is!

In this fearful work of premature death, there are probably not less than one hundred thousand people engaged, or one in every two thousand of our present population, estimating it at forty millions, so that my inference only credits the liquor-sellers with one victim each in three hundred and sixty-five days. This they, themselves, will doubtless consider a very lenient view of the case, and in turn give me credit for being at least charitably disposed toward them, *malum in se* though their business is and ever must continue to be while tolerated in this otherwise happy land of ours.

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Fruitfulness of the Human Mind.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WE are not apt to be aware of the enormous fruitfulness of the human mind. There are some forty or fifty appetites, passions, affections, sentiments, and faculties, included in the organization of man, which minister either to his physical or his spiritual being. These are all of them open to excitement; and they are called into play more or less every day, and every part of each day, by natural objects; by social contact; by the exigencies of business and pleasure; by our own volitions, reflections, and automatic power. Though all these various appetites, and passions, and affections, and sentiments, and faculties are not acting at once, yet they so alternate in action that there are several of them acting together. For sixteen hours out of every twenty-four, there are some forty agents more or less active within you; and the product in each hour and each day must be immense, because the mind acts quicker than any other thing. You think ten times quicker than you can talk; for the man of muscle is vastly lazier than the man of thought. A man can think as much faster than he can speak, as he can speak faster than he can write. How quick you plan! but how slow you execute! The rapidity of mental operations eludes any man's estimate. If some invention of science should give the brain a recording power like that of the telegraph, it is probable that the thoughts, the fancies, the feelings, and the volitions of a single day would fill a large volume. Three hundred and sixty-five volumes in a year would be written, if the definite reflections, motives, and emotions that every day pass distinctly through your mind, and have relation to your character and eternal destiny, should be printed in a book. What enormous fruitfulness! and how much of it seems to drop unnoticed!

It is simply impossible for a man to take note of such a flow of inward life. It is impossible for a man to take note of even that which is outward. How much of what you said yesterday do you remember to-day? Probably there was not much that was worth remembering; but if you tried, how much could you remember of it? There was vocalization there was definiteness of thought, separated from the flow of emotion, and fashioned into words; and yet, how much do you remember of the outward life of yesterday? And, after all, that was not a ten-thousandth part of what took place. The things that are tending toward action are more than the things that accomplish action. Those thoughts and feelings which lie behind expression are immeasurably more fruitful than expression itself can be. And if you can not remember the outward life, how much less can you remember the inward life! It would be easier for a man to count the drops of the river that flows by him deep and rapid, than to count the thoughts and feelings and fancies that make the river of life which flows from the soul.

The very nature of the mind is such that the product is noiseless and without exponent; and no man can overhang his own soul and inspect his own experience. Thoughts and feelings shoot out in shafts, as it were, like pencils of light that carry the primary colors, and yet but seem to be one color. The amazing rapidity of mind-action in all its moods and complexities and combinations; the transitions and changes into different faculties and different keys, as it were, of the mind—who can trace these things?

If, in this fresh creation, when the pulse bounds to thoughts and feelings, and the nerves are fired, and life and action are inspired by them, they can not be recognized, how much less can we turn back to remember them! There is no book-keeper that puts them down. The mind keeps no account of them. And this vast multitude, this enormous army, of the products of your mind, march noiselessly, every day, in the soul.

The unconscious action of your faculties is even more energetic in forming character than the conscious and deliberate volition. And it is this silent, unconscious, mental action that is forming character—*character* being the generic name for all internal habits; that is, the habits which each appetite, passion, affection, sentiment, or faculty forms. Each one comes to a regular and methodical life. A certain tendency is established in each particular power of the mind.

This habit of faculty comes by simple, continuous iteration and repetition of action. It is a process which is going on without jar, without report, so easily so softly, so fluently, that nothing appears above the surface; and

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men are fashioning every faculty, every power into definite and established relations to the future life. There is a certain moral impression being given to every single part of the mind.

The mind's action is like that of an engineer who works under water. He goes down in a diving-bell, and is hidden. The work progresses, and the structure rises, but it does not show above water at all. It is there, but it is deep-seated and concealed. And the eternal foundations of the mind's character are laid far down and strong, the work being so out of sight that men do not see it nor suspect it.

So it is that men are being destroyed by faults of which they have no conception. For faults, many of them, are just like mines with which men blow up bastions and towers of fortifications. Afar off, they by whom the work is done break ground, and hidden and unseen they dig till they have carried the mine under the foundation. And the occupants of the place know not what is going on till the last moment, when the tower leaps into the air, as if it were filled with life, and that which before was a strong defense is a heap of ruins. I know men who have a mine laid right under the curtain-wall, which only awaits the day and the hour when it shall be fired. I know men who continually walk over mines capacious enough to hold forty hogsheads of rum, but who do not know that it is under them. I know men that have mines dug under the very port of their life by rank dishonesties. I know men that have vices enough utterly to destroy them. But they work under ground, and they will not notice them, and nobody will tell them of their danger, and they will perish. But though they do not know about these things, God knows about them, and the Devil knows about them.

It is true that some of these faults, such as carry inconvenience to men, or such as break out by reason of their strength into visible conduct, excite attention; but not one in twenty of all those mental operations which are inwardly working to form that eternal character which shall carry reward or punishment, joy or woe, excites men's attention, or ever comes to their remembrance. It is a terrible thing to have this engineering going on in a man, and he know nothing about it, and take no account of it.

Thus men are insensibly filling up the mold and frame of their character in entire ignorance. Their passions and thoughts and fancies are like so many clerks. Suppose a man should neglect his business, and give unlimited power to his clerks, and they, in his counting-room, should go on signing papers, filling up checks, running him in debt, tying up his affairs, and he should know nothing about it? You have not less than forty clerks; and there is not a day in which one or another of them does not use pen and ink that carry judgment in God's day of reckoning. They are writing what they please. Many of them are confidential clerks. One is Pride; another is Vanity; another is Lust of Power; another is Greed of Gain, and another is Self-indulgence. If they go on unrestrained, those clerks will break you, as sure as there is a God in heaven. Many a clerk has broken his employer. You do not know your own condition. Your eternal affairs are becoming involved, your spiritual interests are being hazarded, and you know nothing about it. All is done silently and secretly.

The matter is made worse because men fancy that they do know what state they are in. There is a degree of self-knowledge that, so far from being good, is positively harmful. The elements which are necessary to make a man acceptable in society are few and superficial. It does not take much to make a popular man. A kind of outside goodness, a sort of leniency toward other people's faults, the knack of making men happy by wit and mirth, the art of stroking men's love of self pleasantly—these qualities will make a very good fellow. Of the man who has them, the wife says, "He is such a good man;" the neighbors say, "He has his faults, but he is a clever fellow;" his companions say, "He stumbles, but he is a good fellow;" and he himself says, "I *am* a good fellow." Now, what is it that makes him good? What are the traits out of which his goodness springs? There is nothing that makes him good but the knowledge of how to tickle men's selfishness, and please them with themselves. His goodness is the most superficial of all possible things. And yet he congratulates himself on being good. A work is going on in him, in which every motive, every thought, every sentiment, every faculty, is constantly filling up a character which is based on selfishness and worldliness and disobedience to God; and yet he is all the time smiling and saying, "I am a good fellow."

Hundreds and hundreds of men are going straight to perdition; but that which is carrying them there is hidden from their view. They have secret thoughts enough to sink a ship, and yet they carry them buoyantly and

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bravely. Nay, men anxiously and purposely hide the truth from themselves. They try to deceive themselves. They do not like to believe what is true, oftentimes. The fact that men are so engaged in other things that their attention is distracted from their own imperfections, that they deceive themselves by false measures, and that they do not want to know their own condition, has to do with the formation of their character. Men lapse and change almost unconsciously. Their whole nature and disposition are molded and fashioned without the slightest knowledge on their part. Here is a youth that is docile and humble, but aspiring and full of promise; and who would ever suppose that by degrees and gradations so gentle as not to leave a crease or a seam, he would grow up to be a hard and cruel man? And yet, such things are taking place every single year, and in every single community.

Here is a sensitive child, whose cheek becomes incarnadine at the thought of wickedness; and yet, being brought constantly in contact with evil, he goes through such a process of thinking and training that, step by step, he comes to a point at which it is no more trouble for him to thrust a dagger through a man's heart, and join in league with the greatest criminals, than at first it was for him to be pure and innocent. And, great as is the change that has been wrought in him, he can not point to the spot where, nor to the time when, it occurred. Little by little, and unconsciously, he passed from one extreme to the other.

How imperceptibly persons grow out of the free, generous, sympathizing youth, into narrow, close, selfish, stingy manhood! Such changes are frequently taking place; and they are to be noted as bad illustrations of the facility with which these silent, secret transformations go on in men.

Oh, that men were like chimneys! Although chimneys collect soot all the time, they can be cleaned. But men can not be cleansed from the soot which they collect in the smoke of life. Men become dirty from the handling of the world. And nothing suffers so much in men as do the higher and nobler and better feelings. The worst things in men are the least injured, just as the hardest part of a tree suffers the least by handling. The finer emotions of the mind are like blossoms that will not bear being handled much, that become quickly soiled, and that soon wilt and wither. Generosities, purities, the moral aspirations, the romantic part of a man—these are the things that soonest crumble and fall to the ground. And this takes place by a process so subtle, so silent, so imperceptible, that few men can tell where the good ceased, where the bad began, or where the bad went to worse.

Consider that these changes are the most important that can happen to a man. Men can not, of course, too much hate crimes and vices; but these may be more fatal to the character than vices and crimes. Crimes and vices may be of two kinds. They may be occasional, intermitting experiences, or they may be simple exponents of the general character. Where vices and crimes are pimples that indicate the habitual state of the blood, the man is corrupted all through; but a man may now and then have a pimple when his blood is not very bad.

Although you ought to hate crime and vice, and although I would not have you esteem it to be less heinous than you do, what I wish to impress upon you is, that there may be a moral state that does not commit vice and crime which is favorable to their commission. If a man once a year commits a dishonest act, and is honest with that exception from year's end to year's end, the occasional lapse bears no proportion to a uniform tendency to dishonesty. If a man is sober, and touches no intoxicating drink during the whole year till the ill-fated first of January, and then he goes around to see his friends who unkindly tempt him with wine, and he gets drunk, what proportion does that single day of intoxication bear to all the twelve months, lacking one day, of temperance? And, on the other hand, if a man is drunk twelve months, lacking one day, and is sober only on the first of January, what proportion does that single temperate day bear to all the wallow of the beastly year?

It is possible for a man to abstain from outward manifestations of wickedness, and yet be wicked through and through. There is a paltry, narrow, unmanly kind of prudence which keeps a man back from lion-like wickedness. Guarded by such prudence, a man does not do any thing on a large scale. He does not venture at all. His sins are all mermaids. There is not a line on them. They are all as mean, and they indicate as much wickedness, as sins that are more overt and of greater magnitude. He never stole or robbed, nor committed what is called a crime, nor indulged in what goes by the name of vice; but there is not a throb of his soul that is not a throb of selfishness. There is not a pulsation of his life that is not a pulsation of pride. There is not a movement of his mind that is not a movement in the channels of vanity. He is corrupt in every part of his being, only

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his corruption is made up of infinitesimal depravities. He is sin-rotten. There are a great many such men. They are keyed to selfishness. Their purposes are selfish. All their ways are selfish. Their whole conception of living is selfish. There are men whose whole character has been built up with successive steps of invisible wickedness, until, although they are decent and law-abiding, and although they stand well in society, when God looks upon them he loathes them. But they do not loathe themselves.

I have taken notice, when they were tapping the gas-main, that the men who worked in the escaping gas all the time did not smell it, whereas those who came where it was but occasionally smelled it very sensibly. And I take notice that those who are constantly in the midst of the stench of their own corruption never mind it.

This illustrates why, when God comes into the midst of wicked men so that they gain a perception of the divine character, they abhor themselves. Men have been measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves with themselves. Selfish men have been judging themselves by relative selfishness, impure men have been taking their guage from impure men; and when God discloses the idea of manhood, how is it possible but that they should feel themselves to be sinners?

This is the secret, the rationale, the philosophy of changes which not unfrequently take place among men.

To all classes and conditions, then, here is a truth of the greatest practical importance—the certainty of a formative process that is going on within you; the relation of that which is formed to your eternal destiny; and your need of a revelation to yourself of what you are.

OUR STUDIES IN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY PROF. T. H. HUXLEY.

SIMPLE SENSATIONS—DELUSIONS.

BUT very few of our sensations are really simple. Most of those which we are in the habit of regarding as simple, are compounds of different sensations, or of sensations with ideas, or with judgments. For example, it is very difficult to separate the sensation of contact from the judgment that something is touching us; of sweetness, from the idea of something in the mouth; of sound or light, from the idea that something outside us is shining, or sounding.

The sensations of smell are those which are least complicated by accessories of this sort. Thus, particles of musk diffuse themselves with great rapidity through the nasal passages, and give rise to the sensation of a powerful odor. But beyond a broad notion that the odor is in the nose, this sensation is unaccompanied by any ideas of locality and direction. Still less does it give rise to any conception of form, or size, or force, or of succession, or contemporaneity. If a man had no other sense than that of smell, and musk were the only odorous body, he could have no sense of *outness*—no power of distinguishing between the external world and himself.

Contrast this with what may seem to be the equally simple sensation obtained by drawing the finger along the table, the eyes being shut. This act gives one the sensation of a flat hard surface outside oneself, which appears to be just as simple as the odor of musk, but is really a complex state of feeling compounded of—

(*a*) Pure sensations of contact.

(*b*) Pure muscular sensations of two kinds—the one arising from the resistance of the table, the other from the actions of those muscles which draw the finger along.

(*c*) Ideas of the order in which these pure sensations succeed one another.

(*d*) Comparisons of these sensations and their order, with the recollection of like sensations similarly arranged, which have been obtained on previous occasions.

(*e*) Recollection of the impressions of extension, flatness, etc., made on the organ of vision when these previous tactile and muscular sensations were obtained.

Thus, in this case, the only pure sensations are those of contact and muscular action. The greater part of what we call the sensation is a complex mass of present and recollected ideas and judgments.

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Should any doubt thus remain that we do thus mix our sensations with our judgments into one indistinguishable whole, shut the eyes as before, and instead of touching the table with the finger, take a round lead pencil between the fingers, and draw that along the table. The "sensation" of a flat hard surface will be just as clear as before; and yet all that we touch is the round surface of the pencil, and the only pure sensations we owe to the table are those afforded by the muscular sense. In fact, in this case, our "sensation" of a flat hard surface is entirely a judgment based upon what the muscular sense tells us is going on in certain muscles.

A still more striking case of the tenacity with which we adhere to complex judgments, which we conceive to be pure sensations, and are unable to analyze otherwise than by a process of abstract reasoning, is afforded by our sense of roundness.

Any one taking a marble between two fingers will say that he feels it to be a single round body; and he will probably be at as much of a loss to answer the question how he knows that it is round, as he would be if he were asked how he knows that a scent is a scent.

Nevertheless, this notion of the roundness of the marble is really a very complex judgment, and that it is so may be shown by a very simple experiment. If the index and middle fingers be crossed, and the marble placed between them, so as to be in contact with both, it is utterly impossible to avoid the belief that there are two marbles instead of one. Even looking at the marble, and seeing that there is only one, does not weaken the apparent proof derived from touch that there are two.*

The fact is, that our notions of singleness and roundness are, really, highly complex judgments based upon a few simple sensations; and when the ordinary conditions of those judgments are reversed, the judgment is also reversed.

With the index and middle fingers in their ordinary position, it is of course impossible that the outer sides of each should touch opposite surfaces of one spheroidal body. If, in the natural and usual position of the fingers, their outer surfaces simultaneously give us the impression of a spheroid (which itself is a complex judgment), it is in the nature of things that there must be two spheroids. But, when the fingers are crossed over the marble, the outer side of each finger is really in contact with a spheroid; and the mind, taking no cognizance of the crossing, judges in accordance with its universal experience, that two spheroids, and not one, give rise to the sensations which are perceived.

Phenomena of this kind are not uncommonly called delusions of the senses; but there is no such thing as a fictitious or delusive sensation. A sensation must exist to be a sensation, and if it exists it is real and not delusive. But the judgments we form respecting the causes and conditions of the sensations of which we are aware, are very often erroneous and delusive enough; and such judgments may be brought about in the domain of every sense, either by artificially contrived combinations of sensations, or by the influence of unusual conditions of the body itself. The latter give rise to what are called subjective sensations.

DELUSIONS.

Mankind would be subject to fewer delusions than they are, if they constantly bore in mind their liability to false judgments, due to unusual combinations, either artificial or natural, of true sensations. Men say, "I felt," "I heard," "I saw" such and such a thing, when, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, what they really mean is, that they judge that certain sensations of touch, hearing, or sight, of which they are conscious, were caused by such and such things.

Among subjective sensations within the domain of touch, are the feelings of creeping and prickling of the skin, which are not uncommon in certain states of the circulation. The subjective evil smells and bad tastes which accompany some diseases are very probably due to similar disturbances in the circulation of the sensory organs of smell or taste.

Many persons are liable to what may be called *auditory spectra*—music of various degrees of complexity sounding in their ears, without any external cause, while they are wide awake. I know not if other persons are similarly troubled, but in reading books written by persons with whom I am acquainted, I am sometimes tormented by hearing the words pronounced in the exact way in which these very persons would utter them, any trick or peculiarity of voice, or gesture, being, also, very accurately produced. And I suppose that every one must have been startled, at times, by the extreme distinctness with which his thoughts

* A ludicrous form of this experiment is to apply the crossed fingers to the end of the nose, when it at once appears double; and, in spite of the absurdity of the conviction, the mind can not expel it so long as the sensations last.

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have embodied themselves in very apparent voices.

The most wonderful examplifications of subjective sensation, however, are afforded by the organ of sight.

Any one who has witnessed the sufferings of a man laboring under delirium tremens (a disease produced by excessive drinking), from the marvellous distinctness of his visions, which sometimes takes the form of devils, sometimes of creeping animals, but almost always of something fearful or loathsome, will not doubt the intensity of subjective sensations in the domain of vision.

ILLUSIVE VISIONS.

But that illusive visions of great distinctness should appear, it is not necessary for the nervous system to be thus obviously deranged. People in the full possession of their faculties, and of high intelligence, may be subject to such appearances, for which no distinct cause can be assigned. The best illustration of this is the famous case of Mrs. A. given by Sir David Brewster, in his "Natural Magic," the chief points of which I proceed to quote:

"(1) The first illusion to which Mrs. A. was subject, was one which affected only the ear. On the 21st of December, 1830, about 4½ in the afternoon, she was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going up to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, her husband's voice calling her by name. '——, ——, come here! come to me!' She imagined he was calling at the door to have it opened; but upon going there and opening the door, she was surprised to find no person there. Upon returning to the fire she again heard the same voice calling out very distinctly and loudly, '——, come, come here!' She then opened two other doors of the same room, and, upon seeing no person, she returned to the fire-place. After a few moments she heard the same voice still calling, 'Come to me, come! come away!' in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly, 'Where are you? I don't know where you are,' still imagining that he was somewhere in search of her; but receiving no answer, she shortly went up-stairs. On Mr. A.'s return to the house, about half an hour afterward, she inquired why he had called to her so often, and where he was, and she was of course greatly surprised to learn that he had not been near the house at the time. A similar illusion which excited no particular notice at the time, occurred to Mrs. A. when residing at Florence, about ten years before, and when she was in perfect health. When she was undressing after a ball, she heard a voice call her repeatedly by name, and she was at that time unable to account for it.

"(2) The next illusion which occurred to Mrs. A. was of a more alarming character. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. A. came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had quitted only a few minutes before, and, on entering the room, she saw her husband, as she suppposed, standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out to take a walk about half an hour before, she was surprised to see him there, and asked him why he had returned so soon. The figure looked fixedly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. Supposing that his mind was absorbed in thought, she sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within two feet, at most, of the figure, which she still saw standing before her. As its eyes, however, still continued to be fixed upon her, she said, after the lapse of a few minutes, 'Why don't you speak?' The figure immediately moved off toward the window at the further end of the room, with its eyes still gazing on her, and it passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step or sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air.

"Although she was now convinced that the figure was not her husband, yet she never for a moment supposed it was any thing supernatural and was soon convinced that it was a spectral illusion. As soon as this conviction had established itself in her mind, she recollected the experiment which I had suggested of trying to double the object; but before she was able distinctly to do this, the figure had retreated to the window, where it disappeared. Mrs A. immediately followed it, shook the curtains, and examined the window, the impression having been so distinct and forcible, that she was unwilling to believe it was not a reality. Finding, however, that the figure had no natural means of escape, she was convinced that she had seen a spectral apparition like that recorded in Dr. Hibbert's work, and she consequently felt no alarm or agitation. The appearance was seen in bright daylight, and lasted four or five minutes. When the figure stood close to her, it concealed the real objects behind it, and the apparition was fully as vivid as the reality.

"(3) On these two occasions Mrs. A. was alone, but when the next phantom appeared, her husband was present. About 10 o'clock at night, when Mr. and Mrs. A. were sitting in

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the drawing-room, Mr. A. took up the poker to stir the fire, and when he was in the act of doing this, Mrs. A. exclaimed, 'Why, there's the cat in the room!' 'Where,' exclaimed Mr. A. 'There, close to you,' she replied. 'Where?' he repeated. 'Why, on the rug, to be sure, between yourself and the coal-scuttle.' Mr. A. who had still the poker in his hand, pushed it in the direction mentioned. 'Take care,' cried Mrs. A., 'take care! you are hitting her with the poker.' Mr. A. again asked her to point out exactly where she saw the cat. She replied, 'Why, sitting up there, close to your feet on the rug; she is looking at me. It is Kitty—come here, Kitty!' There were two cats in the house, one of which went by this name, and they were rarely, if ever, in the drawing-room.

"At this time Mrs. A. had no idea that the sight of the cat was an illusion. When she was asked to touch it, she got up for the purpose, and seemed as if she were pursuing something which moved away. She followed a few steps, and then said, 'It has gone under the chair.' Mr. A. assured her that it was an illusion, but she would not believe it. He then lifted up the chair, and Mrs. A. saw nothing more of it. The room was searched all over, and nothing found in it. There was a dog lying on the hearth, who would have betrayed great uneasiness if a cat had been in the room, but he lay perfectly quiet. In order to be quite certain, Mr. A. rang the bell, and sent for the cats, both of which were found in the housekeeper's room.

"(4) About a month after this occurrence, Mrs. A., who had taken a somewhat fatiguing drive during the day, was preparing to go to bed at about 11 o'clock at night, and, sitting before the dressing-glass, was occupied in arranging her hair. She was in a listless and drowsy state of mind, but fully awake. When her fingers were in active motion among the papillotes, she was suddenly startled by seeing in the mirror the figure of a near relative, who was then in Scotland, and in perfect health. The apparition appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. It was enveloped in grave-clothes, closely pinned, as is usual with corpses, round the head and under the chin; and, though the eyes were open, the features were solemn and rigid. The dress was evidently a shroud, as Mrs. A. remarked even the punctured pattern usually worked in a peculiar manner round the edges of that garment. Mrs. A. described herself as, at the time, sensible of a feeling like what we conceive of fascination, compelling her, for a time, to gaze upon this melancholy apparition, which was as distinct and vivid as any reflected reality could be, the light of the candle upon the dressing-table appearing to shine fully upon its face. After a few minutes she turned round to look for the reality of the form over her shoulder, but it was not visible, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction.

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"(7) On the 17th March, Mrs. A. was preparing for bed. She had dismissed her maid, and was sitting with her feet in hot water. Having an excellent memory, she had been thinking upon and repeating to herself a striking passage in The Edinburgh Review, when, on raising her eyes, she saw seated in a large easy-chair before her the figure of a deceased friend, the sister of Mr. A. The figure was dressed, as had been usual with her, with great neatness, but in a gown of a peculiar kind, such as Mrs. A. had never seen her wear, but exactly such as had been described to her by a common friend as having been worn by Mr. A.'s sister during her last visit to England. Mrs. A. paid particular attention to the dress, air, and appearance of the figure, which sat in an easy attitude in the chair, holding a handkerchief in one hand. Mrs. A. tried to speak to it, but experienced a difficulty in doing so, and in about three minutes the figure disappeared.

"About a minute afterward Mr. A. came into the room, and found Mrs. A. slightly nervous, but fully aware of the delusive nature of the apparition. She described it as having all the vivid coloring and apparent reality of life; and, for some hours preceding this and other visions, she experienced a peculiar sensation in her eyes, which seemed to be relieved when the vision had ceased.

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"(8) On the 11th October, when sitting in the drawing-room, on one side of the fire-place, she saw the figure of another deceased friend moving toward her from the window at the farther end of the room. It approached the fire-place, and sat down in the chair opposite. As there were several persons in the room at the time, she describes the idea uppermost in her mind to have been a fear lest they should be alarmed at her staring, in the way she was conscious of doing, at vacancy, and should fancy her intellect disordered. Under the influence of this fear, and recollecting a story of a similar effect in a work on Demonology which she had lately read, she summoned up the requisite resolution to enable her to cross the space before the fire-place, and seat herself in the same chair

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with the figure. The apparition remained perfectly distinct till she sat down, as it were, in its lap, when it vanished."

It should be mentioned that Mrs. A. was naturally a person of very vivid imagination, and that, at the time the most notable of these illusions appeared, her health was weak from bronchitis and enfeebled digestion.

It is obvious that nothing but the singular courage and clear intellect of Mrs. A. prevented her from becoming a mine of ghost stories of the most excellently authenticated kind. And the particular value of her history lies in its showing, that the clearest testimony of the most unimpeachable witness may be quite inconclusive as to the objective reality of something which the witness has seen.

Mrs. A. undoubtedly saw what she said she saw. For there can be no doubt that exactly those parts of her retina which would have been affected by the image of a cat, and those parts of her auditory organ which would have been set vibrating by her husband's voice, or the portions of the sensorium with which these organs of sense are connected, were thrown into a corresponding state of activity by some internal cause.

What the senses testify is neither more nor less than the fact of their own affection. As to the cause of that affection they really say nothing, but leave the mind to form its own judgment on the matter. A hasty or superstitious person in Mrs. A.'s place would have formed a wrong judgment, and would have stood by it on the plea that "she must believe her senses."

DELUSIONS OF JUDGMENT.

The delusions of the judgment, produced not by abnormal conditions of the body, but by unusual or artificial combinations of sensations, or by suggestions of ideas, are exceedingly numerous, and, occasionally, are not a little remarkable.

Some of those which arise out of the sensation of touch have already been noted. I do not know of any produced through smell or taste, but hearing is a fertile source of such errors.

What is called ventriloquism (speaking from the belly), and is not uncommonly ascribed to a mysterious power of producing voice somewhere else than in the larynx, depends entirely upon the accuracy with which the performer can simulate sounds of a particular character, and upon the skill with which he can suggest a belief in the existence of the causes of these sounds. Thus, if the ventriloquist desires to create the belief that a voice issues from the bowels of the earth, he imitates with great accuracy the tones of such a half-stifled voice, and suggests the existence of some one uttering it by directing his answers and gestures toward the ground. These gestures and tones are such as would be produced by a given cause; and no other cause being apparent, the mind of the bystander insensibly judges the suggested cause to exist.

The delusions of the judgment through the sense of sight, optical delusions, as they are called, are more numerous than any others, because such a great number of what we think to be simple visual sensations are really very complex aggregates of visual sensations, tactile sensations, judgments, and recollections of former sensations and judgments.

When an external body is felt by the touch to be in a given place, the image of that body falls on a point of the retina which lies at one end of a straight line joining the body and the retina, and traversing a particular region of the center of the eye. This straight line is called the optic axis.

Conversely, when any part of the surface of the retina is excited, the luminous sensation is referred by the mind to some point outside the body, in the direction of the optic axis.

It is for this reason that when a phosphene is created by pressure, say on the outer and lower side of the eyeball, the luminous image appears to lie above, and to the inner side of the eye. Any external object which could produce the sense of light in the part of the retina pressed upon, must, in fact, occupy this position; and hence the mind refers the light seen to an object in that position.

The same kind of explanation is applicable to the apparent paradox that, while all the pictures of external objects are certainly inverted on the retina by the refracting media of the eye, we nevertheless see them upright. It is difficult to understand this, until one reflects that the retina has, in itself, no means of indicating to the mind which of its parts lies at the top and which at the bottom; and that the mind learns to call an impression on the retina high or low, right or left, simply on account of the association of such an impression with certain coincident tactile impressions. In other words, when one part of the retina is affected, the object causing the affection is found to be near the right hand; when another, the left; when another, the hand has to be raised to reach the object; when yet another, it has to be depressed to reach it. And thus the several impressions on the retina are

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called right, left, upper, lower, quite irrespectively of their real positions, of which the mind has, and can have, no cognizance.

When an external body is ascertained by touch to be single, it forms but one image on the retina of a single eye; and when two or more images fall on the retina of a single eye, they ordinarily proceed from a corresponding number of bodies which are distinct to the touch.

Conversely, the sensation of two or more images is judged by the mind to proceed from two or more objects.

If two pin-holes be made in a piece of cardboard at a distance less than the diameter of the pupil, and a small object like the head of a pin be held pretty close to the eye, and viewed through these holes, two images of the head of the pin will be seen. The reason of this is, that the rays of light from the head of the pin are split by the card into two minute pencils, which pass into the eye on either side of its center, and can not be brought to one focus on account of the nearness of the pin to the eye. Hence they fall on different parts of the retina, and each pencil, being very small, makes a tolerably distinct image of its own on the retina. Each of these images is now referred outward in the direction of the appropriate optic axis, and two pins are apparently seen instead of one. A like explanation applies to multiplying glasses and doubly-refracting crystals, both of which, in their own ways, split the pencils of light proceeding from a single object into two or more separate bundles. These give rise to as many images, each of which is referred by the mind to a distinct external object.

Certain visual phenomena ordinarily accompany those products of tactile sensation to which we give the name of size, distance, and form. Thus, other things being alike, the space of the retina covered by the image of a large object is larger than that covered by a small object; while that covered by a near object is larger than that covered by a distant object; and, other conditions being alike, a near object is more brilliant than a distant one. Furthermore, the shadows of objects differ with the forms of their surfaces, as determined by touch.

Conversely, if these visual phenomena can be produced, they inevitably suggest a belief in the existence of objects competent to produce the corresponding tactile sensations.

What is called perspective, whether solid or aerial, in drawing or painting, depends on the application of these principles. It is a kind of visual ventriloquism—the painter putting upon his canvas all the conditions requisite for the production of images on the retina, having the form, relative size, and intensity of color of those which would actually be produced by the objects themselves in nature. And the success of his picture, as an imitation, depends upon the closeness of the resemblance between the images it produces on the retina, and those which would be produced by the objects represented.

To most persons the image of a pin, at five or six inches from the eye, appears blurred and indistinct—the eye not being capable of adjustment to so short a focus. If a small hole be made in a piece of card, the circumferential rays which cause the blur are cut off, and the image becomes distinct. But at the same time it is magnified or looks bigger, because the image of the pin occupies a much larger extent of the retina when close than when distant.

The moon and the sun when near the horizon appear very much larger than they are when high in the sky. When in the latter position, in fact, we have nothing to compare them with, and the small extent of the retina which their images occupy suggests small absolute size. But as they set, we see them passing behind great trees and buildings which we know to be very large and very distant, and yet occupying a larger space on the retina than the latter do. Hence the suggestion of their larger size.

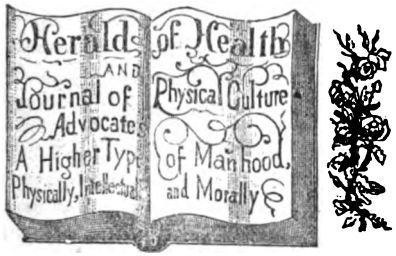
Whenever an external object is watched rapidly changing its form, a continuous series of different pictures of the object is impressed upon the same spot of the retina.

Conversely, if a continuous series of different pictures of one object is impressed upon one part of the retina, the mind judges that they are due to a single external object, undergoing changes of form.

This is the principle of the curious toy called the thaumatrope, by the help of which, on looking through a hole, one sees images of jugglers throwing up and catching balls, or boys playing at leap-frog over one another's backs. This is managed by painting at intervals, on a disk of card, figures and jugglers in the attitude of throwing, waiting to catch, and catching; or boys "giving a back," leaping, and coming into position after leaping. The disk is then made to rotate before an opening, so that each image shall be presented for an instant, and follow its predecessor before the impression of the latter has died away. The result is that the succession of different pictures irresistibly suggests one or more objects undergoing successive changes—the juggler seems to throw the balls, and the boys appear to jump over one another's backs.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1870.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

☞ THE PUBLISHERS *do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in* THE HERALD. *They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.*

☞ *Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to* THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

TO THE READER.—In this number, according to previous announcement, we begin the series of papers entitled "A New Discussion of Temperance Problems." The first paper, published in this number, is introductory to the series, and in it the author puts this question in its true place among the reformers of the age. We are confident that the broad and comprehensive manner with which he discusses the significance of the movement will meet with a hearty approval among all classes. The work to be done in this field is immense. As a health journal we can not ignore its discussion, and it will be our aim to bring to our aid, as writers of this series of papers, men and women of acknowledged ability—those thinkers and writers, who will help the cause. We ask now of our readers, who have quite as much interest in this work as ourselves, to see what they can do to roll up for us a a mighty tide of new subscribers for 1871. We want the help of every one now on our list. Is there any who can not at least send one new subscriber besides their own? Many can send ten, twenty, or even a hundred. Now is the time to begin the work. On another page we give a New Premium List for those who wish to work for premiums. We call especial attention to the offers there made. None but good premiums will be sent out. We also call attention to the offers for large clubs where persons wish for no premiums themselves, but wish to share them with subscribers. Friends and subscribers, consider the wish your own, and let us hear from you at an early day.

PROF. WELCH'S SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.—

WEST BRATTLEBORO, Vt., *September* 7, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF HEALTH:

Dear Sir—Here, in this quiet village, nestled among the hills, is an institution bearing the name, *Normal Institute for the Training of Teachers in Dio Lewis's New Gymnastics.* Although it has made itself felt in many parts of the country, it is not generally known outside of New England; and I feel impelled, through the columns of your excellent journal, to give it a wider publicity, hoping thereby to aid this most worthy enterprise, and, through it, the great cause of physical culture in our land, which (thanks to Dr. Lewis and his co-laborers) is now beginning to receive the attention it deserves.

This Normal Institute was established, and is carried on, by Prof. F. G. Welch, a graduate of Dr. Lewis's late *Normal Institute for Physical Education*, Director of the Departments of Phys-

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ical Training in Dartmouth and Yale Colleges and the Wesleyan University, and author of the valuable work on Gymnastics and kindred topics, entitled "True Living."

The session of the Normal Class, each year, begins the latter part of July, and is mainly composed of persons who intend to make Physical Training a profession or a specialty. During the three years which have elapsed since the opening of this Institute, it has sent forty graduates into the field, and they will in a few days be followed by some twenty others.

The buildings used for the purposes of the Normal Class are those of the Glenwood Ladies' Seminary, owned and managed by R. E. Hosford, Esq., with Miss Mary E. Tenny, a lady of rare abilities, as Principal. A finer location for a school could hardly be found, unsurpassed as it is in beauty and healthfulness.

Annually, during the summer vacation, in addition to the Normal Class, large numbers resort hither from the cities for rest and recreation, attracted by the pure air and delightful scenery which abound in all this region.

It is not, however, to descant upon the advantages of Glenwood as a summer resort, but to give your readers information of Prof. Welch's beneficent undertaking, that I write; and I can not do this more acceptably, perhaps, than by adding a brief account of the recent visit from Dr. Lewis with which the Class were favored, and inserting a few of the remarks which he addressed to them.

On one occasion the Doctor delivered a very strong and pointed lecture on the subject of "Dress," which was listened to not only by the Class, but by the guests at Glenwood, and a goodly number of the villagers. In this lecture he inveighed severely against the many physiological vices of fashionable dress, and cast merited ridicule upon its less harmful follies.

On another occasion he advocated the education of the sexes together. From his remarks on that subject I make the following extracts:

"The separation of boys and girls in a school is always unfortunate. There are great advantages in their being taught together. As brothers and sisters are born into the same family, and as the good Father has not separated them there, I would have them walk side by side all through life. In one of our Boston schools, at each desk sits one girl and one boy—and there are big girls and big boys among them. It seems to me a sensible thing. The moment a school adopts this method, all necessity for discipline disappears. The school disciplines itself. Just as soon as you take a young man and a young woman out of the temptation to make "small talk," and put them together in the pursuit of any serious object in life, they are raised to a higher plane, where they get rid of their nonsense, their interest begins to freshen, and their better nature begins to expand.

"As, then, the plan of the family, of the church, and of society, is that the sexes shall be together, let them not be separated in schools. It seems to me that the girls need the superior animal vigor of the boys; and the whole world knows that the boys greatly need the refining influence of the girls. They need each other; they complement each other; and they ought not to be deprived of the benefits of each other's presence in the various spheres of life to which they are called—not excepting the school."

In commenting upon the superiority of Light Gymnastics as a means of physical training, the Doctor gave an account of a movement in Massachusetts looking to the introduction of the military drill into the schools of the State, and of the manner in which a bill proposing to devote a large sum of money to that object was defeated. It seems that several influential gentlemen in Boston, fearing that much evil might result from the passage of such a bill, joined in an informal petition for a hearing on the subject; and Dr. Lewis was requested to oppose the measure, and advocate the introduction of Light Gymnastics into the schools. He accordingly appeared before the Committee of the Legislature to whom the matter was referred, with two of the best drilled soldiers he could find, and two persons thoroughly versed in the Light Gymnastics, and illustrated the

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two systems. As might be supposed, the Committee were unable to resist the conviction that the few movements of the military drill (only about two minutes and a half being required to go through the Manual of Arms proper, and only about six minutes to go through all the evolutions and changes belonging to the system) bore no comparison, for value in developing and strengthening the five hundred muscles of the body, with the almost endless variety of movements of the Light Gymnastics, which can only be gone through in hours, instead of moments.

At the close of the Doctor's visit, a vote of thanks was heartily and unanimously tendered him by the Class, for his kindness in coming among them, and for the valuable instruction they had received at his hands. He responded as follows:

"I am very grateful indeed for such an expression of your thanks; and I regard it as a real privilege and a great pleasure to have come out here to spend a short time with you.

"I am especially gratified to have Normal Classes trained by Prof. Welch. It seems to me providential. When my own classes were discontinued, I looked about to find some one who could take up this work; and it is a source of no little gratification to me that he was, in the providence of God, placed at the head of this gymnastic movement as a teacher of teachers. There is no more devoted friend of education, broadly speaking, and of this branch of it, than Prof. Welch. There are only a few men who can occupy the position which he does in this movement, or toward whom I can feel as I feel toward him. Lifted up, as he was, in this department of Physical Culture in America; occupying positions in Dartmouth and Yale Colleges; talked of and written about more than I was in the same length of time, there was a great temptation for him to assume, at once, the authorship of these exercises. But under this temptation he, as an author and as a teacher of classes, has had the magnanimity, the square, manly justice, constantly to give me my proper place in the introduction of this system of Gymnastics. I therefore feel grateful to him. And I came with joy to contribute what I could, and next year, and other years, I shall be ready and happy to contribute what I can, to his success. It is a blessed thing, in the history of such a movement, to have a pure, high-minded, unselfish, noble man put forward in the land as he has been. I doubt whether there is another institution in America where a teacher, having such prominence as he has had, has accorded such open-armed, warm-hearted recognition to the author of that system; and therefore it is all the more precious to me."

I have been impressed with the superior intelligence of this Normal Class, and with their earnestness in preparing themselves for the work of physical training; and it is a gratifying fact that those who engage in this most important work are generally persons of character and education.

T. J. ELLINWOOD.

MEDICAL CONFESSION.—The doctors, now that they have found a hypnotic far less dangerous than the opiates which have been so long and persistently used to produce sleep, are making free to confess that opiates were injurious remedies. Dr. Hugh Bennet expresses what most of the profession admit, that he has not witnessed from the new hypnotic the ill effects *so common after the administration of opiates.* What the effect of the new remedy upon the system is, is perhaps best seen in the following statement of the physicians and surgeons of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh.

"The fact must not be concealed that often unpleasant consequences follow the administration of hydrate of chloral. In upwards of fifty observations, when forty grains were given—the progress of all of which we ourselves had an opportunity of following out—in no less than seven the patients were greatly excited, four of them, in addition, being wildly delirious shortly after taking the medicine. This temporary delirium, although somewhat alarming at the time, passed off in all cases in the course of two hours, accompanied by the most profuse diaph-

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orosis. If this number, about a dozen were afflicted with headache more or less severe, which, however, was also transitory."

We fear the profession will never find a remedy that will uniformly produce good and not harm, but we are most glad to have them take to less dangerous remedies.

Boxing and Prize-fighting *vs.* Morality.—A subscriber asks, "If a young man cultivates all the games and exercises of the athlete, if it will be likely to injure his moral faculties?"

Answer.—If he cultivates them to the neglect of his moral and intellectual faculties, Yes; if not, No. The higher faculties of the man and woman need care and nurture like the lower, or they will dwindle and expire. In our training we must always remember that harmony and evenly-balanced conditions are to be sought—not excess in any direction. The religious person is no less religious for being athletic and healthy; but if he devotes himself to prize-fighting, and such like exercises, and forgets religion, then he degrades himself.

It should also be remembered that in each person there is a limited amount of force, and that this may be converted into motion, heat, or thought; but if nearly all of it is used in one way, there is little left for other purposes. Each person must decide for himself what he will do with his strength; but if he has only a moderate amount of it, he ought to use it to the best advantage. This can only be done by knowing how best to live.

Tobacco and the Parotid Gland.—The parotid gland is the largest of those three glands that secrete the saliva or spittle. It is situated below the ear, a little to the front, and its secretions are poured into the mouth at a point near the middle of the cheek. By looking into the mouth in a mirror the opening can be plainly seen. The office of the parotid gland is to secrete saliva to be mingled with our food preparatory to digestion. In chewing bread, for instance, if well masticated, about fifty per cent. of saliva is added to its weight, and by far the largest share of this increase comes from this gland. The amount of this fluid required for health, to be furnished daily, can not be much less than three pounds. As we said before, this fluid mingles with the food, so that it can be easily swallowed and properly digested; but sometimes its use is perverted—as when people chew tobacco. This substance greatly excites the salivary gland, so that when tobacco is in the mouth it pours out a great amount of saliva to dilute and wash away the offending substance. In this case it becomes lost. It may be an interesting fact to some of our readers to know that so great is the demand for saliva in the mouths of tobacco-chewers, that Nature has to provide for this increase by enlarging the parotid gland. Surgeons, when dissecting this gland in tobacco-chewers, have often noticed this to be the case. If the tobacco did any good, there would be no harm in this; but as it does not, the harm comes from wasting our forces unnecessarily. Persons who have more force than they know what to do with may not be much harmed by this waste; but this number is few. Most of us have none too much strength, even when all of it is saved for best uses, and so the folly of habits such as that of using tobacco wastes our strength, and is so filthy that it ought to condemn itself if it produced no physiological injury.

Counter-irritation.—A correspondent asks us "What is counter-irritation?" We reply that it consists in irritating one part of the body to relieve another part. Dr. Anstie, the learned Editor of The Practitioner, says it is founded on the metaphysical idea that what hurts one tissue or organ must benefit another. He is of the opinion that this method when administered by blisters, causes an immense amount of suffering without benefit. Dr. Dickinson and Dr. Dauvergne have both written powerful arguments against the use of counter-irritants in the form of blisters. Dr. Anstie says: "I can speak from having personally endured the pain and inconvenience of a blister

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for a week, and no patient, much less delicate women and children, should be subjected to it without the best of reasons." The practice is a relic of barbarism which gained importance before the days of a more correct knowledge of physiology, and is happily dying out. We freely advise parents not to submit to having their children tormented with blisters. There are many other methods of producing the effects sought without suffering. Methods that produce comfort, not pain; ease, not suffering; happiness, not misery. As a general rule, except in surgical cases, we may rest assured that those remedies which produce great pain and suffering are not good ones.

FASTING FORTY DAYS.—A young man named John French, of Hagerstown, Md., under a state of religious fanaticism, recently abstained from food forty days. The result was such prostration that, with the best of care, he died in two weeks. He was said to be a young man of promise, but was led to this course by his peculiar religious views. It is doubtful if he would have lived nearly so long had he not drank freely of water during the time. If there is no error in the statement, this experiment shows the power of endurance with which our bodies are endowed. It is, however, sad to see intelligent persons led into such unnatural extremes. Fasting may be useful in some conditions of the body, but it is probable that it had greater significance in former times, when the habits of people were more gross and little attention was paid to cleanliness. Persons most likely to be injured by severe and prolonged fasting are those with susceptible nervous systems, great activity, and deficient digestive power. Plethoric, inactive persons may often abstain from food for a considerable time without harm.

THE ANTI-VACCINATION MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.—The movement in England against compulsory vaccination is growing so strong that the magistrates find it very embarrassing. People are brought up by dozens for refusing to have their children vaccinated. Some pay fine after fine, some go to prison. Even women have been imprisoned for refusing to allow the poison of a contagious disease to mingle with the blood of their babes. Numerous cases are related of children maimed, permanently diseased, or killed, by the introduction of this contagious matter. It is not that they fear what is called the kine-pox; it is other contagion so widespread in this country, so liable, many believe, to be propagated by innoculation. Vaccine, also, seems to have lost its virtues. Small-pox rages in spite of it, as of late in Paris. The magistrates pho, pho; some scold; all inflict greater or less penalties. But the feeling is growing very strong that Parliament has no right to prescribe the medicine a man shall take, or the surgical operation he shall submit to or have inflicted upon his children. If children are really murdered by vaccination—murdered by act of Parliament, and poisoned to death by Government officers, and parents must submit to it under pain of fines and imprisonment in this free country, one would like to know what they call a despotism. Professor Newman is lending his influence against the law.

We have one word of advice for not only English but American people. Instead of trying to root out small-pox by poisoning children with vaccine matter, root it out by cleaning some of the filth, by inforcing wise hygienic laws, by disinfection, whitewashing, and cleanliness.

SOMETHING NEW FOR FAIRS.—A subscriber sends the following, and wishes to know what we think of it:

"A St. Louis doctor proposed, at a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club of that city, to introduce 'agricultural prize-fights' into fairs to draw the crowd. He thought they were as justifiable as horse-racing; and also dwelt on the benefits of training for the ring, chief of which was the insight it gave of what a man should eat and how he should live to thoroughly develop his physical system."

Comment is hardly necessary.

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War and Crime.—Judge Barnard, in charging the Grand Jury in this city recently, said: "I presume that from this time onward this court will have to be almost in continuous session, until such time as this generation shall have passed away; so that the vast majority of men now engaged in the commission of crime shall be incarcerated, run away, or dead. History tells us that after every great war it requires a generation to remove the bad men that have grown bad as camp-followers, swindlers, and robbers."

What the Law Can and Can Not Do for Temperance.—In his letter accepting the nomination for the office of Governor of Massachusetts, Wendell Phillips says:

"No one supposes that law can make a man temperate. Occasionally some sot betrays the average level of liquor intelligence by fancying that to be our belief and plan. Temperance men, on the contrary, have always known and argued that we must trust to argument, example, social influence, and religious principle, to make men temperate. But the law can shut up those bars and dram-shops which facilitate and feed intemperance, which double our taxes, make our streets unsafe for men of feeble resolution, treble the peril to property and life, and make the masses fools in the hands of designing men, to undermine and cripple law. The use of intoxicating liquors rests with each man's decision. But the trade in them comes clearly within the control of law. Many considerations, and among them the safety and success of republican institutions, bid us put forth the full power of the law to shut up the dram-shops. We have never yet ruled a great city on the principles of self-government. Republican institutions, undermined by intemperance—we are obliged to confess they have never governed a great city here on the basis of universal suffrage in such a way as to preserve order, protect life, and secure free speech. New York, ruled by drunkards, is proof of the despotism of the dram-shop. Men whom murderers serve, that they may escape and because they have escaped, rule that city. The ribald crew which holds them up could neither stifle its own conscience nor rally its retinue but for the help of the grog-shop. A like testimony comes from the history of our other great cities. State laws are defied in their streets, and by means of the dram-shop and the gilded saloons of fashionable hotels their ballot-box is in the hands of the criminal classes—of men who avowedly and systematically defy the laws. Indeed, this is the case in Boston."

A Winter in Florida.—We have just published a Fourth Edition of "A Winter in Florida," which was in such great demand last winter. It has been enlarged and such changes made as bring it down to the latest date. It is not only a complete guide to the invalid, sportsman, and tourist visiting Florida, but gives a history of the State and full information regarding its agricultural and horticultural productions, prices of lands, and the best places to settle. It is handsomely illustrated. Price $1 50, by mail.

Egypt.—We have received a letter from our young friend Avery Gallup, who has been abroad over a year for his health. He spent three months in Egypt, where he found great relief and probably cure from bronchial troubles. Of this part of his journey he says: "Had I known the hardships I should have to endure, I should never have undertaken it; but it has done my lungs more good than all the rest of my journey." He promises us an account of this health trip for The Herald of Health.

Literature and Success.—A New York publisher recently stated that not more than one in five hundred of the novels published ever reach a sale of two thousand copies. This would hardly remunerate the publisher, to say nothing of the author. Comparatively few persons ever succeed as authors, and those who do not succeed waste a great deal of strength, lose much precious time, suffer untold mental

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agony, and in many cases materially injure their health. Those who would succeed by literature must have something to say that the world needs to hear, and they must be able to say it in such a manner that the world will eagerly listen; otherwise their chances are poor indeed.

STATISTICS OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The statistics regarding hydrophobia, which have recently been collected by M. Bouley for the Academy of Sciences, present a few interesting figures which our readers will be glad to read. M. Bouley had the history of 320 persons bitten by rabid animals. Of these 320 cases, 129 had symptoms of hydrophobia, all of whom died. In 123 cases no such symptoms followed. There were 68 cases not reported.

More young persons between the ages of five and fifteen are bitten than of other ages, and it is interesting to know that at this age the bites are less frequently followed by the disease. There are more cases recorded of bites in April, May, and June, than other months, but the difference is trifling.

The length of time before symptoms appear varies considerably. Of 109 cases, 76 had symptoms in less than 60 days. In the 33 other cases, it varied from 60 to 240 days. The symptoms appear in persons from three to twenty years of age in 44 days, while in those older they average 75 days. The duration of the disease in 74 out of 90 cases was less than four days, and in a majority of cases terminated in two or three days.

The location of the wound influences the danger in a remarkable degree. Of 32 cases where the face was bitten 29 died. Of 73 cases where the hand was bitten 46 died. Of 28 cases where the arm was bitten only 8 died. In 24 cases where the leg was bitten only 7 died. And of 19 cases where the trunk was bitten 12 died. Of preventive measures, cauterizing has proved most serviceable, as in 134 cases where the bites were cauterized, 98 were followed by no bad symptoms, while of 66 bites which were not cauterized, death followed in 56 cases. It will be well to remember this fact, as death may often be prevented by its use.

GOOD NEWS FOR WOMEN.—*To the Editor of Herald of Health.*—In the September HERALD you hope some bright inventor will try to invent a cheap electrical engine to run sewing machines. A bright inventor of this city has done the very thing, for which a patent was issued last March, and since in England. A company of wealthy capitalists has been, or is to be, incorporated to make them. They are called Electro-Magnetic Sewing Machines. The battery is a horse-shoe magnet. First one pole moves the arm up, the connection is cut off; then the other pole moves the arm down and is cut off. It is extremely simple; any child can use it; no machinery; simply, you move a little knob, the connection is made, and the arm moves up and down. You can stand and sew, if you like, as one stands at a desk and writes, I see no reason why it should not, ere long, supplant all other machines. It is an inestimable boon to women, and, of course, to men also.

J. H. SWAIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., *Sept.* 7, 1870.

THE TENDER MERCIES OF ROME.—Rev. Mr. Van Meter, Superintendent of the Howard Mission, in this city, has recently been in Rome, and, speaking of the public institutions there, he says:

"One of the most tender, loving charities I visited anywhere was the Foundling Hospital in Rome, in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The institution had over four thousand children under its care when I visited it, and on an average it contains about one-fourth of all the children born in Rome, as I ascertained from the book-keeper of the institution."

We should like to know why children are at such a discount in Rome that the parents cast them upon tender charity, rather than care for them at home. Can not the infallible Pope look after these parents more sharply, and induce them to do their duty to these little children?

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How to Treat the Sick.

TREATMENT OF HOARSENESS AND VOICELESSNESS.—There are cases of purely nervous or functional, or, as they are sometimes called, hysterical aphonia. The voice may be reduced to a whisper, and even that is sometimes inaudible. On looking into the larynx we see no evidence of structural change, but when the patient attempts to vocalize we find that the vocal cords remain motionless, or that they move very little. This nervous aphonia often comes on suddenly, and it often passes away as suddenly as it came. The best treatment for it consists in the application of electricity directly to the larynx. The shock excites spasm and a scream, and the cure is sometimes very rapid. I have cured several of these cases at a single sitting, and one by a single shock of electricity.

A boy, about twelve years of age, was much frightened, and nearly drowned, by falling into a pond. From that time he completely lost his voice, his intellect being unimpaired. When I saw him he had not uttered an audible sound for two years. I saw that his larynx was healthy, and I determined to apply electricity. The first shock elicited a loud scream, and at once he recovered his speech.

In most cases it is necessary to apply the electricity again and again before the cure is complete, and in some cases the treatment is unsuccessful, but these are comparatively rare. When the general health is impaired, treatment should be directed to remedy this while the electricity is being employed.

It is remarkable, but quite intelligible, that when, from any cause—a growth upon one of the vocal cords or inaction of the muscles—the glottis remains partly open during vocalization, the air escapes so rapidly during the expiratory act of speaking, that the patient is often compelled to draw in a fresh breath before he comes to the end of a sentence. In consequence of the patulous state of the glottis there is a rapid escape and waste of air, and the chest is soon emptied.

There is a form of aphonia or weakness of voice which I look upon as the result of muscular fatigue and weakness. I have seen a considerable number of these cases, and most of the patients have been clergymen. The patient begins to speak in a clear and loud voice, and he continues to do so for a variable time; but after speaking or reading aloud for, it may be, a quarter or half an hour, the voice becomes feeble, and it may soon be reduced to a whisper. At the same time there is a feeling of fatigue, and sometimes positive pain in the throat. With these symptoms we may find, on looking into the larynx, no trace of structural change, or only slight congestion and redness without swelling. A common cause of this form of dysphonia is overwork of the larynx, from frequent preaching and reading in large churches. I have known it to result from over-exercise of the voice in singing, from the straining of the voice by the habit of loud talking in the midst of noisy machinery, and from violent efforts in giving the word of command.

In some instances this peculiar form of laryngeal weakness has followed upon an inflammatory attack. It seems probable that inflammation may sometimes extend from the mucous membrane to the muscular structures beneath, and thus the nutrition and the tone of the muscles may be impaired. This is the more likely to happen if the larynx be much exercised in speaking or singing during an attack of catarrhal inflammation.

The best treatment for these cases consists in rest for the larynx as the organ of speech, change of air and scene, and a general tonic regimen.—*Geo. Johnson, M.D.*

CONVULSIONS AND FITS IN CHILDREN.—When children have convulsive fits their pa-

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rents should not be frightened out of their wits, as there is usually less danger than there seems to be. If it is caused by the presence of undigested and improper food in the alimentary canal, give a copious warm-water enema to move the bowels, and warm compresses over the stomach and abdomen, and in a majority of cases they will soon recover. When children are well fed they rarely have fits.

Cholera Infantum.—Dr. Yandell tells us, in The Practitioner, that cholera infantum is on the decline in America. We notice that seventy-five children died of it, in ten of the towns of Massachusetts, during the week ending September 3, 1870. So we hope it will keep on declining. He also remarks that twenty-five years ago he treated this disease with large quantities of calomel, which he now—to use mild language—thinks superfluous. He has found that water is to be ranked among the cardinal remedies in this disease, and, when fever is present, the external use of water (tepid) is of the greatest advantage. Water should be given often, and always *before* being put to the breast. In reference to diet, he remarks: "The aim of the practitioner is to sustain his patient, not so much by stimulants and tonics as by food. In food, as in drink, I can not help believing the instincts of the animal body, more especially when it is laboring under disease, are more trustworthy guides than our science concerning diet."

The Germ Theory in Disease.—There can be no reason for doubting that among insects contagious and infectious diseases of great malignity are caused by minute organisms which are produced by preëxisting germs or by homogenesis; and there is no reason that I know of for believing that what happens in insects may not take place in the highest animals. Indeed, there is already strong evidence that some diseases of an extremely malignant and fatal character to which man is subject, are as much the work of minute organisms as is the pebrine in silkworms. I refer for this evidence to the very striking facts adduced by Prof. Lister in his various well-known publications on the antiseptic method of treatment. It seems to me impossible to rise from the perusal of those publications without a strong conviction that the lamentable mortality which so frequently dogs the footsteps of the most skillful operator, and those deadly consequences of wounds and injuries which seem to haunt the very walls of great hospitals, and are even now destroying more men than die of bullet or bayonet, are due to the importation of minute organisms into wounds, and their increase and multiplication; and that the surgeon who saves most lives will be he who best works out the practical consequences of the hypothesis of Redi.—*Huxley*.

Treatment of Rheumatism by Electricity.—M. Cheron, who has been experimenting in the use of electricity in chronic rheumatism, reports: 1. That the swellings of the joints caused by rheumatism may be considerably diminished by the constant current. 2. That the pain may be greatly abated by a few applications. 3. That stiffness of the joint can be prevented. 4. That sometimes a complete cure may be effected.

Dumbness Cured by Electricity.—M. Jabiot reports the case of a girl of seventeen years who suddenly lost her power to speak, and for twenty-eight months she was dumb. The application of electricity lasted twenty-one days, and resulted in a perfect cure.

Poisoned with Stramonium.—Several children in Brooklyn were recently poisoned by cooking and eating in play the seeds of that miserable plant called stinkweed or stramonium, often found growing on vacant lots about all cities and large towns. Would it not be well for the city fathers to destroy these weeds as a part of the sanitary regulations? Children, in their innocence, often violate the laws of health in spite of all our precautions, and we should, whenever possible, place them beyond the reach of whatever evil we can.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY A. L. WOOD, M. D.

Two Meals a Day.—"'Two Meals a Day,' say you on the 91st page of the August number. When should they be taken? *I. e.*, What are the most favorable hours to eat, when but two meals are taken? I have long deemed the two-meal-a-day hypothesis, or theory, if such it has become, worthy of consideration by dietarians. Have you any facts and observations of sufficient time and importance to warrant conclusions? The subject is certainly of the first importance, both physiologically and economically, and should, therefore, be duly pondered by all."

In adopting the two-meal-a-day system, a person must be governed somewhat by circumstances in the choice of hours. The two meals should not be less than six hours apart, and eight hours would be better. The first meal should not be taken less than an hour after rising, and the second meal less than six hours before retiring. As a rule, it requires about six hours to complete the processes of digesting and assimilating an ordinary meal. No meal should be taken until the previous one has been entirely digested and assimilated, and the digestive organs have had time to rest and recuperate. The digestive and assimilative processes should be entirely completed before retiring at night. If a person could rise at 5, take a moderate breakfast at 7, do the hardest part of his day's work before 2, eat dinner at 3, and retire at 9 o'clock, it would probably be as good an arrangement as could be made; but there are so many and so varying circumstances by which people are controlled, that no strict rule can be laid down for all. Each one must do the best he can under the circumstances in which he is placed. Whatever hours may be chosen, they should be the same every day. Regularity is of more importance than frequency.

The importance of this subject can scarcely be over-estimated. To say nothing about the immense gain in the health and comfort of the people which would result from the adoption of the two-meal-a-day system, look at the saving in time and labor and expense in the preparation of the third meal. To the thousands of over-worked women this would make all the difference between a healthful amount of daily toil, plenty of time for recreation, mental improvement and social enjoyment, and a constant, wearing round of work from morning till night, with no time for rest, recreation, or the happiness of social life.

There are thousands of persons scattered throughout the country who have adopted this system, and who can testify to its highly beneficial effects upon their health. There are many large health institutions where the boarders and patients eat but twice a day. I have not only practiced this system myself with great benefit to my health during the past fourteen years, but have prescribed it for thousands of patients and others, and almost invariably with good results. Let any candid person give the system a thorough trial under favorable circumstances, and there are at least nine chances out of ten that he will be convinced he can do more work, either physical or mental, with less fatigue and wear and tear of the system, and that he can sleep better, and feel better, and be better.

Hygienic Treatment not Painful but Agreeable.—"Please inform me whether or not the Hygienic system of treatment is a disagreeable and painful one to the patient? The prevailing idea here seems to be, although no one knows any thing about it by experience, that the Turkish Baths are a terrible ordeal to go through with, that the Movement-cure is a painful and disagreeable operation, and the Electric Baths are 'shocking' affairs."

The Hygienic system of treatment, as given at this institution, and as it should always be given, is not only not painful or disagreeable, but is pleasant and agreeable to the patient. As a rule, all treatment given to the sick should be such as to be looked forward to with pleasure, not with dread, by the patient. The drug system with its nauseous draughts, pills, and powders; its blisterings, leechings, scarifi-

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cations, etc., is certainly a most unpleasant and barbarous mode of treatment, and for this reason, if for no other, should be supplanted by some mode more humane. A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings should be organized to help to do away with this barbarous practice.

Many people have received a false idea in regard to the Turkish Bath, from reading the exaggerated accounts of Eastern travelers, as well as the sensational stories written by sensational reporters for the sensational papers of the day. Again, some of the so-called Turkish Baths are not Turkish Baths at all, and many also confound the Russian with the Turkish Bath, whereas they are entirely different. The Turkish Bath, properly given, is by far the pleasantest of all baths, and is one of the greatest harmless luxuries in the world. Thousands of persons take them merely as a luxury, which is sufficient proof that they are not the terrible things they have been represented to be. The Movement-cure is not a painful operation, but is pleasant, soothing, and agreeable to the patient. The Electric Baths, while they arouse dormant organs to action, do not "shock" the patient, but quiet the nervous system and relieve pain. The same principle holds good in regard to the other agencies employed in the Hygienic system, as well as those just mentioned.

Hemorrhage from the Throat and Lungs.—"Please inform me what are the causes of and true mode of treatment of hemorrhage of the throat or lungs? Under what circumstances is it particularly dangerous or otherwise?"

Hemorrhage, except as it occurs as the result of accident, excitement, sudden congestion, etc., is owing to an impure and depraved condition of the blood, or a flabby and relaxed state of the tissues and the coats of the blood-vessels, or to both combined. Hemorrhage is always to be feared when it occurs as a result of the last-mentioned conditions. In these cases the blood must be purified and the tissues of the body strengthened and invigorated. To this end the patient should lead an out-of-door life with plenty of active exercise, take a daily towel bath with thorough friction of the skin, and, whenever practicable, a sun bath, and take absolutely nothing into the stomach except the plainest and purest food, and pure soft water. Well-ripened fruits and graham bread, and other simple preparations of the different grains, should constitute the diet, or at least the main part of it. To relieve an attack of hemorrhage of the throat or lungs, keep the patient perfectly quiet, give him pieces of ice to swallow, put ice-cold cloths upon the throat or over the lungs, as the case may be, and put the hands and feet in water as hot as can be borne.

Hints to Night-Watchers.—A person who is sick enough to need night-watchers needs rest, and quiet, and all the undisturbed repose he can get. If one or more persons are in the room reading, talking, or whispering, as is often the case, this is impossible. There should be no light burning in the room unless it be a very dim one, so placed as to be out of sight of the patient. Kerosene oil should never be used in the sick room. The attendant should quietly sit or lie in the same room, or, what is usually better, in an adjoining room, so as to be within call if any thing is wanted. In extreme cases, the attendant can frequently step quietly to the bedside to see if the patient is doing well, but all noise and light should be carefully excluded. It is a common practice to waken patients occasionally for fear they will sleep too soundly. This should never be done. Sleep is one of the greatest needs of the sick, and there is no danger of their getting too much of it. All evacuations should be removed at once, and the air in the room kept pure and sweet by thorough ventilation.

Positive or Negative.—"Will you be kind enough to inform me whether the negative or positive pole of an electric machine should be applied to the person for the cure of nervous disorders?"

My experience has been, and it is the experience of most practical electricians with whom I have conversed upon the subject, that in the use of electricity it makes very little difference in the effect whether the positive or negative pole is applied. I regard all the talk about the different currents and counter-currents, etc., as merely efforts to make a very simple thing appear mysterious and complicated. I think the best general rule is to apply the pole which feels most agreeable to the patient. It will sometimes be one, and sometimes the other.

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NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

The Proverb Series, consisting of "A Wrong Confessed is Half Redressed," "One Good Turn Deserves Another," and "Actions Speak Louder than Words," "The Boys of Grand Pre School," "The Pinks and Blues," by Rosa Abbott; "Charley and Eva Roberts; or, Home in the West;" "The Little Maid of Oxbow," by May Mannering.

We have read all the above-named stories with great care and attention, and with much respect for a publishing house evidently bent on supplying a much-needed element in the very important branch of literature to which they have devoted themselves. We have before spoken of the admirable series entitled, "Elm Island," and written by the Rev. Mr Kellogg, a gentleman, a scholar, and a sympathetic writer, who penetrates the mysteries of boydom. The "Oliver Optic" series we have not seen, and hence can not express an opinion.

Of the books before us, we find throughout most radical defects. In the first place, there is not a particle of dignity in most of the authors themselves, and they naturally lower the tone of thought and expression for their readers. They do not even write under an honest Christian name, but instead we have *May* Mannering, *Kate* Neeley etc. Now it may be well enough to use these abbreviations in the home familiar circle, but it seems an unwarrantable familiarity when a pet name is made public and given into the hands of strangers.

In the second place, there is a maudlin sort of baby talk that is neither interesting to old or young. We have interminable pet names—Fan, Lizzie, Nell, Ri, Charley, Rob, etc., *ad nauseum*. There may have been some excuse in these olden times, when a child received at its baptism the formidable name of "Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven," in calling him "Tribby" for shortness; but we firmly believe that much of the present lack of manly and womanly dignity in the country may be traced to the prevalence of literary and family slip-slop in the way of mawkish sentiment and fulsome tenderness in the mode of designating the children of a household; but it is harmless there compared with its effects in giving impressions to a reading child.

We admit that literature for the young is very difficult to obtain; still it can be procured, and should be well paid for. "Truth is stranger than fiction" is often asserted. Such being the case, why confine the child to the dreary commonplace? These Boston publishers have lost themselves in a *groove* from which it will be difficult to emancipate themselves. Their writers are either hackneyed or incompetent—utterly devoid of imagination, pathos, or invention; they flounder on through seas of platitudes and deserts of utilitarianism, till the child feels as if every day in life must be dull and plodding, or one long, miserable working-day. Away with so much cant. Let us see what a child does like. He may not understand the whole of the beautiful allegory of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," but he will understand enough to read it with delight. Can there never be another "Robinson Crusoe," with its island of adventures, its one footprint upon the sand and its countless endeavors, and its manifold expedients? Where are the "Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Nights," which gave us a living picture of existing Bagdad, and Arabian habits, and tricks, and resources?

Children must have something to stimulate the fancy and provoke intelligence. Nursery talk, and robbing orchards, and going upon pic-nics will not do. We know a child, scarcely eight years old, who was eager for every number of "The Two Wives," as it appeared in THE HERALD OF HEALTH. We cut our own eye-teeth upon "The Sorrows of Werter," "Joseph Andrews," "The Virtuous Pamela," and "Children of the Abbey"—to say nothing of "Gil Blas" and "Tom Jones." Scarcely milk for babes, we admit, but never the idea of any indecency, or evil in any shape, ever entered into our innocent brain or undeveloped understanding. Lilies will be pure even in slimy waters, and children do not understand half they read (nor, as to that, do we grown folks); if they did they would not care to read at all. It is the mystery, the expectation of coming out all right, the play of fancy, with now and then a thrill of alarm, that keeps them eager upon the page. Good may be so indirectly done that they take the condiment unawares, just as every robin is sacred to every boy who has read the story of the "Babes in the Wood." Let us have meat a little stronger, Messrs. Publishers, even for the youngsters, for boys and girls have good, strong digestion, and our humanity is not only wholesome at the core, but is highly conservative, also.

"The Boys of Grand Pre School" comprises a touch of history—the removal of the Acadians—which gives an interest to the work. But why say, "A strong-willed Governor determined," etc.? Why not out with the honest truth, and say, Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts did it? Concealment or evasion must not do with straightforward boys and girls, and the present honorable representative of the Winthrops had no worse ancestor than all of us had whose progenitors acted up to the light of their age, and these old barbarisms did no worse than what transpired in our own civil war, and what is going on in Europe now. There is not much of a story to "The Boys of Grand Pre School," but they are not without well-bred training, which is much in this brusque era.

We do not much approve "The Pinks and Blues," overrun with diminutives, boidenish girls, and "rowdy" phrases. What is worse, "Di" is entirely unnatural in character. God be praised, there are no girls at twelve years so precociously bad as to [illegible] miniatures with the avowed purpose of securing an [illegible]. We should hesitate before we would put the story into the hands of any child.

"The Little Maid of Oxbow" has many fine points, though unequal as a whole. There is now and then a description of scenery quite refreshing, and "Mabel" is a clearly-drawn character, and "Aunt Mehitable" better still.

"A Home in the West" recommends itself as a clever story, showing how all may get on in life with honest endeavor, and honest willingness to work either the brain or the hands. There are some mild hits at the "Woman Movement;" but, what is worthy of praise, it gives a testimony in favor of courteous manners, refinement of speech, and personal elegance.

"A Wrong Confessed is Half Redressed" might have been all the better written in ten pages than in two hundred and fifty; but it deserves praise as showing that

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when a boy robs an orchard, etc., he is nothing more nor less than a thief for the time being.

"One Good Turn Deserves Another" is a series of nice little sketches such as usually appear in a child's paper.

"Actions Speak Louder than Words" is a really well-written, life-like delineation of domestic life and manners that reminds us of one of Miss Edgeworth's stories. "Ruth" is the model girl, and is well sustained throughout; and poor, faded-out "Mrs. Lorrimer," with her ten children, is too briefly dismissed. The author has now and then a touch worthy of Dickens.

One word more in regard to these stories for the young. We do not believe the impression is good upon the undeveloped mind in having the negro introduced as a ridiculous feature in a story. No work, even of higher pretensions, escapes the inevitable darkie, with his inevitable "yah, yah!". Now, if our people recognise his equality, why not make a hero of him, instead of holding him up to contempt. "Actions speak louder than words" here as elsewhere.

THE PRINCES OF ART: PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, AND ENGRAVERS. Translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1870.

This book contains very interestingly-written biographies of thirty-two of the most renowned architects, painters, sculptors, and engravers of ancient times, and the portraits of Michael Angelo, Leonardo Da Vinci, Canova, Raphael, Poussin, Rubens, Callot, Van Dyck, and Murillo, together with an introductory article giving a history of the rise and progress of the fine arts.

LETTER AND SPIRIT: WINCHESTER LECTURES. —By Richard Metcalf. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1870.

This book is written with a concise pen and earnest spirit; affectionate and simple, it will be found a valuable text book for those who may be seeking light upon theological subjects, and for those who may be desirous to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

BEAR AND FORBEAR; or, the Young Skipper of Lake Neaygu.—By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham.

THE HARD SCRABBLE OF ELM ISLAND.—By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS. By Mrs. Gleason.

This book is like the familiar conversation of some wise experienced friend, who has gathered young girls, young wives, and young mothers to her side, and is telling them all about the grave mystery of their organization and how to care for themselves.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

THE PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Contributors to this Number.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM,
MRS. H. C. BIRDSALL,
REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM,
G. FIELDING BLANDFORD, M.D., F.R.C.P.,
DR. LYDIA F. FOWLER,
J. E. SNODGRASS,
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,
PROF. T. H. HUXLEY,
T. J. ELLINWOOD,
GEORGE JOHNSON, M.D.,
DR. A. L. WOOD, and
THE EDITOR.

The New Premium List for 1871.

We most cordially invite the attention of our readers to the splendid Premium List for 1871. If our friends can not be induced by these elegant presents to lend their influence and energy in extending the grand and momentous principles of reform that THE HERALD OF HEALTH inculcates, then they must lack incitement to push on that knowledge which prevents disease, encourages physical perfection, and makes man worthy of his heaven-born estate. Let our friends help on the great work of perfect h using our subscription lists, and we will give them a magazine of many times more value to them than the money they pay for it.

The Love of Art has been more fully developed since the recent introduction of Chromos into this country, than for years before; and next to the one who introduced them, he who places these refined educators wi in the reach of persons of limited means, certainly deserves much credit. There can no longer be any excuse for any one being without at least *one* fine Chromo, since they are fairly "given away" to all yearly subscribers to either Demorest's Monthly, or to the juvenile magazine, Young America.

The one before us is a "perfect gem" in its way—exquisite in design, coloring, and shading, and can hardly be distinguished from the original oil painting which sold for $500. In addition to the pleasure imparted by the possession of such a prize, is the satisfaction of feeling that you have really the worth of your money in either of the above magazines, exclusive of the premium.

A Good Sewing Machine is given free for a club of 30 subscribers and $60. This premium is very popular. If there is a poor, deserving family in your neighborhood help it to get a good sewing machine by subscribing at once. Perhaps your minister's wife wants one. If so, help her to get it, by helping her to get up a club. The Empire is one of the best sewing machines in use, and we are sure that it will give you good satisfaction.

Clubs of Twenty-five.—Any person who will send us at one time twenty-five new subscribers to this monthly, shall have them for Twenty-five Dollars. Remember they must be new subscribers, and all be sent at one time.

Notices of the Press.—We call special attention to the notices of Mrs. Gleason's book which we have received from persons who have read it, and from the newspaper and magazine press. It is rarely that a work of this character has been so well received.

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Facts for the Ladies.

I have a Wheeler & Wilson Machine (No. 289), bought of Mr. Gardner in 1853, he having used it a year. I have used it constantly in shirt manufacturing, as well as family sewing, sixteen years, My wife ran it four years, and earned between $700 and $800, besides doing her housework. I have never expended fifty cents on it for repairs. It is to-day in the best of order, stitching fine linen bosoms nicely. I started manufacturing shirts with this machine and now have over one hundred of them in use. I have paid at least $3,000 for the stitching done by this old machine, and it will do as much now as any machine I have.

BERLIN, N. Y. W. F. TAYLOR.

Notice to Our Correspondents.

The following hints to correspondents should be observed in writing to us:

1. ALWAYS attach name, Post Office, County, and State to your letter.
2. SEND MONEY by Check on New York, or by Postoffice Money Order. If this is impossible, inclose Bills and register Letter.
3. CANADA AND NEW YORK CITY SUBSCRIBERS should send 12 *cents extra*, with which to prepay postage on subscriptions to THE HERALD OF HEALTH.
4. REMEMBER, if you are entitled to a Premium, to order it when you send the Club, and inform us how it is to be sent.
5. REMEMBER THAT WE NOW GIVE the *Empire Sewing Machine* as a premium. It is guaranteed to give good satisfaction.
6. REMEMBER TO SEND in Clubs early.
7. REMEMBER TO LOOK at our Premium List and Book List, and see exactly what we give and have for sale.
8. REMEMBER that for the names and addresses of 25 persons, either invalids or friends of Temperance and Health Reform, we give Prof. Wilson's book on the Turkish Bath. It contains 72 pages.
9. STAMPS should be sent to prepay postage on letters that require an answer.
10. Those who want a good *Spirometer*, *Parlor Gymnasium*, or *Filter* for making their water clean, will find the prices in another column.
11. INVALIDS from all parts of the country are invited to write to us for our circular, and full particulars as to Treatment or Board in the Hygienic Institution, See advertisement elsewhere.
12. See List of Books elsewhere.

How to Send Money.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Postoffice Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but in a Registered letter*. The present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Wanted.

Will our readers please send us brief items of news and experience referring to Health and Physical Culture topics. Make them pointed and practical, and we will publish them for the benefit of others. Do not mix them up with business or personal matters, but on separate sheets of paper and in readiness for the Printer.

Our Premiums.

We shall be careful to send out as Premiums nothing which is not all that we claim for it in value. No cheap, second-hand, or indifferent article will be used.

Winter in Florida.

The Fourth Edition of this valuable book has just been issued. Of it an exchange says:

"The writer, in a very unpretending manner, follows his topic faithfully, and gives the most complete history of this new, and yet old, State that is published. He strives hard to make the book wholly impartial, and succeeds well. He is enthusiastic for the future of Florida, and expects her yet to be one of the great States of the Union."

Demorest's Monthly.

The publisher spares no pains or expense, apparently, to bring this magazine to an exceedingly elevated position, as a work of merit and beauty. It gives its readers pure and elevated reading, life-like representations of various and familiar objects, chaste and interesting engravings, music, fashion-plates, etc. etc. All for $3 per year, with a splendid premium to every subscriber. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 838 Broadway.

Job Printing.

We are prepared to execute in neat, substantial styles, various kinds of JOB PRINTING: such as Pamphlets, Circulars, Envelopes, Billheads, Letter-heads, Cards, Labels, Small Handbills, etc., at the same rates as in all first-class New York printing establishments. Stereotype work done to order.

☞Our friends in the country who wish neat and accurate printing, can rely on first-class work, by sending plainly written and well-prepared manuscripts. For terms, send sample or copy of work, state quality of printing material to be used, and the number of copies wanted, inclosing stamp for reply.

Home Treatment.

Invalids wishing prescriptions for home treatment can have them for Five Dollars. They should send full particulars of their cases. Any person sending five new subscribers to THE HERALD OF HEALTH and Ten Dollars, will, if he does not choose other premiums, be entitled to a prescription for treatment free.

The Address Label.

By this method our subscribers can keep their own accounts as to when their terms of subscription close; for instance, if the printed slip has "De70," or "Je71" added to the name, it signifies that the subscriber's term of subscription expires with the December number of 1870, or the June number of 1871, and so on *et seq*.

Talks to My Patients.

Mrs. Gleason's book, advertised and noticed elsewhere, is meeting with a good sale. We can supply it to subscribers and agents in any quantity. A good many ladies are selling it with success. We should like to have in every town a good Lady Agent. For particulars of agency, write to the Publishers.

Books C. O. D.

Parties who order books will find it cheaper to send the money with the order, than to order C. O. D., as in this case the cost of collection will be added to the bill. This is considerable, when the money has to be returned from a distant point. Those who order C. O. D., should send one-fourth the value of the order in advance to insure prompt attention.

Caution.

Our friends in writing to us will please be very particular and give Postoffice, County and State with every letter, and not depend on us to remember where they live, though they may have told us a hundred times. Those who think we can turn to our books and find their names and address without trouble, are quite mistaken.

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We will send *THE HERALD OF HEALTH* and any one of the following Journals one year for the sum below mentioned. The order and money for both must be sent at the same time.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH, $2 00, and

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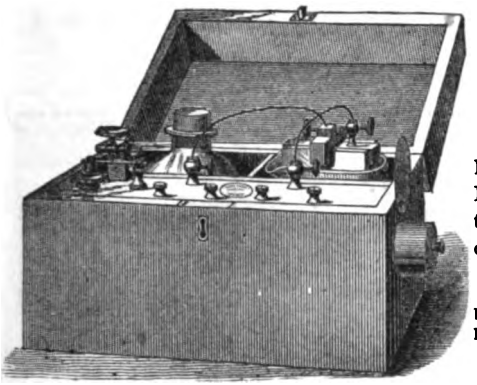
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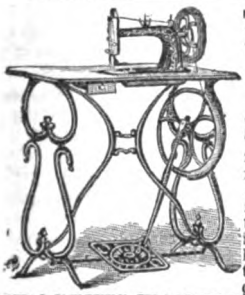
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ABOUT MRS. DR. GLEASON'S

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS.

From P. H. Hayes, M. D., *of Watkins, Mass.*

I have just laid down Mrs. Dr. Gleason's new work, and I am impatient to take up my pen in praise of it. The book is true to its title, and full of strong points and good counsels. But its chiefest charm for me is that the writer so well understands the so frequent connection of a troubled spirit with broken health, and that from the fountain of her own warm Christian heart, and from her experience as physician, wife, and mother, she knows so well how to

"Minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, and
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart."

From Mrs. Sarah R. A. Dolley, M. D., *Rochester, N. Y.*

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From Mrs. Stanley, *of the Female College, Elmira, N. Y.*

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A book we can safely recommend.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

General Articles:	Page
Effects of Alcoholic Beverages on the Body—*Edmund A. Parkes*, M. D.	241
The Young and their Associates—*H. C. Birdsall*	245
Rhymes (A Poem)...*Mrs. Frances Dana Gage*	248
What are Tears? (A Poem)	249
A Sound Heart—*Rev. Chas. H. Brigham*	250
Woman's Wrongs—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford*	255
Alone (A Poem)—*Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith*	257
The Blossom of the Day—*F. B. Perkins*	257
Men *vs.* Money—*Henry Ward Beecher*	259
What I Think of Kindergartens—*Emma C. Whipple*	262
The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraints—*Henry Maudsley*, M. D.	265
Florida as a Winter Residence—*Ledyard Bill*	268

Editorial Department:	
The Old and the New	273
The Struggle for Daily Bread	274
Drunkenness in High Places	275
Experience of a Former Meat-eater	276
Bee-keeping—A Word about Vinegar	276
Deaths of Children in London	277
Dress Reform—An Athlete	277
How the Prussians try to Avoid Death	277
How to Treat the Sick:	
The Kingdom of Invalidism, etc.	270
Bee Stings	272
Answers to Correspondents:	
Psoriasis—Hygienic Beds—Climate and Health—Apples and Salt-rheum—How to Make Gems	278
How to Reduce Corpulency—A Question in Physiology	279

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A NEW DISCUSSION OF TEMPERANCE PROBLEMS;

COMPRISED IN A SERIES OF TWELVE ESSAYS CONTRIBUTED BY OUR BEST THINKERS AND WRITERS.

No. II.—EFFECTS OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES ON THE BODY.

BY EDMUND A. PARKES, M. D.

SPIRITS AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET FOR HEALTHY PERSONS.

THREE sets of arguments have been used in discussing this question; from

1. The physiological action of alcohol;
2. The experience of its use or abuse;
3. Moral considerations.

To the last point I shall not further allude; for, though I do not underrate the great weight of the argument drawn from the misery which the use of alcohol produces—a misery so great that it may truly be said that, if alcohol were unknown, half the sin, and a large part of the poverty and unhappiness of the world would disappear. Yet this part of my subject is so obvious that I do not wish to occupy space with it. To my mind, however, the arguments which are strongest for total abstinence are drawn from this class. Nor does any one entertain a moment's doubt that the effect of intemperance in any alcoholic beverage is to cause premature old age, to produce or predispose to numerous diseases, and to lessen the chance of living, very greatly.*

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF ALCOHOL.

When taken into the stomach, alcohol is absorbed without alteration, or is, perhaps, in

*Neison, in his "Vital Statistics, says: "In intemperate persons the mortality between 21 and 30 years of age is five times that of the temperate. It becomes gradually less. A temperate person's chance of living is, at 20, 44 years; at 30, 36 years; at 40, 28 years; at 50, 21 years; at 60, 14 years; but an intemperate person's chance of living is, at 20, only 15 years; at 30, only 13 years; at 40, 11 years; at 50, 10 years; and at 60, only 8 years.

"All these deductions are drawn from the lives of 357 persons, a small number, it is true, but the facts are well authenticated.

"The average duration of life, after the commencement of habits of intemperance, is, among mechanics and laboring men, 18 years; among traders, dealers, and merchants, 17 years; among professional men and gentlemen, 15 years; among females, 14 years.

"Those who are intemperate on spirits have a greater mortality than those who are intemperate on beer, and those who are intemperate in both have a greater mortality than those intemperate on only spirits or beer."

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some small degree converted into acetic acid, possibly by the action of the mucus or secretions of the stomach. The rate of absorption is not known, and it has been supposed that when given in very large quantities it may not be at all. As far as I am aware, it has never been recovered from the fæces in any great amount. After absorption it passes into the blood, and then throughout the body; if the observations of Schulinus are correct, it is equally distributed, and does not accumulate, as was formerly supposed, in the liver and nervous tissues. It commences to pass out from the body speedily, as it may be detected in the breath soon after taken; it emerges chiefly by the lungs, partly by the skin, in smaller quantities by the kidneys, and slightly by the bowels.

Much debate has taken place as to whether all, or nearly all, the alcohol is thus eliminated, or whether any is destroyed in the body. The experiments of Dr. Percy, and subsequently those of Strauch, seemed at one time to have settled the question, and to have proved that alcohol is very little or not at all destroyed in the body. Since then the experiments of several physiologists have again altered the position; and though the evidence is incomplete, the opinion that alcohol disappears in the body is probably correct.

It is, however, probable that the power and the rate of destruction are moderate, and that alcohol soon begins to accumulate in the body; certainly it can sometimes be recovered from some fluids, as in the brain, even days after the last quantity has been taken. The question of its destruction, however interesting, is not the most important point. It is much more necessary to know what effects it has on the blood and various tissues.

On the Stomach.—Its effects on the stomach, if taken in any considerable quantity, are to check digestion, redden the mucous membrane, and produce a chronic catarrhal condition; to increase the connective tissue between the glands; to produce fatty and cystic degeneration of the contents of the glands, and, finally, more or less atrophy and disappearance of these parts. Taken habitually in larger quantities, it lessens if it does not destroy appetite.

On the Liver.—The action of small quantities on the liver is not known. Applied directly to the liver, by injection into the portal vein, it increases the amount of sugar (Harley). Taken daily in large quantities, it causes either enlargement of the organ, by producing albuminoid and fatty deposit, or it causes at once, or following enlargement, increase of connective tissue, and finally contraction of Glisson's capsule, and atrophy of the portal canals and cells, by the pressure of a shrinking exudation.

On the Spleen.—On this organ the action of alcoholic drinks is not fully established.

On the Lungs.—It lessens the amount of carbonic acid in the expired air. This is probably true of all the alcoholic beverages, though there is some discrepancy of experiment with different kinds of spirits. In large quantities it also alters the molecular constitution of the lungs, as chronic bronchitis and lobular emphysema are certainly more common in those who take much alcohol.

On the Heart and Blood-vessels.—Alcohol usually at first increases the force, and sometimes the quickness, of the heart's action. Eventually, it would appear from observation, it tends to lower the heart's action, and partially paralyzes the vas-motor nerves. In large quantities, habitually taken, it perhaps alters molecular constitution, and tends to the deposit or the formation of fat. It causes general turgessence, especially of the skin, apparently from a sort of paralyzing action on the nerves of the small arteries.

On the Blood.—The amount of fat is either increased or made more visible. The chemical changes in the blood are partially arrested.

On the Nervous System.—In most persons it acts as an anæsthetic, lessening the rapidity of impressions, the power of thought, and the perfection of the senses. In some cases it seems to cause increased rapidity of thought, and excites the imagination, but even here the power of control over a train of thought is lessened. In no case does it seem to increase accuracy of sight, nor is there any evidence that it quickens hearing, smell, taste, or touch; indeed, experiments show that it diminishes all the senses. Different spirits act differently on the nervous system, owing, probably, to the presence of ethers. Some produce great excitement, followed by profound torpor and depression. Absinthe is especially hurtful, apparently from the presence of essential oils, as well as from the large amount of alcohol. The impairment of the special sense and muscular power, implies that it interferes with the movement of the nervous currents.

On the Muscular System.—Voluntary muscular power seems to be lessened, and this is most marked when a large quantity of alcohol is taken at once. The finer combined movements

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are less perfectly made. In large doses it paralyzes either the respiratory muscles or the nerves supplying them, and death sometimes occurs from the impairment to respiration.

On the Change in Tissue.—This is lessened, as is evidenced by a diminution in the elimination of urea and carbonic acid. This indicates that less mechanical force is produced in the body, and less work is got from the human machine. Large quantities of alcohol tend to cause an accumulation in the system of imperfectly oxidized bodies, such as uric and oxalic acids.

On the Temperature of the Body.—Perrin found the temperature of the body rather less after meals with, than after meals without, wine. Drs. Sidney Ringer and Rickards have made an extensive series of observations on men and habits, which show that alcohol in large doses depresses the temperature remarkably. In smaller doses it also lowers it. These experiments are quite in accordance with the observations on the use of alcohol when persons are exposed to cold.

On the Eliminating Organs.—The action of the lungs and kidneys is lessened. The condition of the skin is not certain. Dr. Edward Smith thinks it is lessened. When taken in large quantities habitually, the minute structure of the kidneys suffers, the vessels and tubes become thickened, and there is rapid cell growth, followed by rapid atrophy and shrinking. Even moderate spirit-drinkers show very early an appearance of age, and this probably arises from the constant over-distension of the small vessels of the skin, and perhaps from some change in the texture of the skin itself.

It is impossible not to feel that, so far, the progress of physiological inquiry renders the propriety of the use of alcohol in health MORE AND MORE DOUBTFUL. It appears to decrease strength, and to impair nutrition by hindering oxidation, and, if in large quantities, the reception of food; while, if habitually taken in any large quantity, it leads to degeneration of the tissues of certain organs, especially of the liver, the nervous system, the lungs, heart, and kidneys. If we look upon the body as an agent of work, from which we wish to obtain as much mechanical and mental force as is compatible with health, we can consider the effect of alcohol, *per se*, AS SIMPLY A MEANS OF PREVENTING THIS DEVELOPMENT OF FORCE. In the case of beer and the weaker wines, experience most decidedly shows that the highest health, the greatest vigor, and long life, are quite compatible with entire absence from these liquids.

In the case of spirits, I believe it may be asserted that experience *does not sanction their use.*

EVIDENCE AGAINST THE USE OF SPIRITS UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Under Cold.—There is a singular unanimity of opinion on this point; all observers condemn the use of spirits, and even of wine and beer, as a preventive against cold. In the Arctic regions we have the evidence of Richardson, Mr. Goodsir, Dr. King, Captain Kennedy, Dr. Kane, Dr. Hayes, and others. Dr. Hayes says that he will not only not use spirits, but will take no man who does. Dr. Hooker testifies to the same effect among whalers in the Antarctic regions. Ulloa long ago noticed the same thing in ascending mountains. Dr. Carpenter says that the Russian army, when on the march in cold weather, not only use no spirits, but that no man is allowed to march who has lately taken any. The guides at Chamouni and the Oberland, when out in the winter, have invariably found spirits hurtful. The bathing men at Dieppe, who are much exposed to cold from long standing in the sea, also find that spirits are hurtful. The instances in which spirits are supposed to be useful are those in which hot water is taken with them, and the benefit is doubtless owing to the heat of the water.

Heat.—The common notion that some form of alcoholic beverage is necessary in tropical climates is, I firmly believe, a mischievous delusion. The records of the Eighty-fourth Indiana Regiment, in which I formerly served, numbered many teetotalers, and these records show that these teetotalers were more healthy, more vigorous, and far better soldiers than those who did not abstain. The experience of almost every hunter in India will be in accordance with this. Tropical climates are precisely the places where alcohol is most hurtful.

THE EXPOSURES AND EXERTIONS OF WAR.

The greatest fatigues, both in hot and cold climates, have been best borne by men who took no alcohol in any shape. Robert Jackson marched one hundred and eighteen miles in twenty-four hours, in Jamaica, carrying a load equal to a soldier's, and says: "The English soldier may be rendered capable of going through the severest service in the West Indies, and that temperance will be one of the best means of enabling him to perform his duty with safety and comfort." Even under circumstances when the use of spirits might be supposed to be useful, as when men are exposed to wet and cold, soldiers are better off without

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alcohol. On this point no testimony can be stronger than that given by Sir John Hall. He says: "My own opinion is that neither spirit, wine, nor malt liquors are necessary to health. The healthiest army I ever served with had not a single drop of any of them; and although it was exposed to all the hardships of Kaffir warfare at the Cape of Good Hope, in wet and inclement weather, without tents or shelter of any kind, the sick-list seldom exceeded one per cent."

Dr. Mann says: "The Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, at that eventful period at which I was the surgeon, lost in three years by sickness not more than five or six men. This was during the Revolutionary War, when the army received no pay, and possessed not the means to procure spirits. The embarrassment was considered a national calamity, but it proved a blessing to the soldier. When he is found poor in money—it is always the case—he abounds in health, a fact worth recording."

Discipline, Temper, Cheerfulness, Endurance.—It is a fact known to all that good discipline goes with temperance. The courage and endurance of a drunkard are always lessened, and in a degree far short of drunkenness; while temperance raises the boldness, cheerfulness, and spirit of the man. The experience of the late civil war abounds in instances of the effects of the use and disuse of spirits. A surgeon of the United States Army says: "The curse of an army is intoxicating liquors; the spirit-ration is the great source of mischief."

Giving Rations to Soldiers.—The custom of giving rations to soldiers, even now not altogether discontinued, was one of those incredible mistakes which are only made worse by the explanation that it was done to please the men, and to cover neglect in other ways. If any one wishes to see what the English army was in former days, and how military regulations made men drunkards in spite of themselves, I may refer them to an old Peninsular surgeon's (William Ferguson) notes and recollections (1846) from a professional life. "During the last war," he says, "our sailors and soldiers appeared to live only for the purpose of getting drunk. With them it seemed to be the chief article of their creed—the chief end of life. 'Grog, grog,' was still the cry. I have seen it, as it were, forced down the throats of the innocent negro boy and the uncorrupted young recruit. We seemed to believe that the term *aqua vitæ* was its true designation. Every one was to have it, no matter what the age, the color, the country, or the breeding. At the battle of the Busaco, I saw a party of Portuguese Artillery, as soon as the rum-ration was served, as if they had been possessed by a devil, draw their swords and fight with one another, when actually under the fire of the enemy."

There is too much reason to fear hat many officers still believe that soldiers must have spirits. Ferguson says that "the exceeding vulgarity of the prejudice that ardent spirits impart strength and vigor to the frame is disgraceful to educated men." Although in the army drinking is the great source of all crime and insubordination; although, even within the last twelve years, we have had one, if not more, instances that, even during an assault, men will sacrifice any thing, even their honor, to obtain spirits; although the best officers know that this is one point on which they can not depend on their men, far too little has been done to make soldiers temperate. It is the same in civil life; there is no question that the moral as well as the physical evils proceeding from drink are beyond all recording, and yet the attempts made to secure a complete legislative consideration of the question are looked upon as the delusions of fanatics, and are opposed with a bitterness which could only be justified if the degradation, and not the improvement, of mankind, was desired. To see an Ecumenical Council assembled, composed of religious teachers from all parts of the world, to discuss and decide upon the infallibility of the Pope, while they neglect the world-wide evil of drunkenness and its accompanying crimes, is indeed to take "tithes of anise and cummin, and to neglect the weightier matters of the law."

CONCLUSION.

Looking back at the evidence, it may be asked: "If the question lies at any time between the use of spirits and total abstinence, which is best?"

To me there seems but one answer. If spirits neither give strength to the body, nor sustain it against disease—are not protection against cold and wet, and aggravate rather than mitigate the effects of heat; if their use, even in moderation, increases crime, injures self-control, and impairs hope and cheerfulness; if the severest trials of life have not been merely borne, but most easily borne, without them; if there is no evidence that they are protection against malaria or other diseases, then I conceive that WE ARE NOT JUSTIFIED IN SANCTIONING THEIR USE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

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The Young and their Associates.

BY MRS. H. C. BIRDSALL.

A LADY, who has seen a good deal of the world, has told me that one of the most valuable lessons of her life was taught her in a few sentences by her father. Upon the evening of her first appearance in society, he called her into his library, and said to her, in a very grave and decided manner: "I have a few words of advice to give you. You will see, this evening, a large collection of young people, and I want to warn you against two things in your intercourse with them—affectation and flirting. Be social and merry; enjoy yourself as much as you can; but remember throughout the whole evening that my eye is upon you, and if I detect the least sign of either of the faults I have mentioned, I shall take it as an indication that your character is not mature enough for the enjoyment of society, and shall forbid your seeing any more of it at present." This lady was by nature gay, and full of spirits and mischief, and says that her father's words alone saved her from being guilty of the miserable, lowering fault of flirting. They seemed to her at the time stern and harsh, for they were in contrast to her father's usual mild manner, but their good effect was very decided.

As children pass from the direct control of their parents into the independent state of manhood and womanhood, there should be no relaxation in the parents' efforts to make them high-toned. And in no particular is this more necessary than in regulating their habits of association with their young friends; for from this intercourse they may receive much harm, unless protected against it by a *good* suit of moral armor. It may have been a life-long effort of parents to teach their children sincerity, and yet they tacitly consent to the habit of affectation which they see growing upon their daughters as they begin to associate with other young people. They may know that their daughters mean well in general, that they have set a high standard of excellence before them for imitation, and they may think that so trifling an imperfection is not worth minding—that it will all rub off. They should have learned by experience that whatever fault once sullies a character, although it may be wiped away, always leaves a stain, perceptible, at least, to the one affected. Affectation may ripen into insincerity of the worst kind, and both our sons and daughters should be taught to be what they seem, and to seem what they are. Flirting may be named one of the evil fruits of affectation; for what is it but the assumed appearance of special regard for one whom a person does not particularly like, or of dislike for a well-loved one, or both at the same time? It can not be too strictly guarded against by parents.

We frequently hear a groaning among elderly people over the "good old times," and every thing pertaining to the present day is spoken of as much inferior to old-time things, and many a quiet laugh we enjoy, but without malice, at their expense. They lay the blame of so many girls being useless ornaments to society upon the fact that the piano has usurped the place of the spinning-wheel, not realizing that, in this time of improvements and labor-saving machines, the spinning-wheel is an impossibility, and also losing sight of the fact that the change in the spirit of parents and of the times, and not the piano, has done the mischief.

Our training of children would doubtless be the better for having something more of the old-fashioned element in it.

I think, for instance, that a family in which there are from two to four daughters should be able to carry on all the housework, with the assistance of the many labor-saving machines, and without the disagreeable appendage of a servant.

When a young lady's so-called education is completed, how often we see her sitting down to novels and embroidery for from six to ten years of her life. Censorious friends, out of hearing distance, blame her for her course of "laziness," and the fact is they are not blaming the right person at all. The young lady herself may have an earnest desire to be useful, but she sees no opening for her. Servants are in the kitchen; mother keeps the keys and superintends operations; daughter sits in the parlor, becoming more and more discontented while thinking of, and longing for, her "vocation!"

The labors of a household might easily be so divided among its daughters as to make them feel that they had, at least, *a* vocation, if not precisely *the* one most fitted to them, and plenty

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of time reserved for recreation and the practice of the feminine accomplishments, which are so pretty and graceful in their proper places. In the old days it was thought part of a girl's duty to lay up for herself a stock of bedding and articles of household use; she took much pleasure in it, and it passed away much leisure time in a happy and useful way, which might otherwise have been spent in sighing for a vocation.

Now-a-days, young ladies taught to do this are looked upon as eccentric and in haste to get married. They are allowed to spend all their energies in trying to catch husbands by their airs and graces, and it is not noticed as unladylike; but if they were to sit down, as in old times, to make sheets and quilt bedquilts, the finger of Madam Grundy would be immediately pointed at them.

The excuse often given for the change is, that every thing for household use can now be bought, ready made, *just as cheaply* as it can be prepared at home. I have known this reason to be given by mothers of daughters who were already engaged to be married, and who had nothing to look forward to as assistance in providing them with the articles necessary to housekeeping. And then I have known these young ladies, after passively waiting a number of years in the vain hope of seeing a good supply of bedding, furniture, etc., "drop down" or "turn up," married, their *trousseau* using up all their parents' surplus means, and they, having not the wherewithal to buy the blankets, etc., for which they had fondly longed, obliged to commence boarding instead of having a house of their own.

How much better might their mothers have put aside all false notions, and encouraged their daughters to gather together and make needed articles from time to time, as the materials and opportunity offered. There is no reason why this course should not be pursued, for every thoughtful person knows that we can not buy any thing made by the needle or machine just as cheaply as we could make it ourselves, unless we have employed our time in something equally remunerative. We must pay for the time and labor expended upon them virtually twice over, if we count the years wasted by our daughters which might have been employed in this work.

That there is just as much necessity for economy throughout our land as ever there was is plainly indicated by the numerous books and transient articles constantly appearing upon the subject of living cheaply.

There seems to be no feeling of objection to economy *after* marriage, but it is deemed a sin against conventionalities to show a need of it, or of even a preparation for it, previous to marriage.

The mother should teach her daughters economy, not only in the direction I have mentioned, but in all the departments of housekeeping, as being as important a duty as she has to perform.

In the labor of housekeeping, while sedulous in inculcating the spirit of thoroughness, the mother should avoid teaching that over-carefulness which exhausts itself upon the minute details of work, and renders a person really inefficient. If a girl is naturally slow and plodding, she should be taught *deftness*, if possible. It is a quality which but few persons possess as a natural gift, but it may be cultivated indefinitely. It is not simply *quickness*, for that *alone* frequently leads us into errors which can only be rectified by time; it is a something which makes us do the right thing at the right time, which puts our household machinery into such excellent running order, that lookers-on are not conscious of the presence of any machinery or hard labor. Our observation must have shown us that a great deal of our happiness is dependent upon our health, and the latter, in turn, upon the nature of our daily diet, and the way in which it has been put together. Mothers should therefore themselves understand the proper construction of food, and should teach their daughters so well that, when they have homes of their own, they may never encounter sour looks made sour and sullen by the repeated use of sour and heavy bread, half-cooked vegetables, soggy cake, pastry, etc. Young people —young men as well as young women—should be proficient in nursing the sick. They should be accustomed from their very childhood to the practice of the various offices of friendship to the sick. If circumstances prevent the acquisition of a studied knowledge of the art, they should, at least, learn by example, precept, and practice enough of the essentials of good nursing to make themselves valuable aids in the sick room. They must understand that little things are of great importance in the eyes of the sick; they must learn to make themselves the *mind* of the patient.

Knowledge of this kind is never useless, for we can all find occasions for practising it, and it assists in making us more tender-hearted and sympathetic.

Young people should be kept busy, not always in work, but in something that is good for them to do.

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If, in the course of time, their inclinations lead them to occupations which take them from home, the parents should bid them God-speed, confident in the strength and binding force of their mutual affection, and not weakly keeping them at home for some of the best years of their lives. A case in illustration: A lady has two sons, one twenty-three and the other twenty years of age; they have no employment; they do not like the home duties, and take no part in them; they sometimes become restless, and talk of attempting some business for themselves. Upon such occasions the mother says: "Oh no, not yet; I can not bear to think of being left desolate; stay a little longer at home as children; there is time enough." Such a course suggests the well-known words: "*Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep,*" and it is hardly necessary to mention the almost inevitable result. And so with daughters—they should be busy, and if their active minds make them desire further occupation than they can find at home, they should be allowed to consult their tastes; for at no time of life is the mischief-finder for idle hands so unremitting and successful as at this time of budding and blossoming thoughts, feelings, and desires. Young people should now be upon easy and intimate terms with their parents; the time for government and submission having passed away, they should enjoy the society of each other upon a footing of something like equality. Parents should adopt the habit of advising with their children upon matters of importance, a course equally advantageous to parents and children—to parents, because as they advance in life their opinions frequently become one-sided, biased by accumulated prejudices, and behind the age; their children's suggestions, sent plowing around the old-rooted ideas, loosening the hard soil, and letting in the freshness and sunlight of their own more youthful and modern experience, may be of great value. The children, on the other hand, are benefited by the exercise of their judgment, which goes to improve its quality and strength. The feeling, also, that their parents are willing to confide in them, and to trust their youthful advice, strengthens the bond of attachment between them, and increases their self-respect and veneration for their parents.

In some families, where there is freedom and trust in regard to most matters, there is often found the closest reserve in regard to religious feelings. The reason usually given is, that children, from being in daily contact with their parents, are better acquainted with their faults than any one else; and therefore, for very shame, the parents do not speak of that which they so poorly practise. This is one of the most specious sophistries of our arch-enemy. It is our plain duty to speak freely and often to our children of our inner life and of our Guide and Helper—not in a formal, set manner, but reverently and lovingly.

There is frequently a suspension of confidence when children form those attachments which are to result in new family bonds. This arises from the fact that the thoughtful father and mother, looking at those chosen by their children with the eyes of their maturer age and judgment, see flaws of character which, in their opinion, render them unsuitable for their children. Their opinion they do not hesitate to express, which is an error of judgment.

They should look back to their own youth. Were they perfect when they were married? Are they perfect now? Is not every thing they have gained in strength or loveliness of character the direct result of earnest and persistent effort in overcoming faults quite as glaring as those of the persons in question; and is it not quite as natural that the latter should struggle to improve themselves? The mother has another reason—nature cries out with the agony of the thought that her children are, in one sense, to be taken from her; that she is to be no longer the first one with them; that they are to find rest and comfort and confidence in another heart than her own. The feeling can not be helped, but the mother who has gone thus far successfully in the management of her children will not falter here. It is a bitter and heart-rending time, but she will pass through it bravely, and give to her children the approval, encouragement, and love which they need.

If parents meet their children in this way, they will be made the first and most precious confidants in regard to the new loves, and this will continue even after marriage. There are families in which the married children never attempt any matter of great importance without consulting their parents.

There are strong, sensible men, and intelligent, self-reliant women, who never omit their seasons of sitting at their parents' feet to gain more wisdom, and to rest and warm themselves in the atmosphere of love which they ever find there. And this is the sweet and fitting reward of those who have faithfully accomplished the training of their children, and one which they may expect. They who start zealously upon the course of parental duty, but flag on the way, giving up one item after another of duty

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can not look for this reward. There are those occasionally born into the world who may never be taught the right—their natures are full of in-born evil which will work out all through their lives. But it is not with such unnatural exceptions that we often have to do. We have the warrant of undeniable authority for the precept and its accompanying promise: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Still superior to the joy of having children to rise up and call us blessed, is our sure hope that, when we all meet as children in the great home of Eternity, we shall receive the everlasting reward granted to victors over self and the errors of selfishness.

Rhymes.

BY ONE WHO DID NOT WRITE "ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER."

THERE are sad poets, who sing us of life
As toiling, and weary with sorrow and strife;
Strong in their manhood, they sigh and complain,*
Pleading for childhood and spring-time again;
Finding no pleasure in brave-toiling years,
Moaning impatiently o'er "wasted tears,"
Crying, in anguish and suffering deep,
"Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep."

Brings not well-doing its own full reward?
Has not each true soul its trust in the Lord?
Pain may oppress us, and sorrow may come,
Grief overshadow the heart and the home;
Faithful ones know that the storm will float by,
Leaving the rainbow still spanning the sky;
And Hope plumes her wings, even while the eyes weep,
Soaring upward and onward where souls ask not sleep.

Never was loving unrecompensed yet,
Never a good deed that left a regret;
Sad disappointment may encompass us round,
Vice and temptation in plenty be found;
Spring may have fled with its passing perfume,
Dear ones have gone from our sight to the tomb;
True hearts, though saddened, some treasures will keep,
Guarded by angels whose eyes never sleep.

Shame and dishonor will ever bring shame,
Blaming and coldness will ever meet blame;
Reckless deceivers will still be deceived,
Heartless aggrievers be surely aggrieved;

* Mr. O. M. W. Ball claims to be the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," composed by Florence Percy.

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Selfishness still mix the gall with the sweet,
Envy and Pride scatter flints for the feet;
Hate shuns its future, and backward would creep,
Seeking surcease of sorrow in childhood and sleep.

A pure faith hath ever for sorrow a balm,
A sure hope can whisper the tempest to calm;
Earth has no suffering, life has no sting
So poison and pointed, but true love can bring
From treasures unwasted a health-giving draught,
To blunt the keen pang of misfortune or wrath—
Till over the senses serene peace shall creep,
And the heart rise refreshed from the resting and sleep.

Cast abroad on the waters thy bread, O true Soul!
Fear not and faint not, though black waves may roll,
Bearing thy earth-hopes away from thy sight,
Striving to 'whelm thee in darkness and night;
Shaking thy robes from temptation and sin,
Keeping love's jewels untarnished within,
On through the darkness triumphantly sweep,
Blessing and blessed till the earth-life shall sleep!

Onward, then, onward, O Time! in thy flight
Bearing us nearer the fountain of light;
Onward and upward, O Heart! beating still
Unshrinking in duty, with resolute will
Of the now make the best, and, whatever betide,
To-morrow, remember, "the Lord will provide;"
Be faithful to all that he gives thee to keep,
Till in glory thy spirit is ransomed from sleep.

FRANCES DANA GAGE.

What are Tears?

LITTLE pearls from out the valley
Where the fount of feeling flows;
Little dew-drops softly resting
On the petals of the rose.

Little emblems of repentance
In the hardened sinner's eye;
Telling of a love long buried,
Which, though crushed, may never die.

Little rain-drops falling earthward
When the cloud of sorrow lowers,
Freeing it from half its burden
As the clouds are freed by showers.—*Selected.*

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A Sound Heart.

BY REV. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

"A sound heart is the life of the flesh," says the Hebrew proverb, and of this proverb the pains and diseases of men are the perpetual commentary. Of the fleshly life the heart is the centre, not only according to the ancient prejudice, but according to the latest anatomical discoveries. It has not now, indeed, its former rank as the seat of passion and wisdom. In these last years, physiology has shown the soul of man nearer to the brain than to the heart—the skull, and not the rib-chest, holds the spiritual treasure. But for physical life, for the needs of the body, the heart is of the first importance. No man or woman can be "heartless" and continue to live, except in metaphor. The lungs may be pierced, the bowels may gush out, the limbs may be amputated, the brain may lose something of its substance; but a shot in the heart, any breaking of its wall, is fatal. There is no animal life without some kind of a heart. This is the working force of the body, which never rests, never, for more than a moment, pauses in its work, and over which volition has no power. You may hold your breath for seconds, even for minutes; you may fasten the muscles, so that they shall not move; you may leave the brain to slumber; but you can not will the heart to stop beating. From birth to death, in all seasons, in all atmospheres, in all experiences, by night as by day, in age as in youth, in rest as in motion, that even work goes on; and all its work does not wear it out. This realizes perpetual motion in the life of man. The motion may be quicker or slower, but it goes on, no matter where we are or what we are doing. It has no care for circumstance or for character. A very wicked man may have just as righteous a heart, literally speaking, as a very good man, a heart which is just as faithful to its duty. If the black drop is in it, no one can see that drop. If the white spots of disease are there, they are invisible.

The heart, in our common and traditional speech, has to do with so many things of a spiritual kind, that its physical relations are not easily separated. The sacred volume joins "heart" to will, to feeling, to knowledge, and qualifies it by all kinds of epithet. It is a singular fact, however, that without knowing it the sacred writers use epithets of the spiritual heart, which exactly describe the maladies and dangers of the physical heart. The "stony" heart of which they speak is found almost literally when the valves and passages of this muscle are turned to bone. The "broken" heart is not an impossible condition, as medical experts know. There are hearts that "wax gross," and hearts that "grow fat," and hearts that are "hardened." There are "swollen" hearts, and "shrunken" hearts, and hearts "turned backward." What the Scripture says of the heart of Job, which God made "soft," and the heart of Pharaoh, which God "hardened," and the heart of David, which "smote him," and the "slow hearts" of the disciples of Jesus, is repeated in the details and demonstration of cardiac pathology. Nay, even that "Beast's heart" which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream as the portion of the wicked man, is curiously justified by the "*cor bovinum*," a disease of the heart which is treated in the books of medicine. Even cases of a "double" heart are on record in the catalogue of animal monstrosities. *Post-mortem* examinations not seldom show an "unclean" heart, to which unhealthy parasites have fastened themselves; and that peculiar hum of the arteries, which the French auscultators call *bruit de diable*, may illustrate for us the devil in the heart of Judas. Indeed, what is the whole method of auscultation and percussion but a literal "trying" and "searching" of the heart, and "discerning of its intents?" In this way literally the "secrets of the heart are made manifest," and the ways of the heart are laid open. The heart may not be pierced, but it can tell its tale to the listening ear.

And yet the heart knows how to keep a secret, and is very adroit in misleading. As Jeremy says, it is "deceitful above all things." It may be diseased for months and years while it gives no visible or sensible sign of disease, and it may keep one in constant fear of disease, when there is no disease at all. No organ more than this makes one a "*malade imaginaire*." There is hardly any one, man or woman, of mature years, who has not at times been the victim of an imaginary affection of the heart, even if there has been no "falling in love." Sympathy brings this fancy. If you talk with an invalid of this kind about his symptoms, straightway your own heart begins to flutter, and strange sensations trouble you in the re-

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gion of the chest. Half the medical class, who hear lectures upon the heart and its functions, are watching their own pulsations while they listen to the lecturer and gaze upon his diagrams. A book upon the heart is read by that organ as well as by the eye and brain. The actual hiding of the heart leaves more room for the imagination to deal with its phenomena. A good deal, certainly, is not imaginary. The functional derangements of the organ are very real. Its accelerated beatings, its occasional sharp pains, the dull uneasiness which seems to press around it, are by no means delusions in a great many cases. We can not laugh away the conviction of one who really feels these troubles, or make him believe that it is all hallucination. Trouble in the heart, even when it comes from wind in the stomach, is too serious in its effect upon the mind to be treated contemptuously. There is nothing more depressing than the conviction that there is something wrong about the heart, we can not exactly tell what, but some disturbing influence there—that we have what Solomon calls in that great dedication speech for the Temple, a "plague of the heart."

The heart is subject to many and very serious "plagues." It may grow beyond its bounds: its walls may thicken, or may expand; its channels may be distended; it may waste away and lose all its roundness; it may melt away, even when the soul is not sentimental; it may be imbedded in layers of tissue, or it may be drowned in dropsical effusion; it may be ossified or indurated; it may be inflamed in its inner coatings, or in its outer lining; aneurism may block doors, and anemia may leave its chambers ...y—these are real troubles, which make a ... chapter in theory and practice of medi... Many maladies which were formerly re...ed to other sources, are now traced to the ... art as their centre. Apoplexy belongs to the ... more than to the head. Sudden death in ... cases is ordered by this organ. The heart ... ow held responsible for what used to be ... d asthma, and plethora, and has become trustee for many estates of the body. An examination of this organ, whether in its place, or in its communication with other parts of the body, is the first act of understanding and prophecy in all disease. When a physician is called to his patient, the first thing that he does is to feel the pulse, to put his fingers on the artery that he may so at once get into telegraphic intercourse with the central office and find the state of the heart. "Is the heart right?" This is a fundamental question of medical inquiry as well as of religious revival. To ascertain the way and work of the heart is the first need. If there is disease or disturbance there, the whole treatment will be affected by the revelation. If the currents there flow regularly and the valves move with easy motion, then the prospect is favorable, and the patient may be safely and wisely encouraged.

In some families disease of the heart is hereditary. From father to son, from generation to generation, it is handed down, and the children know that whatever legacy of outward possession may fail, they carry this legacy in the constitution of their bodies Where this constitution is entailed in the blood, the prayer to be delivered from sudden death is futile and unavailing, though it be read every Sunday with all fervour. If ancestors have died in that way, it is probable that the habit will continue. Where there is predisposition to disease of the heart, there will always be more or less apprehension that the call of the heart may stop the movement of the machine. This apprehension, after a time, becomes a fatalist resignation, which gets so accustomed to expect death at any moment, that the fear seems to subside. There are men of venerable years, who still eat well and sleep well, who tell you that they have had disease of the heart ever since they were born, and have never felt of any day, but that it might be their last day. There was a youth in Harvard College more than thirty years ago, who took pains to inform all his classmates at the beginning of his course that they must not ask him to walk or run with them, to play at cricket, or to engage in any manly sport, because his heart was out of order, because he bore this inherited curse—and who after a year or two found that study excited the organ unduly, and left College altogether. Yet he is now the respectable father of numerous children, portly and serene in figure, and has a reasonable hope of living to the full age of man. His heart is still haunted by the spectre of disease, but he has become so wonted to the ghost that he has ceased to vex himself by fear of so harmless a familiar spirit.

And where this tendency to heart disease is not handed down in the blood, there are many causes which excite it. A common cold may lodge its destruction in this organ. Rheumatism goes there, and when rheumatism is fairly fastened in the heart, human skill can not get it away. Disease of the lungs propagates itself very easily in the premises of this next-door neighbour, and the heart is rarely quite clean when the lungs are foul and encumbered. The liver, which is over against the heart, makes

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the heart partner in its miseries, and the melancholy heart is often only a manifestation of superfluous bile. Dyspeptics are very apt to feel their woe in their hearts not less than in the gastric region; and no person suffers more from pain in this organ than the victim of gout. A twinge in the foot is answered quickly by a palpitation in the chest. Indeed, as the heart controls the circulation of the blood, all diseases in which the circulation is involved must tell upon the distributing reservoir. Even those sore boils, by which Job was so tormented, may have had their effect in *softening his heart*, as he describes the work of the Lord with him. So long as any disease lingers in the system, the heart is not safe. The most remote extremity sends its message to the centre. A corn on the toe may harden the heart, and a felon on the finger may make the heart wicked, in another way than by the impatience which it causes. In the more important maladies, fevers, cholerас, and the like, the heart is always intimately concerned. The decomposition of blood, which cholera brings, throws disorder at once into all the chambers and passages of the machine, and the speedy end is caused by the loss of cardiac power. Death from cholera might be called death from faintness of heart.

The external signs of disease of the heart are not very trustworthy. Lover's sighs are not a sure sign, and lovers soon recover from their malady. The discoloration of the iris, the *arcus senilis*, which shows in the eye of old age, can not indicate trouble in the heart beyond a doubt, though with other signs, it may suggest a degenerate state of the organ. The "sardonic laugh" is not peculiar to an inflamed pericardium. Shortness of breath is not by any means an infallible test. That a portly matron can not run on the play-ground like a schoolgirl, or a grave citizen climb a hill without panting, does not prove that their hearts are enlarged, or are disordered in any serious way. Growing years may be expected to change in some degree the action of the heart, and old age tells more effectually upon this organ than upon any other.

And the remedies of a diseased heart are very few. Literally, it is impossible to heal a broken heart. The broken head may be bound up, the broken arm may be put in splints, but the broken heart can neither be bound nor pressed together. Every wound here is fatal. For other lesions and derangements of the heart the materia medica is very scanty. Not more than half-a-dozen drugs are prescribed even in the heroic practice, and these are used with constraint and hesitation. Wine, which maketh the heart glad, has in some cases a quickening ministry, and rouses the pulse of age. Opium stills the paroxysms of this organ, while it quiets the nerves. There are cases in which *nux vomica* may be properly "exhibited," and in permanent inflammation of the membranes, iodine assuages the fever. Once, blood-letting was the authorized remedy, and for a plethoric heart, Sangrado was the only physician. But now this sanguinary style has ceased, and the lancet is hardly better for the heart than a dagger. Only a few hold to the method which would deplete the labouring heart by opening veins, and spilling the current of life. Even the *fox-glove*, the sovereign remedy for excitements of the heart for so many ages of medicine, is losing its favour, and there are not wanting skilful men, who think that this famous *digitalis* really kills more than it heals. At best, it only palliates the disease, but does not remove it.

The remedies for heart disease must mainly be applied before the disease comes on. There is a regimen which may protect this organ and strengthen it in advance. Its secret place can be reached, and a sound heart in a sound body can be secured by proper care as much as a sound mind in a sound body. Most of the rules which apply to the protection of the heart are, however, of a negative kind, telling not so much what to do, as what to avoid. In general terms, one who has any tendency to disease of this organ, must practice self-denial in a good many ways, giving up not only what is injurious in all constitutions, but what in other constitutions would not only be harmless, but excellent. Some things which we should advise others to do as the very means of preserving health, we should advise those whose hearts are uncertain to shun as dangerous. What may be meat to others will be poison to them.

1. And the first advice to give, where there is any sign of trouble in the heart, is *to avoid violent exercise*. Athletic sports are not fit for one whose heart is weak or touched with any infirmity. Not for him the lively oar; not for him the dexterous bat, or the leaping of walls, or the skilful fly-catch; not for him the steeple-chase, or the fox-hunt; not for him any sport that heats the blood or strains the muscles, or tries the breath. If he rides, it should be at a jogging pace and on a steady-going cob, and not on any fiery charger. If he walks, it should not be as one who walks for a wager. Running, under all circumstances, is to be prohibited, though all the fire-bells are ringing, or

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his watch tells him that he will be late for the train. He should be exclusively a land animal, and not even in the heats of summer venture to blow or tumble in the wave. His physical exercise should be of the gentler kind, of the parlour variety, the ninepins that are knocked down upon a "cue alley," or the refined thrusts of the billiard table. Phelan, rather than Heenan or Morrissey, should be the model of his choice. Some exercise is as important for the health of a sensitive heart as for any of the bodily organs. Laziness and languor are likely to aggravate its malady. But its exercise ought not to be too strong in kind or too much in quantity. A little at a time, often repeated, is better than heroic doses of muscular exertion; enough to stir the blood, but not enough to press its currents.

2. A second condition should be to *avoid stimulating food and drink*. High seasoned dishes, hot with spice and pepper, are as bad for the heart as they are for the feet, and affect these organs simultaneously. One who feeds habitually upon curry or cayenne can not hope to keep his heart free from evil. The fit food for the heart must have a lower tone, the soup must have more of water than of fire, and the sauce must be the juice of the meat, rather than the inventions of Soyer or Ude. And hot drink is equally to be shunned, whether the heat be latent in the beverage or added by communication. French brandy, crusty old port, Schiedam schnapps, Bourbon whisky, Syrian arrakia, and all liquids of that kind, are dangerous appliances for a troubled heart. Coffee in the French style, or tea in the Russian style, are hardly safer. A habit of "total abstinence" is a much better protection to the heart than any experiment upon the quality of intoxicating fluids. To warm up the cold heart with generous wine, and rouse it from its faintness, may sometimes be necessary; but the constant use of any stimulating drink will tend to increase rather than keep off the danger. That counsel to Aaron and his house applies as well to all whose hearts are weak as to the Levitical priesthood, "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, lest ye die."

3. And another important warning, if the heart is to be preserved safe and sound, is to *avoid physical bulk*, not to get fat. The heart is apt to degenerate, as layers of tissue are piled upon the frame. It can not do the needed work for the sustenance of an elephantine mass. Lean men sometimes suffer from the plague of the heart, but fat men are more likely to feel it. There should be restraint of appetite where there is this tendency, a brave sacrifice of all that tends to deposit superfluous flesh, of sweets and of rich viands. The boarding-house "hash," which, according to the story, was so willingly relinquished in the Lenten season, is safer as a feast, where the heart is in question, than any saccharine luxuries. In one of the Hebrew songs, Asaph tells of the foolish how "their eyes stand out with fatness, and they have more than heart could wish"—which we may interpret as meaning that too much flesh shows in its heart the evil of its burden. Banting's regimen is not wholly to be commended, but he is a better guide than those who say to the fat men, "Eat all that you want." Obesity and heart-failure are apt to be so near that we may see in them cause and effect. The heart becomes fat and sends its dullness to the senses, when the body is weighed down by grossness.

4. All kinds of excitement are dangerous where there is tendency to disease of the heart. And a fourth advice is to *avoid excitement* in such a case. All places and scenes where the passions are liable to be stirred—anger or fear, or strong sympathy—are to be shunned. Moderate amusement will do no harm, but the tragic drama or the actual battle-field are alike unsuited to this kind of physical ill. The excitement of a crowd at a fire, or of a crowd in some noisy political meeting, may be disastrous. One whose heart is out of order should keep out of politics, out of speculation in gold or grain, out of very gay assemblies, out of religious revivals. In these last assemblies, the soul may be saved at the expense of the heart. A regular and quiet life, free from extremes, unbroken by noise and confusion, is better for the heart. Other things being equal, the heart keeps its even play more surely in the country than in the city, and in a Church which relies on stated means of grace, rather than on shoutings and spasms of piety. Fear is one of the worst enemies of the heart, though its pleading be for the Lord and his kingdom.

5. Not unlike this last counsel is another, *not to worry*, not to be anxious and troubled, not to brood over difficulties. Care upon the mind is apt to tell upon the heart. Forebodings find their lodging in these chambers. Cheerfulness is the best protection of a heart in danger. A sanguine soul keeps the blood in healthy motion. Mark Tapley, who would be jolly every where, and make the best of all evils, was proof against any ossification or atrophy in the seat of life. An uneasy temper, unsatisfied, com-

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plaining, vexed at trifles, exaggerating troubles, acts inevitably on the currents of the blood, and brings on functional derangement, if not organic disease. A merry heart makes a glad countenance; and a bright face and cheery voice are the signs of a heart right within itself.

6. One more caution needs to be given, *not to think too much about one's own heart*, not to watch symptoms or wait for sounds and sensations. There are very few cases in which one gains any thing or learns any thing by feeling his own pulse; the ear and hand of the medical attendant are the only ear and hand to find the disease. The Romans had a proverb, "*cor ne edito*," "don't eat your heart," which is good advice for those who are always experimenting with their own hearts, and trying to see if something is not wrong there. The result of that experimenting is very likely to be actual disease. One who has any idea that he is a real or possible subject for trouble of this kind should never open a book about the heart, or converse on this theme with others. The heart acts most freely, when the mind holds no check upon it, when it is not under the eye of any spy, and when there is no call for its account. As its motion is beyond the reach of the will, so it ought to be beyond the uncertain fancies of thought. Care for habits in other ways, and let the heart take care of itself!

There are topics which we have not touched in this essay, which have interest in such a connection—the question of malformation, the question of misplacement. There are instances on record where the heart has been turned around, and its beating felt on the right side instead of the left. The quack in Moliere's comedy was nearer right than he knew when he reversed the inner organs of the body. Even it is possible to live for some time with only one auricle and ventricle, and "half-hearted" is not merely a metaphor. The curious "blue disease" of the heart, coloring lips, nails and cheeks with a blue tint, and destroying all blushes, would naturally induce melancholy.

DISBELIEF IN THE DEPRAVITY OF CHILDREN.—When Dr. Arnold went to Rugby the school was in a frightful condition, and it was considered clever and manly to do the basest things, and then to deceive the master about them. Arnold never for one moment appeared to believe that he was being cheated. He said, practically, "Boys, I will not believe in your depravity;" and then presently the boys were all saying, "What a shame it is to lie to Arnold, when he always believes you!" and then the man's faith in the boys burst up all the faithlessness in their hearts. Isaac T. Hopper—one of the noblest men, in his way, this country has ever known, and in nothing more wonderful than in his perfect love of and trust in peace and good-will—was a most extraordinary child. The way that little fellow would astonish the Quakers who came to see his folks was a marvel His pranks with pins and twine, and even gunpowder, can not be told. I have no doubt that many a Friend went away feeling that if ever the unnamable incarnation of evil did get bodily into a boy and stay there, that little Hopper was the "all-possessed." But one thing was steadily there through all the pranks the lad would play, and that was a certain quick reproof of conscience—the good striving with the evil; and a wise mother was there to believe, as all wise mothers do, that what was good was *very* good, and the evil was never very bad, and that by God's good blessing on the boy, and her wise and loving care, it would all come right; and so she found that at last the mischief of a child who was only mischievous because he had more energy than he knew what to do with, became the strength of a man among the noblest and best of the good in this age. It is but one instance in a thousand of a nature so full of life in our own children, that we don't know what we shall do with it. Yet, while we are fretting and foreboding, but still doing the best we can, the unslumbering Providence is

"From seeming evil still educing good,"

touching the conscience when we do not know it, opening the new nature in his own ways to the new heavens and new earth. So we must welcome little children—the new creation on which and in which the whole future world rests; give them a great welcome, and take care when they come that we do not destroy what they bring with them from God.—*Robert Collyer.*

DON'T BE AMBITIOUS.—Don't be at all too desirous of success; be loyal and modest. Cut down the proud towering thoughts that you get into you, or see they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California would be, or the gaining of all the suffrages that are on the plans just now.

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Woman's Wrongs.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

OMITTING all reference to the mooted question of "Woman's Rights," and disregarding *some* of the grave accusations of the "sufferers" as unworthy of special attention, regard, or extended notice, it is but proper and right to examine this subject in all of its bearings, giving it that candid consideration that its importance demands. That woman is often a sufferer, a victim, will not admit of a reasonable doubt. Some of her abuses relate to her own improprieties, and some to the unjust demands of the coarser and sterner sex.

In the first place, she is deprived of a good constitution—physical, mental, and moral—by causes exerting an influence before her birth and in early childhood, by far the larger number of children being introduced into this world of conflict weak, puny, half-created, their mother having scarcely vitality enough to energize her own being—none to impart properly to the prospective being. Let the mother remedy this evil by obedience to physical laws, adopting a wholesome diet, guarding against extremes, fortifying herself against "colds" by a wash of the body in *cool* water, and not overlaboring. Some are *born* morose and unhappy, caused by a similar condition of the prospective mother. If this condition was produced by the unkindness of the husband—thoughtless or otherwise—let him reflect and "do works meet for repentance," if he is possessed of sufficient manhood, not to say humanity, to deserve a good wife. Or, if it is caused by peculiar feelings of the prospective mother, sometimes regarded as beyond control, let such remember that she is a responsible being, and that she exerts an influence in this matter, of which she may know but little, fearfully affecting her offspring, controlling its future destiny, making its life miserable or happy, almost precisely reflecting her own condition, these "mother's marks" being the most important ever made Let her look upon her condition, not in shame, not with a false delicacy and squeamishness, indicative of a low standard of morality, or of something worse; but let her regard her condition as honorable, interesting, by no means indelicate, really adapted to give us exalted and adoring views of the Creator, whose power, goodness, wisdom, and skill are remarkably manifested in the reproduction of an immortal being, challenging feelings of wonder and adoration.

In more advanced life, the future woman is wronged by an unnecessary restraint in girlhood, when *nature* demands exercise, freedom to "frisk and gambol" like the lamb, strengthening the muscles, giving general elasticity and invigoration to the body, just what she will need in after life. Let the mother divest herself of these false and fastidious notions, allowing her daughter to follow the innocent and natural impulses and promptings of her nature, having, at least, a part of the freedom allowed to the son. She need not become a "romp," but she should be made a rosy-cheeked, plump, firm-muscled, healthy girl, since only such are fit to become the future mothers of the race. "Health is as much a virtue as a duty," and as applicable to females as males.

Again, woman is a sufferer from the fact that her labors receive an inadequate reward. This is more easily stated than remedied. The laws of trade are as inexorable as those of the "Medes and Persians." The relations of supply and demand control in this matter. Employers, male and female, will pay only the market price, since by this course only can they compete with others. If one pays 25 per cent. more than others for labor, he must sell correspondingly higher, which is impossible. This evil must be endured until the demand for the labor of females shall reach the supply. Then the employer and employed can compete. Females must supplant those now occupying positions requiring but little muscular effort—some of whom have more of the *semblance* of manhood than its characteristics—as they are now doing to some extent, driving the "drones" into some more legimate employments. Females will receive a fair compensation for their services *only* when such changes occur—when custom or public opinion gives them a wider range of employments, creating a greater demand for her services, a *scarcity* always advancing the prices.

Intimately connected with this are disadvantages relating to defective and insufficient education, and relatively inferior social position. In some respects money is very potent, and always must be, since it purchases necessary commodities. An adequate compensation for serv-

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ices, and this only, will remedy these disadvantages. But, to remove this evil, woman must have better health, more physical endurance, which implies a reconstruction of some of the prevailing "fashions"—less devotion to them, and a total and thorough renunciation of the fatal heresy that it is desirable, delicate, fashionable, and feminine to be pale, debilitated, etc., or she can never compete with man in any of the avocations demanding any considerable amount of endurance. *Let woman look to this.*

Again, woman also suffers from overtasking the physical powers, especially in civilized life. In barbarous society, where she is expected to perform the most laborious duties—the labor properly devolving on the coarser and more muscular sex—she is crushed far less than with us, in conditions in which she is not expected to perform the drudgery. In the former positions, her physical frame is developed correspondingly by the influence of free air, sunlight, etc.; while with us delicacy, weakness, and effeminacy are too often coveted. There is too much labor in the kitchen, especially during the heated season. The most taxing of this—that which exhausts the vital forces to the greatest extent, undermining the constitution—is not only unnecessary, but positively destructive to health and vigor, a wide departure from the simplicity of the past generations. I refer to complicated cookery, to the compounding of dishes known to be unwholesome, difficult of digestion—just such as unprincipled and coveting physicians might suggest as a means of increasing business. It is well known to every cook that the plain, simple, and wholesome dishes require far less time than the pastry, the "made-up" compounds intended only to gratify vitiated tastes and morbid appetites. If all of this extra labor is done to "keep up appearances," to imitate certain neighbors, let woman look to it; but if done in response to the unreasonable demands of a husband who "lives to eat," let him reform. I can not call to my aid words of condemnation sufficiently emphatic to express my contempt of a man—only in outline, in form—who is willing to sacrifice the health of his wife, and endanger that of his children, for such a purpose.

If one of the "weak" should fall, should step aside from the path of virtue—a manifest crime—most flagrant injustice is done, by whom I need not say. Let woman look to that. Scorn, contempt, degradation, coldness, and neglect constitute the fearful penalty. While none should apologize for the sin, it is certain that the sinner is terribly punished, a worse than the mark of Cain being burned into her very being. Womanly affection should redress this grievance. Humanity shudders at the thought of crushing the fallen, when kindness might save the erring one, transforming her into a good citizen. Mercy utters her tender voice, and says, "Spare." Christianity, by its great Advocate, says: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, sin no more." May we not follow the great Exemplar?

These are some of the wrongs of woman, the removal of which will materially modify society. After this is done, it will be time to agitate some of the impracticable schemes sometimes so zealously presented.

THE NEW GENERATION.—The hope of mankind is not in the old life so much as in the new birth. If the Marquis of Worcester had lived clean down to the days of Watt, nobody believes that he would have added Watt's steam-engine to his century of inventions. Franklin at eighty-five was as far or farther than ever from inventing Morse's telegraph. Servetus and Priestly might have lived to the age of Methuselah, and they would never have been Channing, or Parker, or Wilberforce; Garrison, or Elizabeth Fry, or Lucretia Mott. "What shall we do?" cries the nation; "our great men are dying out!" Yet it is not in the hundred distinguished men, but in the thousand undistinguishable children that our hope lies. This preacher has got almost to the end of his tether; but there is a three-year old child somewhere, standing on a stool, preaching to a three-year old audience, who will win the world to a sweeter and nobler gospel in his pulpit. All posterity stands before us in the presence of the children now in their cradles, or in the deep mystery of Providence toward which the world is always looking; and every generation begins the history of the world anew.—*Robert Collyer.*

SILENT TEACHERS—The silent influences of life are by far the greatest. We do not know at what moment we are stamping the character and coloring the whole future life of our associates by our voiceless example or our most unpremeditated words. Many a father has poisoned the purity of his boy's soul by employing an unprincipled hand on the farm for a single season. It is not enough that your workman has brawny arms and is a good worker. Are his habits also good? If not, better let your grain-fields rot on the soil than employ him.—*Working Farmer.*

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Alone.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

ALONE, alone! in utmost need,
With conscience banning evil deed,
And heart that breaks not, though it bleed.

All, all alone! to solve the doubt—
To work our own salvation out;
Casting our feeble hands about

For human hope, or human cheer,
Or only for a human tear—
Forgetting God is always near.

The loveliest face hath never brought
Its loveliest look; the deepest thought
Is never into language wrought;

And beauty to the highest art
Slips from the painter's hand apart,
And leaves him aching at the heart.

And music, borne by echo back,
Pines on a solitary track,
Till faint hearts cry, Alas, alack!

And love! his deepest, truest tone,
Is known to God himself alone,
And finds no answer to his own.

The wine-press must alone be trod,
The burning plowshare pressed unshod—
There is no rock of help but God.

The Blossom of the Day.

BY F. B. PERKINS.

THE last half of the forenoon is the best part of the day. It is the sunny side of the peach; the tenderloin of the steak; the early manhood of life—always supposing that a day is peach, steak, or life, respectively.

I do not mean for sleep or rest, however; but those are not life. I mean for doing. And the reason is obvious. It is that, in the ordinary course of things there is at that time a maximum of vitality on hand, and a minimum of expenditure of it.

All night the mysterious power of that self, of which we are so infinitely ignorant, has been silently accumulating strength—from where? From darkness? From silence? From unconsciousness? No human being knows. We can not even say whether this strength streams into us from the earth and the air, or whether it is

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a blossoming and outgrowth of some force or activity within our own being, or whether it is something given with an individualizing love by the will, the mind, the heart, that vivifies all the universe. And if He does it for me, he does it for each one—beast, bird, and bug. At any rate, we have a supply of life to expend at morning, which we had not at night.

The supply of life which we bring out of bed, however, is in a very crude state. It is like delicate pottery, which may be perfect in material, in color, in shape, and yet is so tender and brittle that it will scarcely endure a touch, and must be carried through a deliberate annealing process—heated hot and then cooled gradually—before it is *practical* pottery.

The annealing process for the night's supply of nervous energy is breakfast, and its appendix, digestion. This supplements the subtle white life of the nervous system, which may be called spirit, with a vigorous red life of new blood, which may be called flesh; and with new spirit and new flesh together, our new daily man is complete. This process takes a couple of hours or so, at least, to go into effective operation. If, therefore, we are through breakfast by 8, the choice flower of the hours that I have described begins to blossom about 10 o'clock.

Have you an article to write; a series of thoughts to set in order; a problem to solve; a case to investigate; a set of facts to state; a delicate and critical piece of mechanical work to do; an important subject to discuss with some one; a plan of operations to construct; a quantity of goods to examine; a complicated piece of work to estimate upon; a mass of evidence to analyze and arrange; a collection of arguments to weigh, compare, analyze, and decide—in short, have you any thing to do that requires steady nerves, clear views, rapid and easy thought, just judgment—the best of all your abilities—devote to it the last half of the forenoon.

For drudgery the rule is of little importance. Whether a beast's belly was stuffed with hay five minutes ago or five hours is not of very much account. Yoke him up and drive on. If you have nothing to do but to "hoe your row," to carry a hod, to keep tally on packages, to copy papers, to read proof, go at it as soon as your meal is over. One can do three half days every twenty-four hours of such work as that; one in the forenoon, one in the afternoon, one in the evening. I have done it, for many a tiresome day and week.

Some very good people think it a fine thing to turn off a quantity of work before breakfast. For a man, this is stupid. It would do no harm to him, to be sure, if he had the constitution and endurance of a cast-steel bull-dog. I remember right well having been many a time routed out of bed and made to go out and work in the garden for an hour before breakfast. Sunrise is glorious. Beautiful are the twitterings of the birds; lovely indeed are the fresh green leaves all pearly with dew. How sweet it is to lie snug in bed and think about them! But with the laxity and warm quietude of the night still curled and swathed about you; with stomach empty and system spiritually all right, no doubt, but unbent and lowered in a muscular sense by the long, warm rest—such treatment is about as kind and useful as it would be to fling down the bedclothes without notice and souse a bucket of ice-water on the victim. How cross it made me! How dirty and cold my hands were, with the dew and the earth together! How chilly I sometimes became, and how abominably repugnant was the muscular exertion that might have warmed me! Often and often I spent the hour with a sour face and a grumbling spirit that were no fault of mine, and then went to the breakfast table with just nausea enough from the unseasonable exertion to spoil my breakfast, and to underlay my whole forenoon with a stratum of cross, uncomfortable feeling! If I had a thousand boys, I would never make one of them work before breakfast.

The infliction was the more unaccountable, since the same stringent authority that did it, wisely prevented me from reading or studying before breakfast. To exercise the muscles at that time is just as wrong as to exercise the eyes; to use the eyes, just as bad as to use the muscles. The Rev. Albert Barnes, a useful and laborious scholar, thought it a fine thing to do a quantity of work at his desk every day before breakfast. His wiry, enduring constitutional texture resisted a long time, but at last he became blind, or nearly so; and good enough for him! It was a most evil example.

HONEST INDEPENDENCE.—A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers and fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet, to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident. It is on this basis only that any superstructure of intellectual cultivation worth having can be built.—*Froude.*

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Men versus Money.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WHEN the welfare of men, their virtue, their intelligence, and their happiness, is weighed in the scale against money, avarice is the stronger. It is true respecting the whole enlightened community and political economy, that the interests of virtue, and whatever promotes virtue, is a good investment, and whatever destroys virtue, in the end injures property. Comprehensively, in a large view, intelligence and religion are good for the lowest interests in a community, as well as for the highest. They are not alone beneficial to men in their family relations, and in their higher social connections and future estate—though they are preëminently beneficial in these. It would be the interest of every man, even if he looked only at his pecuniary advantage, that there should be integrity, purity, disinterestedness, elevation of piety, true godliness. Vice is a corruption, not of morals simply, but of property as much. It is not only a burden to its victims, but it is destructive to the whole community as well. It is a taxgatherer and oppressor. It wrongs the poor, it wrongs those who are next to the poor, it wrongs those who are next to them, it wrongs you, it wrongs me, it wrongs every body. Every single moral influence that is put forth in the community, doing good to the actor, does good more or less to the whole community; and every single evil influence that is exerted in the community, doing harm to the actor and victim, also does harm to the whole community. We are so bound together, our social connections and sympathies are such, that reflectively the good part of one is the good of all, and the evil of any part afflicts the whole. Such is the moral constitution of this world, that godliness is profitable in all things. But to those classes of men who do not understand or care for any good except immediate good, and physical good at that, it does not seem so. The profitableness of virtue, in a remote way, incidentally, is nothing to men who have no faith of to-morrow or of next year, who live by their senses for the immediate moment, and to whom living means some pleasure in the nerve, and some gratification of the muscle. They do not hesitate, therefore, to make money at the expense of human purity, human happiness, and life itself.

It will not do, then, for us to be sentimental, and exclaim against such degrading views of human nature. There is nothing more patent, and nothing more melancholy, than that a man will make money out of his fellow-man—literally, out of his blood and bones—if he can. There is no measure of cruelty, there is no depth of wickedness, there is no degree of meanness that men will not come to practice for the sake of getting money—I hope at first with scruples and reluctances, but at last without sensation or delicacy. There is nothing gigantic in fraud, there is nothing base and treacherous and heartless, that man will not do for the sake of realizing pelf.

If you should take the treatment of emigrants that land on our shores; if you should take the deliberate deceptions, the fleecings, the overwhelming ruin brought upon families, their beggary, and what is worse, their compulsory degradations; if you should cull from mute lips histories, now suppressed and unknown, of unutterable anguish suffered by those who can not speak the tongue of the land to which they have come; if you should know that these things were reduced to a business, and were carried on by men who cared neither for tears, nor anguish, nor separation, nor the deep damnation that they heaped on the victim's head, you would not doubt that men would do any thing for the sake of money.

Strangers that sojourn in our midst find themselves watched for, as men watch for game in the woods. The trapper does not more cunningly spread his snares and traps for game, than do gamblers and soul-destroyers set their traps for men—and with no desire except their destruction, and out of that destruction no end except to make their temporary gain.

The testimony in respect to the treatment of sailors; in respect to the lairs and dens into which they are enticed; in respect to the outrages which they suffer; in respect to the utter abominations of inhumanity that from year to year remain unexplored and untouched—this is one of the most prolific chapters of bottomless lust and avarice.

You know very well how all the power of the Government, and all the interpositions of beneficent organized citizens, in the late war, were

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not enough to save the soldiers from the most audacious robberies. How many of them, after having gone through summer and winter in the camp, and on the battlefield, and faced sickness and death, and endeared themselves to the imagination of every true man, drew their bounties and hard earnings, and started for home, and on the way were robbed of their little pittance, and rendered bankrupt—and that, by those who had the shape of men, and would deny it if we said that they were monsters!

It strikes the imagination when it is one who wears the uniform of a soldier; but this villainy is carried on under circumstances more trying still, where it is a woman instead of a man. A man, if he is stripped of his possessions, can repair the damage again. If he is thrown down to-day, he is on his feet again to-morrow. There are endless resources open to a man. But a woman—what can she do? There are thousands and tens of thousands in these cities who are dependent on one or two sources of support; and they often fall into the hands of men the most unprincipled and avaricious. There are thousands of sewing and laboring women who are driven down to a point of poverty beyond which one single step is starvation—oh! starvation is the door of heaven in comparison—*damnation!* And into that, with utter indifference and remorseless greed, they are thrust, as sheep are thrust into the shambles for butchery.

We all know that this is so. It is no time, therefore, to be sentimental, and say, "Men can not commit such wickedness." It is no time to say that men can not, in civilized society, be guilty of cannibalism. I tell you, there are more cannibals in New York than in the isles of the Pacific! and if to-day you were suddenly to take away the support that comes from eating men, there would be thousands and thousands of empty maws to-morrow in that city.

Vast sums, millions of millions, are invested in a way which directly and obviously results in the utter destruction of men. All the forces of huge capitals are invested in ways so notoriously dependent upon the morbid tastes of men, that every step you take to correct those ways is understood to be an attack on capital.

There are dens and orgies. Nothing this side of hell can equal multitudes of these places. We do not need to go to Vesuvius to see volcanoes. We have them all around us, in spite of the police, and the common sense of the community; and it is only because capitalists have an interest in them. They may not be known. You can not tell by the way a tree looks where its roots are sucking sap from. There is many a man that wears clean linen, and has good associates, and appears regularly at the house of God, and sits down at the communion table, and munches his bread, and drinks his wine, and seems to be a Christian man, who, if you follow down his roots, you will find to be sucking sap out of the common sewers. And these dens are kept open, and are sustained, in spite of law and public sentiment, because capital is interested in them, and is at the bottom of them.

Palaces of pleasure there are, where death is double-edged. Hundreds and thousands are traveling in ways which are called *ways of pleasure*, but which are ways of damnation; and there is great capital invested in them. These haunts of miscalled pleasure are winked at and encouraged by thousands and thousands besides those who are known to be directly responsible for them. If it were not for what may be called *respectable hypocritical capitalists*, they could not exist as they do.

Saloons and gambling hells, which are never far apart, are scattered in wondrous profusion over all the cities. Why, if there were such means for moral culture; if schools were as thick; if provision for refinement, or solace, or succor, or relief, were as great, men would marvel. They would raise the cry of *prodigality*. Not flies in summer are thicker than saloons for depravities.

Look at the ways in which men seek their living by adulterations in food. We who are in comfortable circumstances may by vigilance save ourselves from the evils of this practice of adulterating food; but the poor, that must buy what they can get—what abominable trash do they have put upon them! Ten thousand wretched hearts have sighed, and sorrowed, and prayed to God, saying, "Lord, why has my babe died?" It was killed by foul milk, drawn from the foul udders of foul animals, that were fed to disease, fever, and rottenness! And there are men who go on furnishing the community with such milk, just because there is a good deal of money made by it. Suppose it does slay five hundred children in a year, what are five hundred children compared with money in the pocket? To such an extent, in every civilized land, is it carried, that governments are obliged to interfere and make inquisition by means of mechanical tests. And it is found that men learn how to cheat faster than their cheating can be detected.

As if it were not enough to destroy human life by the adulteration of the supports of life—

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flour, and meat, and all articles of luxury—medicine itself, that should restore us to some degree of health when sickness has thus been brought upon us, is adulterated to such an extent that doctors hardly dare prescribe it, unless they know the brand and are certain of its genuineness. Doubtless thousands of lives are lost, at critical stages of disease, because the potion failed to produce the desired effect, on account of its having been adulterated. And do you suppose that these men who are adulterating food, and corrupting the staff of life, do not know that they are spreading sorrow and trouble and mischief? They know it perfectly well; but they do not care. They are making money, and that is the main thing to their thought. All human comfort, and life itself, put into one scale, with money in the other, does not weigh a particle, so far as they are concerned.

And whenever legislation attempts to correct such abuses, these men set at work every influence within their control to maintain their bad ascendency. They interpose all the obstacles they can to the success of reform. They have done it in the past, they are doing it now, and they will do it in the future. Whenever it is proposed to maintain public order, and put down public ruin and disgrace, the air is full of cries of men about the violation of their liberty and their rights. What are such men as these doing, but standing at the bloody crank of the huge mill into whose hopper is thrown men and women and children, as they grind them up to make money out of their blood and substance? And yet when you, by sober law, attempt to restrict and restrain their mischief, their outcry is, "Art thou come to torment us before our time?"

The great battle between the lower passions and the higher passions has been going on from the beginning of the world down to our day, and is to go on, not less, but more fiercely, to the end. We are born into a world in which the problem of time has been a conflict between the animal and passional nature, and the spiritual and divine nature in man. It is the problem not only in small neighborhoods and communities, but in cities and nations. And there are great tendencies, thank God, toward victory in the moral realm of mankind.

As we are born into the world where this battle goes on, we are bound to take our part in it. It is not a thing that we have begun. Men seem to think that if it were not for the meddling of ministers and impertinent philanthropists running about and interfering with liquor dealers, and all manner of men that have an interest in corruption, it would be a great deal better. And they do not want to be meddled with. Neither did Sodom and Gomorrah want to be meddled with. They wanted to be left free to pursue their evil courses. And wicked men are full of high-swelling words and contemptuous aspersions against men who are *meddlers*, as they call them. "Why do they not mind their own business?" say they. We do not make the disturbance. We were born into a world where good and evil already existed. We are as much responsible for equinoxial storms as for good and evil. And in the moral world, by the natural working of things, evil is disturbed. This is an important sphere of labor in our cities to-day. We have ten thousand positive things to do in the way of instruction and up-building. The ground-work of to-day is a positive, and not merely a negative one. We are to take our stand in the conflict between right and wrong, and struggle for the right. And citizens should clearly understand the nature of those conflicts which bubble up now and then in human affairs. No man has a right to be indifferent to these things of good and evil; and you can not but choose one or the other. Which will you choose?

All true citizens should be taught to unite, and to secure the triumph of purity, and right, and humanity, in our conflicts. The time has come when good men are in such numbers that, if they will cast aside inferior issues, and turn their hearts to great moral ends, there is no question but that these cities may be controlled, and purified, and lifted up; and I think there is no triumph that would be more illustrious than to have the world see that, not by physical force and violence alone, but by legislation seasoned by virtue, and faithfully executed by an intelligent people, these great cities could be made pure, just, humane, right.

I do not object to sending missionaries to India. Every missionary sent abroad leaves the missionary spirit at home. I sympathize with, and urge, the sending of missionaries to the islands of the sea. But, while they are attacking remote heathenisms, here is a Juggernaut in our midst. Here in the liquor interest; here in the polluting interest of licentiousness; here, in fraud and malfeasance, are the great death-sores of American society. And it is the duty of every Christian man, in every instance, to see to it, that where he is called to exert himself in public affairs, he so acts that his influence shall go to sustain justice, purity, and right.

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What I Think of Kindergartens.

BY EMMA C. WHIPPLE.

THE most striking contrast between the present Primary School system and that of the Kindergarten consists in the utilization by the latter of the natural traits and activity of young children. Froebel seems to have made a discovery of certain laws which govern the development of children, and to have, in a most wonderfully beautiful and simple method, adapted means to this end.

The "irrepressible infant," the terror and the charm of the orderly circle of proper and staid elders, under Froebel's methods becomes harmonious and orderly, and finding food for his activity in the series of occupations devised by this benefactor, ceases from destroying every thing within his reach, and learns to create forms of symmetry, to enjoy exercise of skill of hand in many various ways, and all this without constraint having been imposed; *direction*, it is true, is given, and the true meaning of the word *kindergarten* expresses just the sort of direction, for to give each plant a culture fitted to its best growth and development, and to prune and train into orderly and beautiful growth the plants under her care, *is* the function of the Kindergartener.

Froebel seems to have thoroughly believed that the all-wise and good Father *knew* what these little ones needed to enable them to attain the harmonious development which is the birthright of all who are born of woman, and so Froebel has provided for the education of the whole being of the child from its earliest conscious existence, carefully directing that in the earliest months only "clear impressions" shall be presented of objects, in order that afterward "clear ideas" may be formed. While yet in the arms of the loving mother or faithful nurse, the study of the new world into which the child has been ushered commences, and upon the wisdom and faithfulness of those in whose love and care it rests, will depend in a very great degree the quality of mind and heart, as well as the healthful growth of the body, of the child. That so large a portion of the children born die within the first few years, proves that neither parental love, or skill of doctors, or science of physiologists has been of avail to find out the true methods; for it seems an insult to our Father to believe that such hosts of children are born, at such a lavish expenditure of hopes and love, of pain and sorrow, only to wither and die. That so many children are imbecile, idiotic, or in any manner abnormal, is a stern fact, which proclaims that all the wisdom of the past has not sufficed to teach us how to rear sound minds in healthy bodies. Those whose eyes have been anointed are confident that in the system and methods of Froebel is contained a new element, a promise of "Paradise Regained."

The child is three years old, and it may now attend a Kindergarten; but we must, however, say here that the furniture and arrangements for a Kindergarten must have a special adaptation to this method of teaching.

The desks are covered with lines which make squares of an inch; this teaches the child to arrange his materials in an orderly manner, and, as rules, are given for each occupation; in a few days you will see the little three-year old as intently counting the squares, to know on which line to place his blocks or sticks, as if he had been born to do nothing else; this enables the child to comprehend direction; "up" and "down," "right" and "left," are illustrated by means of these squares.

"But do you teach such abstractions to a child of three years old?" perhaps you ask; "is it not cruel to compel such a mere baby to sit at a desk and learn things?" Were this a common primary school of the usual kind, this would be a pertinent inquiry, and it might, perhaps, come within the scope of the investigations of Mr. Bergh. But Froebel has found that, by combining *knowing* and *doing*, a very young child is made capable of receiving *impressions*, which become, by degrees, the basis of *ideas*, and the chasm from the unknown to the known, from concrete to the abstract, is bridged over successfully by the various occupations of the Kindergarten.

From the first happy hour that the child enters this "Paradise of Childhood," as the Kindergarten has justly been called, *hands* and *brain*, in *work* and *play*, preserve a happy equilibrium; and it becomes apparent to all who observe that many a law of high significance to the child's future development has become a part of his consciousness, and that, too, without any strain of the mind, any weariness of the body, but with only the joy which *use* gives in

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the exercise of all the faculties given us by the Creator.

"How is all this accomplished?" do you inquire.

Your little pet of three years old, who has never passed a morning out of the light of his mother's eyes, has been deposited in the Kindergarten; the genial Kindergartener, whose skill has been attained through the teachings of her heart, whose tenderness thrills in her voice, and whose sincere love for childhood has led her to devote herself to this work, can not fail to attract the little one; and after the gentle murmur of subdued voices repeating the prayer to the "Father in heaven, who loves little children so well," followed by a little song or story, the day's lessons commence. "Lessons!" you say; "what lessons *can* be given to such a baby as our Tommy?"

Did you ever realize how much knowledge your child has mastered in the three years in which he has lived in our world?

He has learned to walk, to run, to climb; he has learned to judge very correctly of the qualities of many things, and attaches a value to apples and oranges in a direct proportion as to their size; he is quite an adept in natural history, knows most of the domestic animals, has learned to speak and understand the English language! and is withal an accomplished diplomat, and will "lobby" through a doubtful bill with a skill quite amazing and amusing to an impartial observer.

A card, with holes pricked at the distance of a quarter of an inch apart, is now given to the little one, with a thread of bright-colored worsted and a needle; he is shown how to put the needle back and forth so as to form straight lines in series; he is told that this is "perpendicular," and when this lesson, by frequent repetition, has been fully taken in, he is shown how to form "horizontal" lines, and before you are aware that he has learned any thing at the Kindergarten, he is using these terms intelligently in reference to objects around him.

At another hour a slate and pencil are given to the child, for the drawing lesson is in progress now. You will observe that the slate is ruled into squares of half an inch by lines cut in the surface of the slate, and here again "perpendicular" lines of one square's length are made. These lessons go on regularly, week after week, until lines of two, three, four, and five squares in length are made *perfectly*. This is the foundation for a system of drawing so beautiful in its self-developing character as to seem to those who have observed it to be the only true method.

If you will look in on another day, you will find your child and his little companions happily occupied with two, three, four, or five, or perhaps ten, little smooth sticks, which they arrange, according to directions given, on the lines on their tables. When as much knowledge has been given as the young things may *at once* receive, permission is given to "*invent*" forms, and then each child starts off on its own hobby; the differences in the bent of each child commence to be seen whenever free invention is the order of the hour. The vivid imagination of the child will see a likeness to many things in the simple forms it can create from these few and simple materials; and I speak from a careful observation of children under both conditions, there is far greater pleasure to the child in this exercise of its inventive faculties, than can ever be obtained from the most elaborate toys, which are often broken by children simply from the desire for material to work out their own inventions with. But our careful Kindergartener is ever watchful, lest even this occupation, so light, and rendered so cheerful from the orderly interchange of opinions and ideas among these inventors, should overtask the little ones; and now, the luncheon, temptingly hidden in various tiny receptacles, awaits the busy little bees, and trooping they come; and, while the gentle and sympathetic care of the teacher makes an air of peace surround the little group, the luncheon is eaten, and rosy apple and golden orange, luscious grapes or juicy pear, with bread or its substitutes, forms a feast which seems a sort of angelic picnic; the happy, merry tones bear witness to the healthful effect of this social feature of the lunch together. Ah, well may it be if in the future banquets of maturer years such genial flow of soul refine the joys of the table, and make dining a feast of reason and a flow of soul! Lunch is over, the tiny baskets are emptied, the sense of satisfaction which is inspired by food eaten in due season and in social surroundings makes every one in good humor, and, the signal being given, the "ring" is formed, and *one* of the one hundred plays with the ball, which Froebel calls "the earliest friend of the child," is played to the rhythm of a song adapted to each play. The balls educate more than mere skill of hand. They are six in number, of the three primary and the three secondary colors. Froebel's directions are very precise as to the sequence in which these shall be used—a primary color should be followed by a

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secondary color connecting it with another color—so careful has Froebel been in all that pertains to the education of the child; nothing so minute as to be unnoticed by him. Half an hour quickly passes, while "The ball comes round to meet us," or "My ball, I want to catch you," or the ever-favorite play of "Who'll buy eggs," are each played till each child has had a turn, after which more lessons follow. You would weary of reading, sooner than I of writing, if I were to describe "The Weaving," "The Building," "The Pricking," "The Pea-work," "The Clay-modeling," "The Folding" lessons which fill out the attractive round of occupations; or of the object-lessons, which are given every week; of the knowledge of seeds and plants, which is imparted by sundry walks in autumn days to gather seeds of, perhaps, maple trees, which are planted in pots, and are actually growing before their sight; of the bulbs, which were first made the subject of an object-lesson before they were started; and of the daily mission of watering the plants, which is given to the children in turn; of the visits to the fernery, where our frogs are passing the winter in serene and safe retiracy; of the groups of embryo artists, who are engaged at some portions of the morning in "free-hand drawing" at the several blackboards. Indeed, I verily believe there *is* no limit to the delights of a *true* Kindergarten, kept according to the teaching of Froebel, by a teacher such as I have made my model in this letter. I must not forget to say here that every thing made by the children is set apart, from its first commencement, as a gift of love to "dear mamma," or "grandma," or "nurse," or some loved one; and one of the prettiest sights imaginable is to see these little midges carrying home their completed works of art—a folded leaf, a pricked card, or a weaving leaf. Froebel insists that the true way to teach generosity is by *doing* the *generous deed*.

I have been for the past six months a daily attendant on the Normal Training School for Kindergarteners. What I have in this imperfect sketch attempted to describe, I have daily seen and have been part of. I can not be considered as a youthful visionary—I am the mother of bearded men, and grandmother to several grandchildren, and I have constantly felt great regret that my *practical* acquaintance with Froebel's system came too late to be of avail in training my own children. My grandchildren, God willing, shall not lose some benefit from the late-acquired knowledge I have gained. If this statement of mine, which is a hasty picture of what is the daily routine of Miss Kriege's Kindergarten, shall determine *one* mother only to seek such a school for her children, or inspire some young woman with a love for the work of a Kindergartener which shall induce her to study the method *practically*, I shall console myself for my inadequate description. I must run the risk of making my letter tediously long by continuing to say, that I do not think *any person ought to attempt to teach a Kindergarten* without a *training* under a *skilled teacher*. The system of Froebel is so beautifully developed, from its first principles, that a missing link would mar its harmonious completeness; and although for many years I had been interested in accounts of German Kindergartens, and had read with a strong predisposition in favor of the system all that I could find in English, I did not *begin* to understand the beauty of the theory, nor the happy adaptation of the methods, until I became a pupil at the training school.

And now—with one story of a dear little girl, not quite four years old, who entered the school last autumn, and who might have sat for the likeness of "Little Golden Hair" herself—I will close this long letter.

One day, after the "Building Lesson," the children were left to their own free inventions, and our dear little pet, Rose, built up her eight cubes into a form which, to her eyes, seemed a fitting monument, as she expressed herself, "to that good man, Froebel, who made so many beautiful things for little children to play with in the Kindergarten."

Dear little Rose! Like the woman in Scripture, whose gift of "two mites" has become, the world over, a synonym of generous devotion, so shall this lovely act of thy pure, loving heart be told wherever the name of Froebel shall come to be held as dearest to all lovers of childhood. Perhaps, in the *true* Kindergarten, beside the river which flows by the city of our God, hand in hand thou art wandering with the dear spirit who loved little children so dearly, and left such a record of his love for them.

How to Attain a Lofty Position in this Life.—By greatness and goodness together—as in men like Chalmers and Channing, among the preachers of this century, and others in every walk of art, and literature, and life—these combined together enable their possessor to touch the loftiest place on which a man can stand.—*Robert Collyer.*

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The Treatment of the Insane Without Mechanical Restraints.

BY HENRY MAUDSLEY, M. D.

TOWARD the end of his life, the late Dr. Conolly was wont frequently to express his fear lest there might at some future time be a recurrence to the practice of using mechanical restraint in the treatment of the insane. Recent events have shown that his apprehensions were not so vain as they then appeared. The injuries that have occurred to patients in some of our large asylums, have caused certain writers to hint doubts of the value of the so-called non-restraint system, while others have gone so far as to advocate openly the use of the strait-waistcoat. They would have us give up a system of treatment which has been considered by English alienists to be the great merit of English asylums, has hitherto been zealously defended by them against the attacks of foreigners, and has now become so general that there is hardly an asylum in England in which a strait-waistcoat would be found. I can not help thinking that those who contemplate such a retrograde step have failed entirely to grasp the principle upon which the non-restraint system is founded, and that in this matter they are very ill adapted to be public instructors. It seems proper that an earnest protest should at once be put on record against doctrines which I believe to be inhumane and unscientific, in order to prevent the harm which their adoption would in no long time most assuredly entail.

It would be an easy thing to fasten an insane person's limbs, so that he need not be much trouble to those who have the care of him; and, if that were proper treatment, not much skill would be required to carry it out. Attendants, for the most part, would be glad enough to have recourse to a measure which would obviate the necessity of patience, forbearance, and watchful supervision on their part. It might be no small relief, too, to the mind of the physician in charge of an asylum to know that a troublesome patient was effectually secured from doing harm to himself or others, and that he need feel no anxiety on account of the possible negligence or impatience of his attendants. The real question, however, is whether the patient would be a gainer by such a method of rendering him harmless. Past experience certainly does not favor the opinion that he would, but, on the contrary, affords strong reasons to believe that he would suffer much injury without any compensating benefit. The system of mechanical restraint has had a full trial in this country, and in other countries, and whosoever may desire to see it tried again would do well, before giving utterance to his wish, to read carefully the accounts of the cruelties and horrors disclosed at the inquiries into the conditions of asylums at the beginning of this century. By its fruits let it be judged. And if the honest inquirer would have a personal experience of the soothing effects of mechanical restraint, let him try, on some warm summer's night, when tossing about restless and feverish from bodily or mental suffering, to go to sleep in a strait-waistcoat, with the sleeves of it tied together under his bed. If he were discovered in the morning, as most probably he would be, on the border of acute mania, or actually maniacal, he would furnish an apt illustration of the effects of mechanical restraint in making madness. For it is most certain that the horrible type of furious mania, which was common enough in olden times, is seldom, if ever, met with in English asylums now, simply because the old system of restraint has been abolished. The yelling, and the howling, and the violence, which were thought to be inseparable from insanity, are not witnessed now in asylums, because the insane are not brutalized by degrading restraints. In fact, exhibitions of madness were then witnessed which are no longer to be found, because they were not the simple produce of malady, but of malady aggravated by mismanagement.

It should be borne clearly in mind that the abolition of mechanical restraint is not itself a principle, but a detail of practice founded on the principle which inspires what is called the non-restraint system. A very bad system of moral management might prevail where no actual corporeal restraint was used; and, on the other hand, it is possible, though not probable, that means of restraint might be used occasionally, and yet the management of patients be in other respects good. To scold, bully, or punish an insane patient would be almost as injurious to him, and certainly as contrary to the true principle of the non-restraint system, as to apply mechanical restraint. Experience proves most decidedly how beneficial is the influence of a good attendant, how pernicious is the influence of a bad attendant, on a patient suffering

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from mental disorder; the patient will degenerate under the indifference and harsh usage of an ill-tempered person as plainly as he will improve under the sympathy and gentle behavior of a kind and considerate person. I have more than once known instances of patients who have, without exaggeration I may say, been cured by a judicious change of attendant. The greatest of difficulties, indeed, in the treatment of the insane is to obtain suitable persons to fill this trying and most responsible position. Qualities of head and heart are demanded such as would secure for their possessor higher remuneration and less onerous duties in a more eligible vocation. The accidents and injuries in asylums, which have lately excited so much attention, have indicated the weak point in asylum management—the want of a properly trained and high class of attendants, and of an adequate supervision of these immediate guardians of the insane by officers of a higher standing. It is to be feared that patients are in some instances left too much at the mercy of attendants. Now to leave an insane person at the mercy of a coarse, violent, and ignorant attendant, is to adopt the surest way of rendering him furious, unmanageable, and finally incurable. With his delusions of suspicion or fear he mingles inseparably the realities of the treatment to which he is subjected, and if this be at all harsh and unsympathetic, he naturally becomes furious, and resists it with all the energy of his frenzy. His delusions are thus strengthened and fixed, whereas, by gentle usage and sympathetic attention, his confidence is gained, and they are gradually undermined. Angry usage, nay even an angry word, sometimes does incalculable mischief. It is easy to perceive that if a patient imagines himself to be in hell, or about to be murdered, and those around him to be devils or murderers, as happens now and then, he is not likely to be disabused of his morbid idea by devil-like treatment. The principle of the non-restraint system, in the true acceptation of the term, is, while avoiding a meddlesome interference, to make all the surroundings of the poor lunatic as tranquil, as orderly, as gentle as may be consistent with his proper care, to counteract the commotion in him by an absence of commotion in what is around him. The lunatic can not, any more than the sane person, resist the steady influence of his surroundings; he assimilates them unconsciously, and they modify his character for good or for evil.

How little a system of mechanical restraint fulfills the conditions of the just principle of treatment is so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, can hardly fail to see it. An excited, active patient, urged by an uncontrollable instinct of movement, desiring and needing above all things freedom of limbs, is secured hand and foot by mechanical appliances; with what result? That he is provoked into a furious mania, expends his energy in shouting and raving, and becomes dirty in his habits; dirtiness in some shape is, in fact, unavoidable under such circumstances. But it may be argued, as it is sometimes argued, that it would be better for the patient to be so restrained mechanically than to be restrained by the efforts of attendants, who, in the excitement of struggling, are apt to overpass the limits of a temperate exercise of force, and to proceed to passionate acts of violence. No doubt, if it were necessary to have such struggles where restraint was not used, and not necessary to have them in order to apply restraint, there would be something to be said in favor of its use. But it is very seldom necessary to have a physical contest with a patient; indeed, if contests of this kind were of frequent occurrence, it would be strong evidence of a bad moral tone in the management, and of a neglect of proper medical treatment. If the whole treatment of acute insanity consisted, as some persons seem to imagine, in mastering the patient by physical force, and in endeavoring to stifle excitement by means of opium and other sedatives, there can be little doubt that violent struggles and restraint in some form or other would be found necessary. But if an indiscriminate use of sedatives be avoided, and a rational medical treatment be directed to the bodily disorder which will commonly be found to accompany mental derangement; and if, furthermore, the moral management be sympathetic and prudent, it will seldom be necessary to resort to physical violence.

Let it not be supposed, moreover, that the imposition of mechanical restraint does away with scenes of violence. Far from it; it encourages them. Much violence must usually be used in order to apply the means of restraint, a desperate contest occurring before the patient is overpowered and left helpless, exhausted, and furious, with a bitter sense of degradation. Such struggles breed similar struggles, and the restraint used needs a frequent recurrence to it. There can be no greater fallacy than that of supposing what is called a moderate use of mechanical restraint to be consistent with a general plan of treatment, in other respects humane and beneficial. It must be dispensed with altogether, or deterioration will ensue in the pa-

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tient, and all kinds of neglect and tyranny will be engendered by degrees, until restraints become the usual substitutes for forbearance and watchful attention. As one great argument against slavery was that it demoralized the slaveholder, so a very bad effect of the employment of restraint in dealing with the insane is that it demoralizes attendants. And on this ground, if there were no other grounds, it is necessary that the abolition of restraint should be absolute to be efficient; the principle of the non-restraint system will admit of no compromise.

It must be allowed that when called to treat an acute case of insanity in a private house, it s not always so easy to do without restraint as it is in an asylum, where there are suitable appliances for meeting the difficulties which the excitement and violence of a patient may present. But if a medical man finds it absolutely necessary to employ mechanical restraint, he should, if he has the welfare of his patient at heart, send him elsewhere; for either it is not a fit case for private treatment, or he is without the requisite assistance and qualifications for treating it properly. The attendants on whom he depends are probably ignorant and incompetent. If he has obtained them by application to some of those advertising institutions which profess to supply trained nurses, for all sorts of cases, knowing nothing himself of their character and attainments, the chances are great that they are of a very bad type, either having had no proper training, or having been discharged from asylums. It is within my knowledge that, in some instances, attendants discharged from asylums for negligence and ill-treatment of patients have unhappily obtained employment, either directly from medical men, or indirectly through the medium of an advertising institution. One institution of this kind was, in fact, established by a discharged attendant, and was the refuge of a class of persons, some of whom, if they had found their right place in the world, would have found it on the treadmill. No wonder if mechanical restraint appear necessary where such persons get employment as attendants. They have done so, however; they are doing so still, and, it is to be feared, will continue to do so in the future. It would be a grievous error to accept the evil results flowing from their inhumanity or incompetency as evidence against the worth of an enlightened and humane practice.

It should be clearly understood by those who feel any doubt of the value of the non-restraint system, that although it is not fully adopted in foreign asylums, it has been warmly advocated by the most eminent foreign alienists who have witnessed it in operation in English asylums. Morel, of Rouen, after living some time in an English asylum, in order to make himself practically acquainted with its working, became, and has since been, one of its warmest supporters. The late Professor Griesinger, who, once an opponent of non-restraint, made a journey to England specially to examine into its merits and alleged demerits, became an earnest defender of it, and applied it with great success in the asylum connected with the Charité at Berlin. Ludwig Meyer introduced it with the most beneficial results into the asylum at Hamburg, over which he formerly presided. Others have followed, and are following, in the wake of these distinguished men. With such testimony coming from abroad, it is somewhat sad to find that doubts should arise in the country in which the non-restraint system had its birth, and has attained its fullest development. I can not think that, in face of the irrefutable evidence of experience, they will have a long vitality, and I certainly do not hesitate to express a strong personal conviction that the use of mechanical restraint in any asylum, public or private, is an indication of a badly managed institution, and that its use, in the treatment of private cases, is unnecessary and prejudicial. Where it is entirely dispensed with there will be less excitement, fewer scenes of violence, less need of secluding patients, and earlier and more numerous recoveries, than where it is in use. For it is not only an evil itself, but it is the fruitful parent of a multitude of ills, not the least of which is the certain deterioration of all who have any part in its employment, whether suffering or doing.

GREATNESS AND GOODNESS.—It is not possible for us to make our children great, but we can all do a great deal toward making them good. Great influences that we can not understand, stretching over the whole span of our life, will make one man as great as a Mariposa redwood, and another as small as a dwarf pear. Yet this, in its degree shall be as good as that, while the sun will shine, and the rain fall, and the blessing of heaven rest on both But the possibility is that the little one may become not only good, but great. Goodness of itself may be greatness, as it was in Washington and Lincoln; or there may be greatness without goodness, as the vast catalogue of mighty men who have been the scourge and curse of the race can testify.—*Robert Collyer.*

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Florida as a Winter Residence.*

BY LEDYARD BILL.

THE location of Florida is the most southern of any portion of the United States, and is the most tropical in character. Reaching almost to the tropical zone, and extending up to the thirty-first degree of latitude, its entire coast-lines are bathed by the warm waters of the surrounding seas; while the gentle trade-winds cool and purify its atmosphere, making the peninsula, as a place of residence, both healthful and delightful.

Invalids have long sought this portion of the Union; and its general reputation has steadily increased, till now scores and hundreds annually migrate to some point in the State, as their predilections seemed to favor; but as a rule a majority of them remain upon the St. John's River and its tributaries, or else upon the Atlantic coast at St. Augustine and the Indian River country, which is an extensive inlet running very near and quite parallel to the sea-coast at the central portion. The story was everywhere current along the river, that full fifty thousand people had, this last season, visited Florida. This, of course, included all classes; but we can scarce credit so large a statement, and if we cut it down one-half, then the statement may be taken with some allowance for interested motives. There is no denying, however, that great numbers have visited the State within the winter 1868 and '69. The chief hotel in Charleston, S. C., the Charleston House, was kept crowded to its utmost capacity during the winter by this Florida travel. It may not be too much to say, that nine-tenths of all the arrivals at that house were on their way to or from that State. We mention this as indicative of the growing and already great importance of the question as to the effects of the climate upon invalids, and those who seek rest and recuperation from the steady and exacting demands of business. There is needed among those who fill the various professions more of rest and play than they get.

It is this overworked class, as well as the invalid, who need to go to Florida. For the former, it is just the place in which to spend a winter; there is no doubt in our minds of the benefit they would derive by a few months residence in that climate. Then there are the weak and nervous—those whom care and anxiety have broken down, and who now need, above all things, a change of scene, and a quiet life away from their former surroundings. With a new diet and a *dozing* climate they will rapidly recover. These, therefore, need not hesitate to pack their trunks and start for Florida. We know of no place equal to it for persons thus afflicted; all improve under the influence of this warm and genial climate, where a comparatively even temperature is maintained, and where the rule is cool nights, in which sleep, the sweet restorer, comes with so many blessings to the fevered and fretful invalid, and the overworked. No physician is so skillful, or remedy so marvelous in restorative power, as sleep. This the resident of Florida may more easily obtain than in any other climate of which we have any knowledge. The winters are not so cold as to freeze during the night, or to necessitate artificial, over-heated air in the dwellings, rendered often quite impure by this furnace system so general in the North during the cold season; nor are the summers so sultry and heated as to deprive you of rest, as is the case in the severest hot weather in nearly every other portion of the country. The thermometer never settles as low, or rises as high, as at any point between this State and Canada. The lowest point reached in winter is seldom below thirty degrees, while in midsummer it rarely exceeds ninety-five degrees—the average being, for the three summer months, about eighty degrees. In New York, Boston, or Montreal, every summer carries the thermometer to a greater hight. The earliest frost recorded occurred on the 27th October, in 1857; and the latest frost was in February (the 14th), 1859. Severe frosts usually occur in January, when ice is formed in pools of water or buckets, if left exposed. Since 1835, no very destructive periods of cold weather have been experienced; then it was *cold*. People who were living in the State at that time speak of it as a severe cold snap, reminding them of Northern latitudes. The vines, and shrubs, and orange trees, with many

* Those who desire to know more about Florida will do well to read Mr. Bill's charming work entitled "A Winter in Florida." A new edition, enlarged, has just been issued by Wood & Holbrook, Publishers of this Journal. Price $1 50.

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other kinds of trees, were quite annihilated: and what are now seen have been either grown from the seed, or are sprouts from the old stumps of the frost-killed trees.

It is the severe and sudden changes in temperature at the North that do the injury to enfeebled constitutions. One day in winter it is quite mild and pleasant; while the next morning it is so dreadfully cold that the going out of doors is a trial to the able-bodied, and a severe shock to those lacking in vitality. The spring is even worse than the winter; for while the latter, though cold, has a dry atmosphere for the most part, the former is piercing, cold, and wet, and miserably coquetting, with all degrees of temperature in a single day. Spring has, in fact, got to be, if, indeed, it has not always been considered in most of the Northern States, worse for all kinds of invalids than any other season of the year; and where the east winds prevail at this season, the mortality-list exceeds, for March, April, and May, that of all the balance of the year. An escape from these months to a more equable climate is, to the invalid afflicted with pulmonary difficulties, a vital one.

A continuous, steady cold, dry climate, or an even warm one, is the most to be desired for a majority of the suffering and afflicted of our race. Florida and Minnesota are the two points which most nearly represent these conditions. They have been frequently contrasted, and, like every other subject, each has its special advocates. We shall not even pretend to decide between them, for undoubtedly both are beneficial as a resort; but to determine which of the two is the better adapted to benefit certain cases is beyond possibility, since they differ in many particulars; that is for the family physician to decide, who should know the constitution and habits of his patient, and whose counsel should always be weighed in all matters of this kind. Only general hints can be given, and each is to determine for himself between the one and the other, or whether remaining quietly at home may not be best. When patients are so debilitated as to make traveling a trial and a burden, they should remain at home, where their nearest friends may watch and tend them; but in the incipient stages of tubercular formation, with a judicious change of residence and a nutritious diet, coupled with great care, the disease may be arrested, especially if resort is had to gentle exercise in the open air. Northern latitudes admit of exposure to the weather only during the summer season, and herein lies the great advantage of a residence in Florida. We met at St. Augustine a lady from Syracuse afflicted with pulmonary disease—we should judge it was constitutional in her case. She stated she had been unable to go out of doors during the cold and wet weather of the preceding winter, at her home, but had not failed to walk out daily (except it was raining) during the whole winter in Florida. She had at first, in coming into the State, spent several weeks on the St. John's River, and then took up her residence at St. Augustine. This was undoubtedly a very judicious plan; for the climate of the river differs materially from that of St. Augustine, on the sea-coast. The former is milder and more gentle; and the patient suffering with disease of the lungs would do well to remain on the river for awhile, and the climate of St. Augustine, with its sea-breeze acting as a mild tonic, braces up the system.

The whole peninsula is in the range of the trade-winds, and is swept by them daily, rendering it as cool and pleasant as one could ask.

Sufferers from nervous prostration and general debility need not delay their visit to St. Augustine for any reason above given, since they would probably experience as great benefit at the outset as at any subsequent period of their sojourn.

People usually do not go to Florida before early in November, though they might leave home at an earlier date, making tarries on their way; but, if they reach the State by that time, they will not have gone wrong. They can remain until the first of May, when it is safe to return to the Northern States.

We speak in reference to invalids, of course. Pleasure-seekers, or those in health, may visit Florida, and the next week take a sleigh-ride among the hills of New England with impunity, perhaps. There are those from the North, both invalids and others, who make Florida their home the year round; and they speak in the very highest praise of the climate during the summer, declaring they do not suffer with the heat as much as they formerly did at home, and that the benefit derived from a residence is increased by remaining. This may be true in some cases, whereas it might be too debilitating in others: not from the great rise in the thermometer, but from the long continuation of hot weather. It commences to be warm in April. We have seen the thermometer in the early portion of that month as high as eighty degrees in the shade at 2 P. M. True, that was exceptionable; but it was warm weather at midday through the half of that month; and to continue this temperature on to October makes

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a long season of summer weather, which might be objectionable in some instances.

There are those who assert the climate of Florida to be proved, from statistics, to stand at the lowest rates of mortality. From the census report of 1860, we find the average number of deaths from consumption, in various States, to be:

One in 254 in Massachusetts.
One in 473 in New York.
One in 757 in Virginia.
One in 1139 in Minnesota.
One in 1447 in Florida.

This table certainly speaks very highly in favor of the climate for this class of diseases. It is not impossible, however, that the returns may have been less perfect for Florida than those of other States, owing to the sparseness of population, and the inferior facilities for obtaining exact data.

None need expect that every winter day in Florida will be like a selected day in May or September at the North. There will be cool and cloudy days; there will be occasional rainy days, though the winter months are usually very free from rain. The rainy season is in the summer; and of these months August is usually prolific in heavy falls of water. In most countries where they have what is denominated the wet season, this occurs in the winter or spring months, leaving the summers, when vegetation needs rain most, very dry, and trying to the crops; whereas in Florida this is reversed, and in the hot weather the heaviest rains fall.

The mild atmosphere of winter, which permits so much life in the open air; the sea-breezes from the ocean on the one side and the gulf on the other; the mode of living without air-tight stoves and hot-air furnaces, but with ample ventilation in, around, and under their dwellings, which have no cellars, and usually stand on posts a couple of feet from the surface—to these things may be ascribed the freedom from lung complaints, though the character of the soil itself greatly contributes to the absence of this disease, by its loose, sandy nature quickly absorbing moisture, and yet being most of the time warm and comparatively dry.

How to Treat the Sick.

THE KINGDOM OF INVALIDISM, AND THE WAY OUT OF IT.—Life hath many kingdoms, each *imperium in imperio*—"a world unto itself"—bound by its own laws, and subject to its own customs. The kingdom of infancy and childhood, whose ways seem laid from the foundation of the world, and change not withal; the kingdom of youth and pleasantness, the kingdom of middle age, and the kingdom of old age; each, in its turn, solving the other's problem, while we pass—as inevitably we must—out of the one mystery into the other, on our way from the cradle to the grave. Within these are other kingdoms, into which we go at will, or drift by chance, even as we take hold of life, with intuition or at random. There is a kingdom of companionship, and a kingdom of aloneness; there is a kingdom of peace, and a kingdom of unrest; there is a kingdom of muscle and vigorous action, and there is a kingdom of limp and chronic invalidism. It is of the last that we would speak, for it is a strange world, this Kingdom of Invalidism. Its ways are marvelous and its laws inexorable. Once within the fatal limits, you are a prisoner, and the chances are that you will be a slave. The Prince of the Kingdom has power to bind you fast, and it rests greatly within one's self as to whether it shall be for ever.

Perhaps nothing can be more remote from the conception of healthy and vigorous persons than the actual, every-day life of a chronic invalid. It is like Greek to the uninstructed, a jargon of unintelligence, which they neither heed nor understand. If they think of it at all, it is usually to measure it by some remembrance of their own, when they were "sick and got well," which was, in reality, "a beautiful

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time;" for, when one is "in it," there can hardly be a more delightful experience than a genuine convalescence. It is like the joy of the spring-time, and the wonder is that it has remained so long unsung. To be brought safely out of the depths of a dangerous illness, and find one's self the first thought in a loving household, the central point upon which turns the daily routine, is inspiriting to one's self-esteem, but it is only a beginning. It is the building-up process that brings the thrill and the gladness. The newness of strength and fresh sense of power in one's self, which moves you and grows in you from day to day, is something you have never felt before and may never again. The light-heartedness that comes from the falling off of any benumbing weight, be it physical or mental, is yours in double measure. You are in the Kingdom of Hope, and the world is baptized afresh. Flowers blossom with new beauty, birds sing with new songs, the sun rises in the east and brings you strength and healing; every thing is on the side of brightness, and you feel like a young Jupiter, with a universe to wait upon you. When the glamour falls off, as it will, as reconstruction becomes complete, and you a common, healthy mortal once more, you take up your burden of life with a new era to date from, for you have had something that you will not soon forget.

But we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and "eternal vigilance is the price of peace." Descended from a pork-eating, spirit-loving, or otherwise perverted ancestry, what hereditary demon waits within to be developed we can not know until the curse comes. At best, the way through the Kingdom of Health is straight and narrow, while that which leads near the boundaries of Invalidism is broad and easy, and many there be that go down thereat. The dividing line you may not trace, but let it once be passed, and let it be acknowledged that your sickness, instead of being unto death, is likely to be unto years of continuance, and a curious change comes over the relation of things. From the center of consideration you pass, at once, to the outer line. You are in a new atmosphere, your very hopes and fears are different. It is a new outlook from a new standpoint, but the revolution has been so instantaneous and so peaceful that, at first, you can only wonder. How exquisitely serene the household has become, and how remarkably cheerful the people are! With what wondrous fortitude they resign you to your fate, and how they spin off to lecture and opera with their "noses in the air!" Oh, the weary, weary invalid hours, and oh, the strong people! How they go about upon the face of the earth, confident, secure, and unshaken! How they *do* go, swinging and tilting along, with nerves attuned in harmony with sky, wind, and weather, and hearts singing for the joy of it! Oh, the "sweetness and light" of being well! Oh, the divinity of perfect health, and the resources it holds! One needs to be a chronic invalid to feel it all.

A purified and exalted mind is very often accorded to those who are lingering here with near prospect of death. Compensation for daily suffering and failing strength is found in the reach of blessed thoughts and hopes that are the portion only of those who, slowly and surely, are nearing, day by day, the brink of the beautiful river. But to that class of sufferers, who must look forward to years of inaction, there is no outlet, not even the quiet one of dying. A buried-alive feeling imparts to their life a tinge of horror, for the reason that mind and heart do not yield at once, and the strife of healthy thoughts against unhealthy conditions, is like the struggles of a living man in a closed tomb. To be in the world, yet not of it—

"Amid the Muses, deaf and dumb;
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb,"

seems, at times, a fate worse than death, inasmuch as it is, in one sense, death, without the letting go of mortal worries, which we have been taught to consider the special and blessed privilege of the grave.

The weakly one in the household who monopolizes the most comfortable lounge, or drops into the nearest rocking-chair, and who seems so provokingly whimsical, because, perhaps,

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she has not strength, as others have, to independently carry out her own whims—it is a rare case if such an one *enjoys* being a burden. It is a rare case if she has not longed in her inmost soul to do as others do, know as they know, accomplish as they accomplish, and feel the bounding independence that belongs to the caring for one's self—but oh, the deranged nerves, the confused brain, the feeble knees, and nerveless hand! It is an agony that the strong and courageous know nothing of, but which they help make more hopeless by their very deportment. Every thing is against the chronic invalid. A writer—and she spoke with authority—has said: "Once an admitted invalid, and the dikes are down." The Prince of the Kingdom, after his first grand conquest, which is the *will* of his victim, has things his own way, with half the world for his helpers. We once heard a good physician exhorting a young lady-patient to "be cheerful." "Oh, Doctor," was the sobbing reply, "I do try, but there is no cheerfulness. It seems as if there was a grand combination to take all freshness out of my life."

"Oh, no, no," said he; "no 'combination.' It is only the natural way of things."

It is the "natural way" of taking for granted that the world has that bears down so inexorably upon the weakened will of the daily sufferer. Their attention is forced inward upon themselves; they feed upon their own life, breathe their own breath over again, and see their own wan faces reflected back upon every side. An ignoble suffering is very different from that which elevates, and calls for a power of endurance without the compensation which makes heroism sublime. Under a pressure so constantly wearing and infinitely pitiful, what wonder is it if they fail to see things in their true light, and that which was lovely and of good report turns to peevish ways and morbid feeling?

It is well when morbidness comes to constitute a disease of itself. A physician, on the principle that "like cures like," raised a bedridden invalid to robust health, simply by rousing the brain in a variety of innocent and exhilarating ways. The discord in the body had acted upon the soul, and, by creating pleasantness in the soul, it gave back its God-like revenge upon the body. It is to be regretted that so few physicians possess this rare insight.

The moral of this chronicle of endurances is, that the way out lies within yourself, and is more or less hopeful, according to your conditions. Begin by ignoring the doctrine of resignation, until convinced that you need it; lay hold of whatever is bright, sweet, and fresh; pray as for your life, remembering the while "that nothing is e'er on man bestowed, unless for it he feels necessity. Deep within his soul a yearning must arise for the contentment which it strives to win." This stronghold gained, and whatsoever is possible in the way of attaining may be yours.

H. G. ATWELL.

BEE STINGS.—No outward application can have any effect in curing the sting of a bee, although every body has some remedy that is instantaneous relief. You can not go amiss should you apply in every instance the first thing you lay your hands on. A list of remedies we have heard of would fill the "Annals of Bee Culture," and should you try them all you would find all of them equally efficient. All that can be done when you are stung is to carefully extract the sting, which should not be done by taking hold of it with the fingers, as the poison sac at the root of the sting would thus be discharged into the wound.

It is better to remove it with the edge of a knife, or, if none is convenient, then with the finger-nail. The swelling may be partially prevented, or even nearly removed after it takes place, by rubbing with the hand, being careful to rub in the direction of the heart, as by that means the poison may be thrown into the circulation, and distributed through the system without injury.—*Scientific American.*

THE HARVEST IN Germany this year has been mostly gathered by the women, assisted by the men too old to join the army and children.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.



NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1870.

WATER.

"To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light."

☞ THE PUBLISHERS *do not hold themselves as indorsing every article which may appear in* THE HERALD. *They will allow the largest liberty of expression, believing that by so doing this magazine will prove to be more useful and acceptable to its patrons.*

☞ *Exchanges are at liberty to copy from this magazine by giving due credit to* THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D., EDITOR.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.—The date of this number reminds us that in a few short days the year 1870, which so recently opened its portals to our view, promising so much to us, will be for ever passed away. We are called upon to smoothe back its white locks and give a last parting caress. We are sorry to have it go, and would cling to it still; but God has ordained that every good gift must have its use and give way to another. The old shall pass on, and the new shall for ever take its place, and we must not complain.

Indeed, we are rather glad that it is so. The old year has brought us much to prize. The golden harvests and the rich fruits, the material prosperity and the progress of 1870, are not to be despised. We can not object much to its earthquakes, though its floods, its thunder and lightning, and its tornadoes have been rather severe in some places, and have brought poverty to many a home, and sadness to many a heart. But the chief charge we have to bring against the year, is that it has brought to us the terrible war. For this it will for ever stand remembered in history. But for this its scroll might have been untarnished, except by here and there a scratch. But for this it might have been swept into eternity so quietly as to have been almost unnoticed and unknown. Yes, let the old year go, and if the new year, by any law of hereditary descent, inherits any of its follies, may it soon outgrow them, and stand fair and beautiful upon the field of time.

And when the old year has breathed its last, why not let die with it all that is bad and mean. Let intemperance give up the ghost. Let sickness, poverty, and crime cease. Let bad men turn to good ones, and good ones become better. Let folly and vice and sensuality hide their heads, and let the new year be born so beautiful, so strong, so full of hope, that the world shall rejoice with joy unspeakable.

With the old year THE HERALD OF HEALTH for 1870 finishes up its work gloriously, and prepares to begin again its career as an earnest preacher and teacher. It will not be content with constantly repeating itself, but will develop fresh and rich fields of thought for 1871. We have already announced a series of papers entitled "A New Discussion of Temperance Problems," two installments of which have already appeared. This series promises to be one of unusual interest. A number of articles by well-known female authors will give the woman side of the question ample discussion before the close of the year.

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The following are some remaining topics of this series:

1. Effects of Intoxicating Drinks on the Faculties of the Mind.
2. Its Effects on Marriage and Offspring.
3. Its Effects on Religion.
4. Its Effects on Literature.
5. Its Effects on National Integrity (including Politics).
6. Moderate Drinking.
7. The Wine Question.
8. Mistakes of Temperance Reformers.
9. Total Abstinence.
10. Alcoholic Medication.
11. Relation of the Use of Intoxicating Drinks to Poverty and Crime.
12. Restricting the Sale of Alcoholic Beverages.
13. Ministers and the Temperance Reform.
14. How Best to Promote the Cause of Temperance.

Then we are to have the following papers from our esteemed contributor, Rev. Charles H. Brigham, all treated from the standpoint of health and its hygienic bearings—namely:

1. Wholesome Houses.
2. Habits of Study.
3. School-houses.
4. Railway Traveling.
5. Town and Country Life.
6. Summer Resorts.
7. Long Journeys.
8. Variety of Work and Occupation.
9. Home Life.
10. Amusements.
11. Early and Late Hours.
12. Old Age.

The rich stores of wisdom and learning which Mr. Brigham will bring to bear upon these topics will give them great value.

There is another subject of interest to our readers which will be carefully discussed in THE HERALD next year—we mean the subject of Longevity. The length of life attained by the race is much less than it might be. To give light on this subject, we shall print during the year a most remarkable and intensely interesting prize essay, entitled "Comparative Longevity of Man and the Lower Animals," by E. Ray Lankester, B.A., Junior Student of Christ's College, Oxford. The style and matter of this essay can hardly be surpassed. It alone, or either of the series of papers we have announced, would in book form cost not less than a dollar and a half, and all of them cover ground not before gone over in our monthly.

Then we are to have "Extracts from the Diary of a Physician's Wife," by Mrs. H. C. Birdsall, whose recent articles on training children have appeared in our journal. These papers will embody much wisdom on matters of home life, and show how most of the troubles and trials that breed in the domestic circle may be avoided.

We shall also have papers regularly from Mr. Beecher, as heretofore, and from many other writers, on topics of Health and Physical Culture, so as to make our monthly for 1871 a volume of more than ordinary interest, both to those who are sick and those who are well. Indeed, with the new year this monthly renews its life and vigor. Then may we not hope that every present reader will help to extend its circulation, that the lessons we teach may be heard by a still larger number, so that, as the years come and go, new hearts may be quickened into beauty and life.

THE STRUGGLE FOR DAILY BREAD.—Our talented contributor, Mrs. Lydia F. Fowler, is still lecturing in England, where she and her husband have been for so many years. A friend has sent us a brief notice of one of her lectures entitled, "The Struggle for Daily Bread." Though not so applicable in America as in England, yet it contains hints on why some people do not succeed in the world, which will be found of peculiar interest:

"Every one, she said, should be happy, and have an abundance of this world's blessings. The world should be a paradise instead of a desert or howling wilderness, with only a few oases, and every human being should be happy and contented. But, she asked, what are the

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facts? Let them go into a thoroughfare of our town, and what did they see in the living masses that walked along the streets: Squalid poverty, ragged, dirty children with unkempt hair; haggard, starving women trying hard to keep soul and body together; men out of employment discontented, intoxicated, perhaps, making futile attempts to earn a livelihood. Then, if they emerged from the lower strata, and observed those who had trod in the paths of science, art, and literature, they felt that the world was full of disappointed beings. If such a condition of things were true, there must, she proceeded to say, be some causes adequate to produce it, and she then went on to point out some of these causes. In the first place, many people were born just one hundred years before the world wanted them. They had overleaped the present century, and manifested the maturity of mind of the far off ages to come. The moral to be drawn from this, especially in regard to poets, was that people should not write poetry unless they had enough means otherwise to keep soul and body together, as—and it was a fact that the world did not foster the bud of genius—it was only when the flower shone out without a flaw that it was appreciated. Another cause of this struggling for daily bread was that some people were either too ethereal or not sufficiently practical to prosper in this practical world. Then there were some who ought not to have been born at all so far as practical efforts were concerned, for they never could earn their own living independently of others; and some were too ambitious, and aspired to do what they were unfit by nature to do. Napoleon the Third was very anxious and desired to go to Berlin (laughter), but, she observed, it would not do to prognosticate till the end came. Some, again, wanted to begin where others left off, as was the case with the nephew whose uncle by hard work had made himself a rich man, and who, wanting to begin where his uncle left off, wondered that he did not succeed. Further, some people were surrounded by circumstances that seemed for a time to prevent them from finding success. Plato had said that a man must make a name and earn a monument, but while he was making that name and earning that monument he often almost starved. Another cause was that some were lacking in perseverance, and when they once failed they were discouraged. Some, again, were too theoretical; some were one-idead; some, like Goldsmith, were more generous in spirit than they had wealth in their pockets to meet their generosity. Then some never did their work well; some had feeble bodies and weak organizations; and, in the case of others, their parents had made a mistake early in their life; but the cause, the principal cause, of their workhouses being filled to overflowing was to be traced to drink."

We apprehend that the last cause—namely, drink, brings about more failures than all other causes combined.

DRUNKENNESS IN HIGH PLACES—TEMPERANCE THE SURE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.—A subscriber to our monthly, residing in Canada, sends us the following startling evidence that temperance in all things is the only safe course to happiness and good health. We hope others of the human family will, like him, at last get their "mental eyes opened through" the facts we monthly present to them, and act accordingly.

"*To the Editor*—In your 'Notices of New Publications' for August, 1870 (A Physician's Problems), your remarks regarding hereditary taint are eternal truths, and as I believe I am one out of millions of hereditary victims, I will say a few words regarding myself, hoping not to intrude on your valuable time.

"I am a Scotchman; I was 15 years of age before I could repeat the alphabet; I have been upward of twenty-five years a drunkard, and a confirmed smoker and chewer of tobacco, but threw away rum and tobacco *for ever* since 1868 (the year I subscribed to THE HERALD OF HEALTH); since that time I have struggled manfully, and, thank God and your journal, I am keeping on the straight path, and leaving the broad way of slavery to rum and tobacco

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far behind me. I may here state that my father and mother were both drunkards; my first cousin, Sir John A. Macdonald, now at the head of the Canadian Government, is a drunkard; and I believe my grandfather was a drunkard, that is by my father's side. My father left me the curse of poverty, caused through drunkenness. My uncle, Sir John's father, educated his family: but the only education I ever received was having my mental eyes opened by reading THE HERALD OF HEALTH. Such is hereditary taint."

EXPERIENCE OF A FORMER MEAT-EATER.—"*To the Editor of* THE HERALD OF HEALTH: I was never so well pleased with a book or paper as I am with your publication. It is almost like a ray of sunshine in the household, brightening and improving every thing. I was amused, in perusing the August number, to see your remarks on 'Animal Food and Grease.' The man who had lived thirty-five years on a fruit and vegetable diet, had more experience in that line than either myself or The Church Union, and consequently we should both be humble in his presence. I have been living for two years a strict vegetarian. I have not even tasted meat. Once, I remember, after I had been living in this way six months, I tasted meat gravy, and afterward ate a hearty dinner, but had barely finished the meal when I threw all up again. I never tried it again. When I changed my style of life I was in a declining state of health, was troubled with canker in the mouth, and scrofula, nervousness, etc.; could barely lift one hundred and fifty pounds, and got tired very quickly. Now, I am a strong, hearty fellow, eating my two meals a day of fruit and vegetables, and apparently free from any sort of disease whatever. I can lift three hundred and fifty pounds with ease, and stand as much exertion as any one of my size. I shall never eat meat or flesh again, unless forced to, as I think flesh food, eggs, strong drink, and white-flour bread, the curse of the world. I was a thin, spare fellow, but am now becoming a heavy, solid man. Strange to say, on weighing myself to-day, I find I have gained thirteen pounds in weight within a month. I happened to prove the scales at both weighings, and kept a careful record. What will The Church Union say to this? I am confident that nine-tenths of the world do not know the benefits to be derived from living in this way.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN F. CHANDLER."

BEE-KEEPING.—The fear of being stung deters many from bee-keeping. This is excusable in those whose peculiar physical organization is such that much pain and inflammation result; but such are in the minority. The danger of being stung is not so great as is generally supposed. The bees seem to know the timid, while those who approach and handle them with courage, carelessness, and confidence, can go among them without annoyance. It may be an annoyance to the novice to be stung, from the pain and swelling, but in a few seasons the system will become so accustomed to the poison that but slight swelling and no pain will result. The pain is more in the imagination than reality, and the sooner the beginner becomes so self-possessed as to receive the sting of a bee as he would the scratch of a brier, the sooner he will succeed as an apiculturalist, for if he is for ever in terror of his bees he will not give them the attention they need, and will never attain the best results.—*Sci. American.*

A WORD ABOUT VINEGAR.—The principal ingredient of vinegar, and that which gives it its strength, is acetic acid, of which strong vinegar contains about five per cent. In a pure state this acid is colorless, inflammable, volatile, exceedingly pungent, intensely sour and acid to the taste, and evaporates if exposed to the air. In experiments upon rabbits, it has been found that one ounce of acetic acid will kill a large, healthy rabbit in seven minutes, and, on examining the intestines, they were found softened and highly inflamed. When applied to delicate, sensitive tissues in man, it is very

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irritating and almost a caustic. Galen was of the opinion that vinegar seriously injured the nervous system and impoverished the blood. According to Margagin it occasions thickening of the walls of the stomach. Portal relates a case, in The London Medical Gazette, of a young woman who was very stout, and was advised to drink a small quantity of vinegar daily to reduce her size. It worked to a charm for this purpose, but in a month brought on cough, difficult breathing, fever, wasting away, and death by consumption. German quacks are said to profess to cure obesity by means of daily doses of vinegar, and, if they sometimes fulfilled their promises, it was usually at the expense of their patients' lives. Sunderlin says that those who work in vinegar factories soon acquire a cachectic look and become consumptive. Orfila relates the case of a patient who swallowed a teaspoonful of acetic acid. He shrieked with pain, his mouth was whitened, there was a burning pain in the throat, chest, and abdomen, profuse sweating; diarrhea and vomiting occurred, and the pulse became small and quick. All these symptoms are those of poisoning. All modern writers agree in this: that vinegar is to be avoided where the digestion is weak, or where there is a tendency to flatulence or diarrhea. Chlorotic females are forbidden to use it, even though they long for it, and nursing mothers are advised to refrain from its use, as it often occasions fatal diarrhea in infants by acidifying the milk, which otherwise would nourish. As an article of diet it is of doubtful utility, especially when other and better organic acids may be used in place of it, when acids are needful.

DEATHS OF CHILDREN IN LONDON.—During the months of July, August, and September there were 18,816 deaths in London. One-third of these were under one year old, and one-half were under five years old. Only 570 were over eighty years of age. The population of this great metropolis is 3,200,000, more people than ought ever to live in one city. The mortuary report of a city of much smaller size in the United States—we mean San Francisco—is not much better. Here about 40 per cent. of the children die before they are five years old. In commenting on this The Woman's Journal of San Francisco thus sharply remarks:

"If stock-raisers were no more successful in rearing brutes than are parents in raising children, they would soon become bankrupt. If beautiful and healthy children, at the age of fifteen years, should command a high money-premium from society or the State, or if families rearing children without loss, and at the same time possessing health and beauty, should be entitled to honors and pecuniary rewards, it is very problematical if the present system of slaughtering animals would long continue. Money considerations would prompt the discovery of laws, and lead to the adoption of proper food, clothing, exercise, and habits favoring health, development, symmetry of form, beauty of feature, and longevity, that parental affection, unstimulated by objective influences, would be slow to understand or adopt. Great is the almighty dollar!"

DRESS REFORM—The friends of dress reform held their third picnic at Emerald Lake, South Newbury, Ohio, on the 7th instant, Mrs. Dr. Organ delivering an able address. We have not space for a report of the proceedings, but are assured that every thing passed off pleasantly and profitably.

AN ATHLETE—Donald Dinnie, the Scottish champion athlete, who is now in America, commenced his career as an athlete at the age of nineteen. He is 6 feet and 1 inch in hight, weighs 210 pounds, and is 46½ inches around the chest. He has taken over 1500 prizes, 62 silver medals, and 1 gold medal.

HOW THE PRUSSIANS TRY TO AVOID DEATH.—Many of the Prussian soldiers wear underneath their shirts a piece of sole-leather about ten inches square, which is hard enough to turn a bullet, unless struck perpendicularly, and is a good defense against the lance or the saber.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY A. L. WOOD, M. D.

Psoriasis.—"I decidedly agree with you in your remarks about vaccination in the November number. I am a victim to its baneful results. As you must have some knowledge of these matters, can you tell me what is best for me to do. I am troubled with what is known as psoriasis, and I am satisfied it resulted from vaccination. Do you know any remedy?"

The Turkish bath is *the* remedy for this disease, as well as for diseases of the skin generally. If the Turkish bath can not be obtained, the vapor bath, or the wet-sheet pack should be substituted. A few baths will usually produce a great change, and, if continued daily, will eradicate it from the system in a short time. The patient should at the same time confine himself to a bread, fruit, and vegetable diet, and abstain wholly from stimulants and irritants.

Hygienic Beds.—"Of what material should a bed be made to be hygienically unexceptionable?"

Good, clean, fresh husks and oat-straw make excellent beds. Curled hair is good, and the patent prepared sponge is, so far as I am aware, wholly unexceptionable, and is, perhaps, the most desirable material in use.

Climate and Health.—"Is it possible in a sickly region—say a miasmatic one, like the swamps of the Southwest, or a moist one, with a very variable temperature, like New England, even by the strictest observance of hygienic laws in the rearing of children—for them to attain to the physical and intellectual robustness they would, under like conditions, in a very healthy region, as California or the plateaus of the Alleganies?

"Does not a moist, miasmatic, and variable climate render it more difficult to live correctly, on account of the relaxing influence upon the nervous system, and consequent weakening of the powers of volition? For instance, other things being equal, would it not be easier for an individual to refrain from drunkenness in a dry, equable, and salubrious climate than in one the opposite in these respects?"

It is self-evident that, *other conditions being equal* the healthier the climate the stronger the people, both physically and intellectually. I answer the last question in the affirmative.

Apples and Salt-Rheum.—"For several years past I have found that when I eat apples for a few successive days I am troubled with the salt-rheum. How do you account for this when fruit is so generally recommended by physicians?"

The poison or humor which shows itself upon the surface in the form of salt rheum exists in your blood, and the eating of fruit, when you have not been accustomed to it, effects such a change in the system as to allow it to throw the poison to the surface in an effort to expel it from the body. The wearing of a wet bandage about the body for some days will produce a similar result. It is not an unfavorable result, but the reverse, and should be encouraged. If the poison is in the system, get it to the surface and keep it there till such time as it can be entirely expelled. A fruit diet and free perspiration will do this and cure the disease.

How to Make "Gems."—"An inquirer about the staff of life, in the October number of THE HERALD OF HEALTH, mentions the 'Laight Street Gems' as the best in the world. Will you or he be kind enough to give specific directions for the making of these and aerated bread?

"The best bread I have ever eaten is that made of unbolted wheat meal; but I have not succeeded in getting any made with no other addition than water that was not heavy, clammy, and unpalatable."

In the first place, you must have graham or unbolted wheat flour, made from the best *white* wheat (winter wheat preferred). Flour made from red wheat will not make first-class "gems." They are apt to be heavy and sticky, and they do not look as well. The "gem pans" are sometimes made of tin, about two inches square and three-fourths of an inch deep, a dozen in a set; but cast-iron ones of about the same size are better for family use. They are made of different shapes

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to suit the fancy of different persons. The pans should be placed upon the stove, or in the oven, and thoroughly heated before putting the dough in them. This is an essential to having them light. Another essential point is to have the oven *very hot* when the dough is put in, and kept so until they are baked, which will take from twenty to thirty minutes. The flour should be simply stirred up with cold water to such a consistency as to just allow of its being readily dipped into the pans with a spoon. Each one can soon learn by experience the right thickness of the dough. Bread made according to the above directions should be light, sweet, nutritious, and easily digested, and is best eaten warm from the oven. It is unquestionably the *best bread in the world* if rightly made. If it is heavy and sticky it is not fit to eat. Aerated bread can only be made on a large scale and by machinery.

How to Reduce Corpulency.—"Please give directions how to reduce the quantity of fat when one has an excess of it?"

A diet composed largely or wholly of lean meats will undoubtedly strongly tend to reduce fatness, as will also the taking of large quantities of vinegar; but there is a *better* way—one which will accomplish the same result, and leave the system in a healthier condition afterward. The diet should consist largely of acid and sub-acid fruits, and such vegetables as beans, peas, tomatoes, cabbage, spinach, and asparagus. Very little bread should be eaten, unless it is mainly composed of wheat bran. If the patient is accustomed to the use of meat, he may eat moderately of lean beef or mutton and the least oily kinds of fish. Fat meats, butter, gravies, soups, sugar, milk, the sweeter fruits, beets, turnips, potatoes, rice, and farinaceous food generally, should be avoided. Care must be taken not to over-eat. Two meals per day is sufficient. The patient should take as much active, out-of-door exercise daily as he can endure, and, if possible, perspire freely. I he can not exercise so as to perspire freely every day, he should take Turkish baths, vapor baths, or packs as often as he can bear them. The Turkish bath, with a vigorous shampooing, is always to be preferred when attainable. He should sleep upon a *hard* bed, in a well-ventilated, *cool* room, and upon rising take a cold towel bath, followed by a vigorous rubbing, with a coarse, dry towel, of the whole surface of the body. The rubbing should be repeated upon retiring at night. He should not sleep over seven hours during the night, and not a wink during the day. He should drink nothing but water, and as little as possible of that. The above course, strictly followed, will effect the desired result, and at the same time greatly improve the general health and strength.

A Question in Physiology.—"I am a reader of your valuable journal, THE HERALD OF HEALTH, and am much pleased with its contents. I would very much like to see your views on the following question in Physiology. In Prof. J. W. Draper's work on 'Human Physiology,' 7th edition, page 50, chapter on Digestion, I find the following: "The digestive power of this juice" (the gastric juice) "is impeded by the presence of almost any alkaline salt. To this remark common salt offers no exception. *It is owing to its alkalinity that saliva injures the digesting power of gastric juice. On the contrary, that power is very much increased by the presence of fat,*" etc.

The italicized portions of the quotation are what I wish to call your attention to. If saliva is an injurious element in the digestive process, Nature is at fault, apparently, or else the American process of *bolting the food whole* is a proper one, for the inference from the quotation is, that the less saliva we get into our stomach the better for digestion. And again, *fat* meats ought to be particularly serviceable for dyspeptics."

If the above extract was a fair sample of Prof. Draper's Physiology (which it is not), it should at once be consigned to oblivion. The statements that the presence of saliva lessens the digesting power of the gastric juice, while fat increases it, are so manifestly false, that it hardly seems worth while to correct them. The opposite is true in each instance. If the first statement is true, then the Lord evidently made a serious mistake in creating the salivary glands for the secretion of the saliva. Thousands of dyspeptics know from experience that the longer they chew their food, and the more saliva there is mixed with it, the easier it digests in the stomach, and that the more fat they eat, the more they are troubled with indigestion.

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THE PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Notice to Our Correspondents.—

The following hints to correspondents should be observed in writing to us:

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2. SEND MONEY by Check on New York, or by Postoffice Money Order. If this is impossible, inclose Bills and register Letter.
3. CANADA AND NEW YORK CITY SUBSCRIBERS should send 12 *cents extra*, with which to prepay postage on subscriptions to THE HERALD OF HEALTH.
4. REMEMBER, if you are entitled to a Premium, to order it when you send the Club, and inform us how it is to be sent.
5. REMEMBER THAT WE NOW GIVE the *Empire Sewing Machine* as a premium. It is guaranteed to give good satisfaction.
6. REMEMBER TO SEND in Clubs early.
7. REMEMBER TO LOOK at our Premium List and Book List, and see exactly what we give and have for sale.
8. REMEMBER that for the names and addresses of 25 persons, either invalids or friends of Temperance and Health Reform, we give Prof. Wilson's book on the Turkish Bath. It contains 72 pages.
9. STAMPS should be sent to prepay postage on letters that require an answer.
10. Those who want a good *Spirometer*, *Parlor Gymnasium*, or *Filter* for making their water clean, will find the prices in another column.
11. INVALIDS from all parts of the country are invited to write to us for our circular, and full particulars as to Treatment or Board in the Hygienic Institution, See advertisement elsewhere.
12. See List of Books elsewhere.

The Address Label.—By this method our subscribers can keep their own accounts as to when their terms of subscription close; for instance, if the printed slip has "De70," or "Je71" added to the name, it signifies that the subscriber's term of subscription expires with the December number of 1870, or the June number of 1871, and so on *et seq.*

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Home Treatment.—Invalids wishing prescriptions for home treatment can have them for Five Dollars. They should send full particulars of their cases. Any person sending five new subscribers to THE HERALD OF HEALTH and Ten Dollars, will, if he does not choose other premiums, be entitled to a prescription for treatment free.

Talks to My Patients.—Mrs. Gleason's book, advertised and noticed elsewhere, is meeting with a good sale. We can supply it to subscribers and agents in any quantity. A good many ladies are selling it with success. We should like to have in every town a good Lady Agent. For particulars of agency, write to the Publishers.

Wanted.—Will our readers please send us brief items of news and experience referring to Health and Physical Culture topics. Make them pointed and practical, and we will publish them for the benefit of others. Do not mix them up with business or personal matters, but on separate sheets of paper and in readiness for the Printer.

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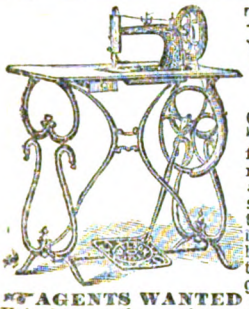
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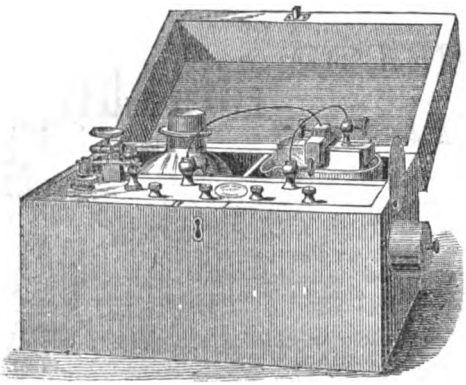
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